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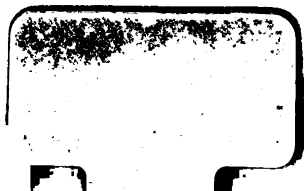
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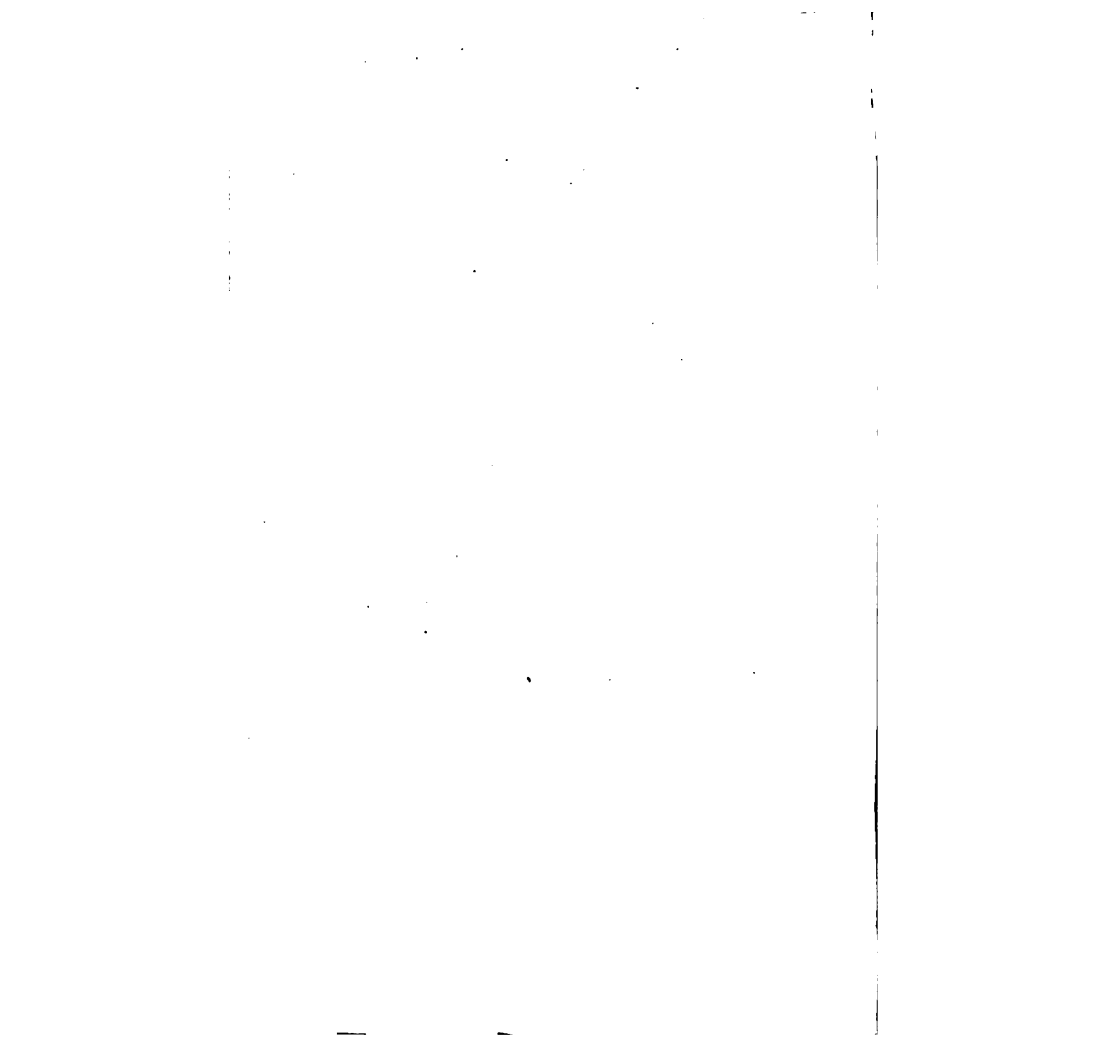
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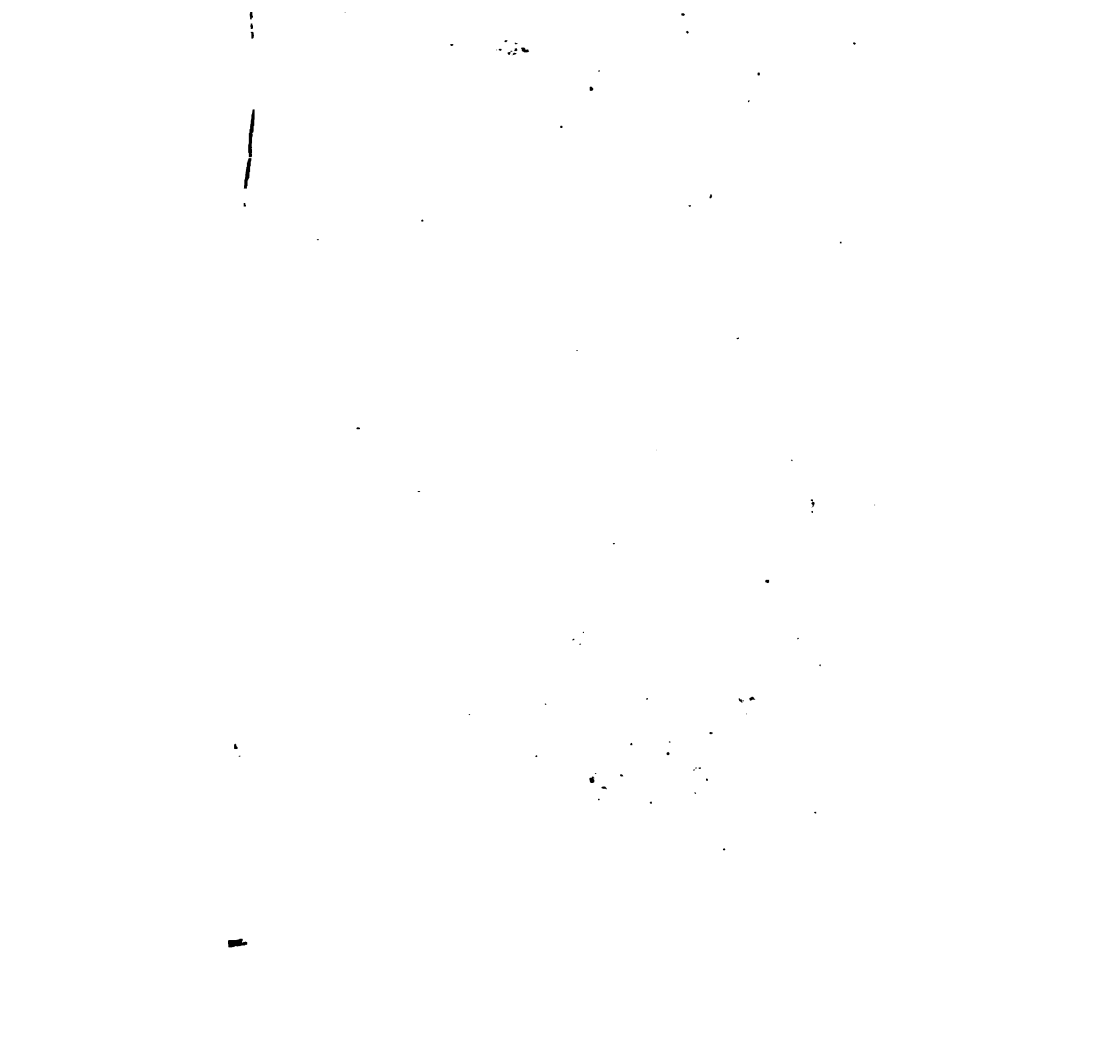
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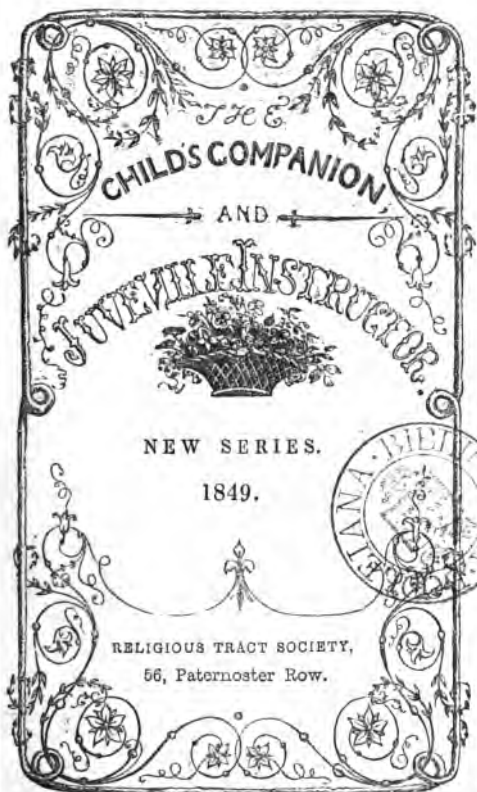






JERUSALEM.
FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

*Jerusalem, the city of the great King,
the city of the great God.*



THE
CHILD'S COMPANION

AND

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

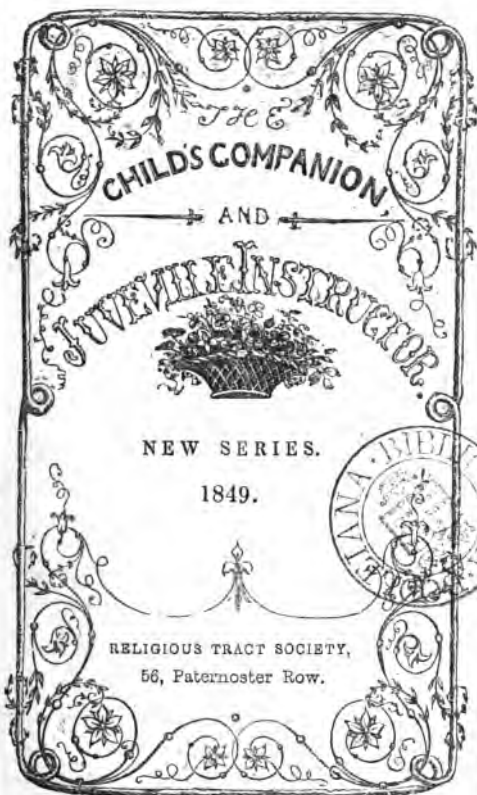
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AND

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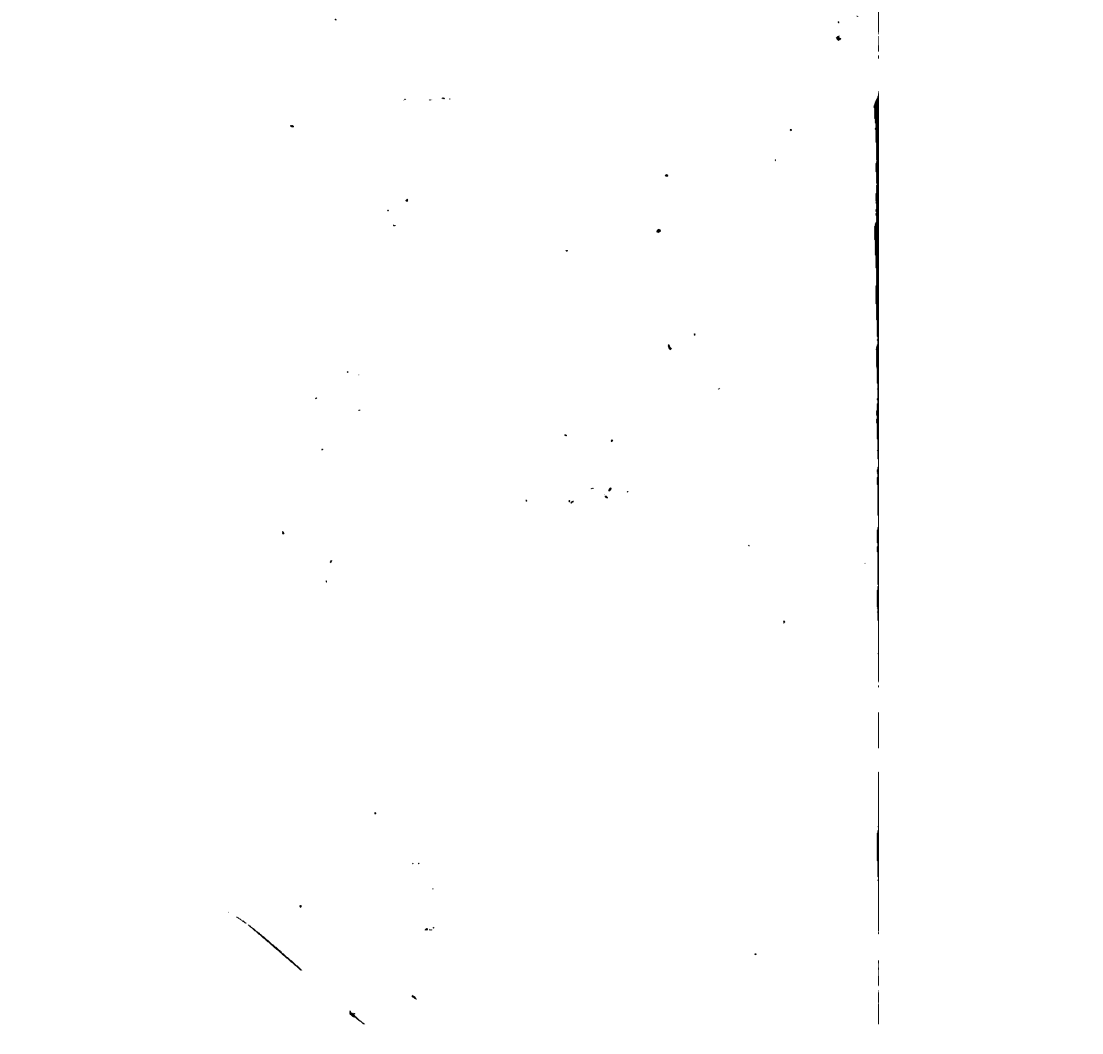


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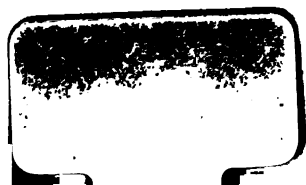
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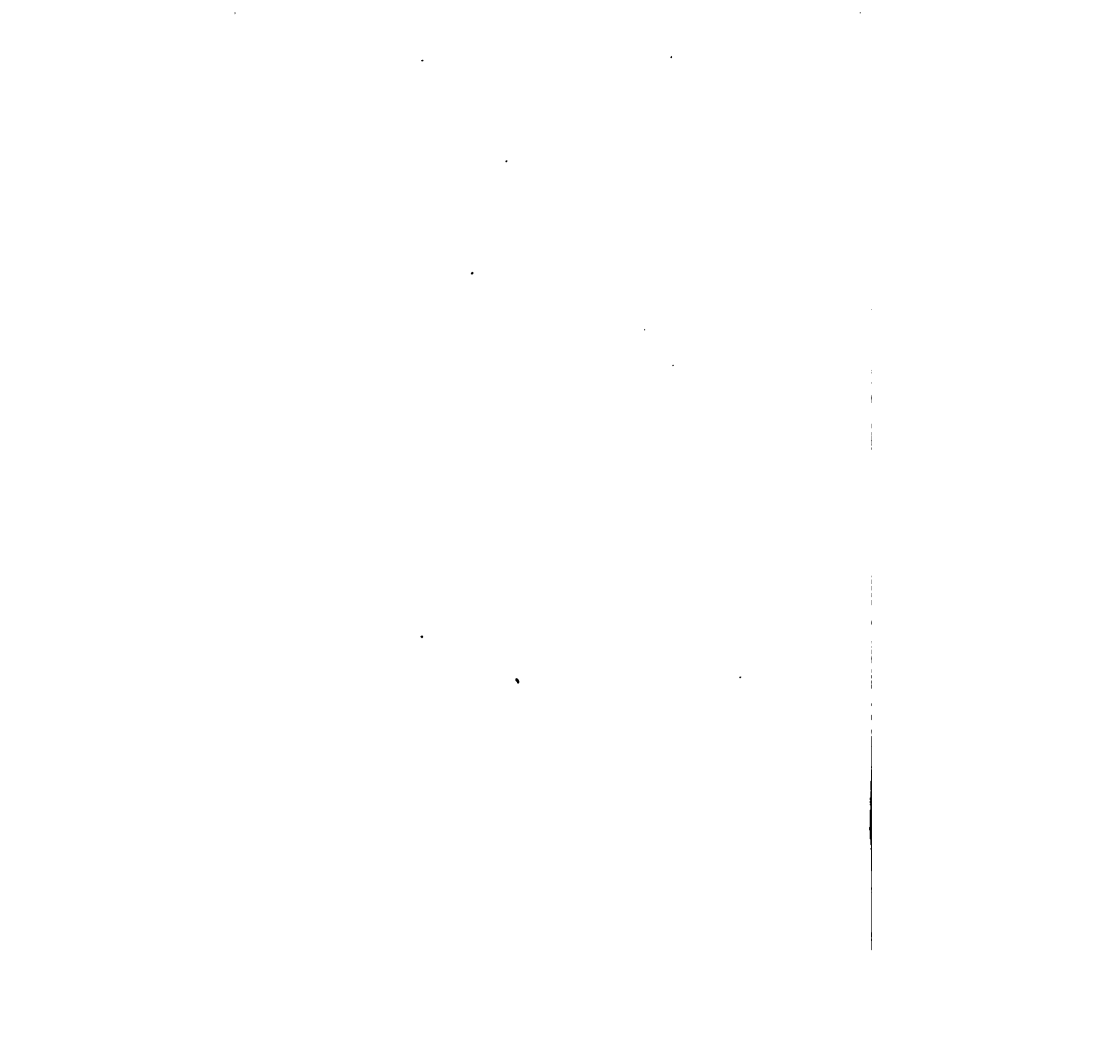


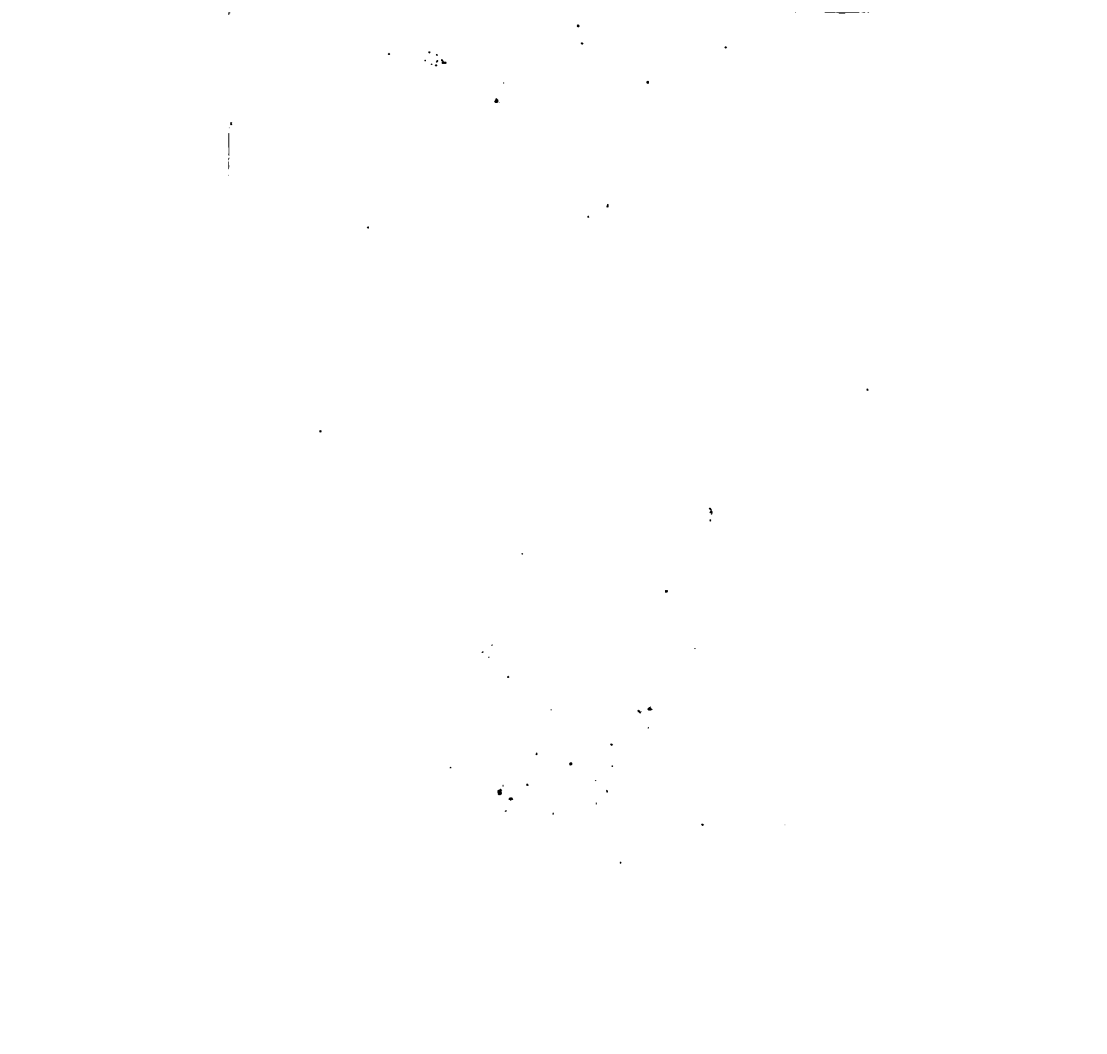
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JERUSALEM.
FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Painted by J. G. Thompson, Esq. in 1840.
From the original in the collection of the British Museum.

CHILDS COMPANY

— AND —

CHILDS COMPANY

NEW SERIES.

1890.

redeemed, with palms of victory and golden harps, are there. "They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them," Rev. vii. 14, 15.

In that bright city I would dwell,
With that bless'd church the Saviour praise;
And, safe redeem'd from sin and hell,
Sit at his feet through endless days.

TIME FLIES.

IN summer we seldom think of winter, in joy we rarely think of sorrow, and in youth we hardly ever think of growing old; but when winter, and sorrow, and old age come upon us, we wonder how it was that we did not think of them more.

Reuben Rogers, when a schoolboy, wrote this copy in his copy-book, "Time flies;" but when he wrote it he was thinking of his hoop, his kite, and his whipping-top, and paid but little attention to anything else. What thought he of time? or what cared he whether it crawled or flew?

When Reuben Rogers was a year or two older, he saw the motto on a sun-dial, "Time flies," and this reminded him of the copy that he had written in his copy-book; but, as the sun-dial stood in a garden, he very soon began to gather flowers, and the motto passed away from his remembrance. A boy in a flower



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AND

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1849.

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THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE.

While thine eye is bright, and thy cheek red ;
while youth and health are thine ; while thou
enjoyest the present, ponder on the past, and
prepare for the future. Time flies, and before
thou art aware, youth and health may fly too,
leaving thee tottering limbs, grey hairs, and a
graven brow.

While seasons fly,
And health and strength are given,
Set thy bright eye
And ardent heart on heaven.



LOUISA IN DISGRACE.

So aunt has shut me up in my room for being
naughty ; and mamma says I am not to come
out again till I am sorry, and ask to be for-

given. I am not at all sorry; and I do not want to be forgiven. Mamma is very cross, and so is aunt. I do not love them a bit. I am glad I did not tie Harriet's pinafore when mamma wished me to do so: she is a tiresome little thing, and must learn to do it herself. I will be sullen, too, if I like. I do not mind being shut up here at all. I can climb upon the chair and look out of the window; and I will not learn my lessons.

— How grieved mamma looked when I stood by her side, and would not do as she bid me, though she told me three times over. How gently she spoke, and how very sad she seemed, when she asked Harriet to ring the bell, that I might be taken out of the room. Mamma loves me, I am sure. I have seen the tears in her eyes, when she has been obliged to punish my naughty temper. And I think little Harriet was very sorry; she did not like to ring the bell, for she went to it so slowly. I might as well have tied her pinafore, after all!

— I am afraid I have been a very naughty girl. How could I cause such grief to dear mamma? She is so very kind to me! When I was ill, a little while ago, she took me upon her lap, and tried to comfort me, and helped me to bear the pain! And aunt, too, was very good to me then. She sat up with me one whole night in this very room. What an ungrateful child I must be! Oh, if they will but forgive me this time, I hope I shall never vex them so again! When aunt comes, I will beg her to let me go down stairs, that I may tell dear mamma how sorry I am; and

ask her to pardon my fault. But, first, I will learn my lessons—every word. Oh! how could I be so very naughty, and grieve my kind mamma!



THE SWEET CANE, OR CALAMUS.

THE cane, sweet cane, and calamus mentioned in the Bible, all mean the same thing, the difference being only in the translation. In the New Testament it is called "a reed." It grows in several countries of the east, to the height of about two feet, bearing from the root a round knotted stalk, in which is a soft white pith. The whole is of a fragrant smell: while growing, the plant scents the air with its odour, and when dried and powdered it forms a part of the richest perfumes. A species of calamus, or sweet cane, is found in India, of which the roots are neatly

woven into screens or mats: these are sprinkled with water, and hung before the open doors or windows, so that the breeze in passing through them is cooled, while a very agreeable fragrance is diffused around the room.

The calamus was among the spices and perfumes of which the precious oil for the service of the tabernacle was composed, Exod. xxx. 23; and the want of it in sacrifices was one of the sins with which Isaiah charged the Jews, "Thou hast brought me no sweet cane," xliii. 24. The rich merchants of Tyre traded in it, and it is thought to have formed a part of the offering which the wise men from the east brought to the infant Saviour.

SIGHTS IN AFRICA.

"WHEN I was in Algiers," said a minister in France, named Roussel, to his two children, who had asked him to tell them about some things he had lately seen, "I saw a Jewess, and I will describe her dress to you. Her head was covered with a cap, in the shape of a sugar-loaf, and twice as long. A veil of thin gauze was fastened to it, joined behind and open in front, so that the owner might see through it, or not, at pleasure. Her silk dress, adorned with gold and silver, was thick and heavy, like one of our window curtains. She had a long train of stuff, ornamented with gold; her sleeves were short, and her arms

half hidden with a muslin covering. On her feet she wore slippers; for it is said, that when the Mohammedans were most powerful at Algiers, they forbade the Jews to wear any other shoes, as a sign of disgrace and slavery, even to the richest of them. If their whole dress were covered with gold or diamonds, still the poor slipper would peep out underneath. Let this remind you, that outside show is of little consequence. What we really are will sooner or later be found out. But I saw not only people in fine clothes, but others who had only the plainest dresses. There were poor negroes selling bread in the streets; and others offering oranges, acorns, dried fruits, and vegetables, to all who would buy; and these were clad in one simple garment of striped cloth, not unlike a cotton pocket-handkerchief. All of the lower classes were barefooted."

Arthur. Father, why do they sell acorns? are they to feed pigs with?

Father. In that country men eat them; though this is not the case here. Did you never read the history of the prodigal son, who would gladly have eaten the food of the swine; and no man gave to him. In the East, and also in Africa, there are some sorts of acorns far better than ours, which are commonly used for food. Many parts of the Bible, that once puzzled me, I am now able very readily to understand. I could scarcely, at one time, perceive the value of a spring, or fountain of water; a cloud, or a shower of rain, as they are described in the Bible. But since I have been in Africa, and felt the sun-beams

beat upon my head, and heard of the scarcity of water, and the joy that was felt on finding a little, or on digging a well, I know better what is meant by these texts. I never could tell how the friends of the sick man (Mark ii.) let him down through the roof; but when I had seen houses built with a court in the midst, galleries to the floors above, and a terrace on the roof, it was all very clear to me. I have often, with the help of my friends, let down things in the very same way, which it would have been troublesome to carry up and down stairs.

Richard. I have often wondered, not so much how this could be done, but how a man could take up his bed, and carry it home.

Father. Did you think that more strange than the cure of the sick man?

Richard. No, father. Jesus was the Son of God, and could do all things.

Father. To prove his power, it was not needful that the man should carry a heavy bed like yours, or mine. He had, probably, a light mat or mattress, made of cane or of straw, such as I have often seen used in Africa. It would be too long to tell you of all the texts which were brought to my mind, when I was abroad. They put wine and oil in skins, not in bottles or casks. These are the vessels to which the Bible refers, as bottles. The Arabs make their tents, and girdles for their waists, of camels' hair. I have seen twenty or thirty small asses, loaded, and driven together. Then I was reminded of the possessions of the patriarchs. The people often live on dried fruits; figs and dates for

instance. The large pitchers, such probably as Rebecca carried, are common at Algiers. The expression, to break bread with a person, is frequently used. And the Jews still make clean the outside of the cup and platter, while within they are unclean. Looking in at the door of a mosque, (a place of worship,) I saw several persons enter quietly, taking off their shoes as a sign of respect. And I saw the seat where their mufti, or teacher, reads and preaches to them. The religion of the Koran is not altogether different from that of the Bible. These people believe in one God, who is just and holy, and good to man. They know that men are sinners, and do what they ought not to do, and deserve to be punished by God ; and that there is a life to come, of eternal happiness or misery. But they do not know—can you tell me what they do not know ?

Children. No, father.

Father. Well, then, my children, you are not much better than the Mohammedans, if you do not know how you may be saved from the guilt of sin.

Arthur. I know that Jesus, the Son of God, died to save me from my sins.

Father. Well, that is the one thing needful, which the poor Mohammedans do not know. They put themselves to pain, and lay their faces to the earth, and wash their hands and faces often, and keep a fast of forty days, called Ramadan, because they are uneasy, on account of their sins. But cleansing the body will not purify the soul ; and, after all, they are uneasy in this life, and quite uncertain as to the next. You are far happier ; for you

know that God so loved you as to give his only Son to die for you, that you may believe in him, and not perish, but have everlasting life. Love him, then, and seek to do his will.

THE BLACK BOY AND THE SERMON.

THE Rev. N. Denton, of Regent, West Africa, says, "While speaking to a member of the church, who had been for the last seven months confined at home, and perfectly helpless from the effects of a fall, he called his little boy, who attends our school, to reach him a scrap of paper stuck up on the side of the house. Having opened it, the boy read to us the text and parts of the sermon which Mr. Schön had preached at church on the preceding Lord's day. The father told us that, being unable to go to church himself, he was glad to get what little his boy could bring him home, and that he had now many such papers, which were a great comfort to him."

Are there not many white children who would do well to imitate this little black boy?

OPEN YOUR EYES.

WHERE'RE the place in which our feet are found,
Be ours with cheerful glance to look around;
And while on heaven and earth we gladly gaze,
To mark, to learn, reflect, admire, or praise.



THE MONTHS.

JANUARY.

THE word month comes from *monath*, a name given by our Saxon forefathers to the moon. It was given to it because it measured the time the moon took to go quite round the earth, or the period from one new moon to another. Hence we call it the *lunar month*, from *luna*, the Latin name of the moon. It consists of 27 days, 7 hours, 43 minutes, and 5 seconds. We commonly say that four weeks make a lunar month, because they nearly do so. There is also the *solar month*, so called because it is measured by *sol*, or the sun. It contains 30 days, ten hours, 29 minutes, 5 seconds. In our almanacks, however, the months are not ar-

ranged after either of these orders : for some of them consist of 31 days ; others of 30 ; and February of 28, or once in four years of 29 days.

JANUARY is the first month of the year, containing 31 days. It received its name from *Janus*, an idol god of the Romans, which was said to have two faces ; supposed to be looking one on the past, and the other on the new year. The idol was also called "the door-keeper," and a bunch of keys was placed in its hands, as appointed to open the gates of the coming year. In England, in former days, January was called the *wolf-month*, it being the time when wolves, urged by hunger, left their forests, and fiercely attacked both man and beast. January is the coldest month of the year. This arises partly from the rays of the sun falling sideways, or aslant, on the earth ; and partly because the days are short and the nights long. This is also the season of frost and snow ; and piles of drifted snow may often be seen, not only covering the open country but blocking the entrances into many of our towns. White flakes lie thick on the tops of the houses, or hang in curls from the leafless branches of the trees, and from the bare hedges. A poet has given a picture of this season :—

" Now falls the snow, with stilly silence falls,
And Nature has her virgin robe put on.
Here, from the window of this humble home,
'Tis sweet to gaze on the descending cloud.
Yonder the woodman, with his shoulder'd axe,
Clothed in a purer form than monarchs wear,
Hastes him to his warm cot across the moor,
Where his loved wife awaits his wish'd return ;

And now she trims her fire, then gazes out
Upon the storm, fearful, with anxious eye.—
The fisherman no longer dares the main,
But tows his boat towards the sandy shore:
The night sets in, and fiercer blows the storm;
No sound is heard, save of the sweeping blast,
And deepest darkness veils the face of heaven."

Shrubs and trees have now their tender plants closed up in buds, in which the future leaves, fruits, and flowers are tightly bound together. While more lowly plants are hid from view, preparing new shoots to burst forth when the spring returns, and when the earth is made soft with showers. Here and there are a few sparrows; and the robin redbreast perches on the thatched roof, waiting for the crumbs which the little children throw from the cottage door.

It might be thought that at this season there would be little work to be done in the country. But though not the busiest time with the farmer, he has enough to do. He has to thresh out his corn, plough the ground, clear out the ditches, form drains for the land, mend the hedges and banks, and look well that the cattle are sheltered from the cold.

The gardener now looks about him. The young trees must be protected from frost, straw must be laid around the roots of others; the gooseberry and currant bushes must be pruned, and the ground prepared for future plantings. Indeed, it matters little whether we live in town or country, winter will bring its duties and labours, and no time will be found in which any one need be idle.

Winter, too, has its charms. "God hath made every thing beautiful in his time," Eccl.

iii. 11. A snowy landscape has much in it to please the sight; and in briskly walking abroad to gaze upon it, the blood will glow in the veins, and a bloom will come even on the pale cheek. Then the winter's evening brings its pleasures, when old and young gather around the cheerful fire, while the wind roars without and the hail patters against the door. Happy is that family who wisely spend the leisure of such a night in useful reading or in cheerful conversation; and who close the duties of the day in humble prayer.

With the first day of January we begin a new period of our time. It is then a fit season for young and old, rich and poor, to look back with gratitude for past mercies. Then it becomes us, as it does at all times, to remember our sins with sorrow, while we hope in God, with faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, for their forgiveness. And in looking forward to another year, we should ask God to prepare us for all his will, and that all our future days may be spent in his fear.

Great God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

With grateful hearts the past we own
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commend,
Who art our Maker, Father, Friend.

REPENTANCE AND CONVERSION.

REPENTANCE is a change of mind, conversion a change of life: the one must accompany the other.

MISSIONARY MIRROR.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS IN THE EAST.

No. 1.—The first Female School in Calcutta.

Most likely our readers have heard of some of the missionary schools in India, but they may not be aware that thirty years ago it was thought a very strange thing for girls to learn anything. A lady, called Miss Cooke, (afterwards Mrs. Wilson,) was one of the first who collected the female children of the natives of that country to give them instruction. An account has been given by a lady, who went to see Miss Cooke's school some years ago.

"I went with Miss Cooke, at nine o'clock this morning, to the native girls' school, and found thirteen met together. I spoke to the children in their own language, and asked if they would attend regularly to be taught by that lady. They said they would most gladly. Many of their female friends stood without the lattice-work looking in. The children then repeated their alphabet, and after they had gone over a few of the letters several times, we moved to come away; but the children, particularly Monachee and Ponehee, pointed out their mothers, and Ponehee her grandmother, and begged I would speak to them." The lady then gave the history of what passed in her conversation with their parents, in which she told them that Miss Cooke was not seeking the riches of this world, but wished to promote their best interests, and they said, with one voice, "What a pearl of a woman is this!"

About a week afterwards the same lady went again, and she wrote: "Yesterday being a great day among the natives, the children had not got into good order, those who were present welcomed us with joy, and set to work with their alphabets. I had taken my granddaughter Anna, who is between five and six years of age, with us, at the sight of whom all the children appeared delighted. When I told them she could read our Scriptures, they were surprised.

"They again pointed out their mothers, looking in. I went up to them. After a while, Monachee's mother asked, 'What will be the use of learning to our female children?' I said, 'It will enable them to be more useful in their families and increase their knowledge, and it is to be hoped that it will tend also to gain respect in families and increase their affection.' 'True,' said one of them, 'our husbands look on us as little better than brutes. And what benefit will you derive from this work?' I replied, 'The only return that we wish is to promote your best interests and happiness.' 'Then,' said the woman, 'I suppose this is a holy work in your sight, and well-pleasing to God.' I said, in return, 'God is always well-pleased that we should love and do good to our fellow-creatures;' for they are not yet able to understand our motives." That is, they knew nothing of the love of Christ, which constrains Christians to spend their lives in his service. They thought only of doing right in order to gain some advantage by it.

The ladies afterwards visited some of the families in their own homes. "In the last

house," says the writer, "we had no chair to sit on ; and Ponehee's mother said, 'You know we do not use such things, and think ourselves well off if we have a mat to sit upon ;' but they found a little stool for Anna, with whom they were greatly delighted. We did not attempt to go farther than the entrance of their houses, for they would probably have had to wash all the floor over again if we had entered. Though the huts, or cottages, consisted only of mud walls and floors, with thatched roofs ; yet all was clean and neat, and the style is the same, whether in a palace or a cottage. Within a matted enclosure, the poor have several little huts ; the outer is used for cooking and eating, (on account of the heat, probably,) and in the inner ones they sleep."

BIBLE PICTURES ;
OR, OLD TESTAMENT SCENES.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

To be often complaining is the usual fault of our sinful nature. The Israelites, in this respect, were like ourselves. When in cruel slavery in Egypt, they indeed might sigh by reason of their bondage ; but now they were freed from their hard labours, fed with abundance of heavenly manna, refreshed by water which God gave them from a rock, what cause had they to complain ? Yet they murmured against the Lord, and the manna that he had given them. Once they wished to store it up ; but now they called it light bread, and longed for the provisions of Egypt. Could they have

returned to their sufferings for one day, they would doubtless have longed to be in the wilderness to feed on manna again. But, like children when much indulged, they murmured at the plenty that they knew not how to use.

The Lord, willing to give them a lesson of instruction, sent upon them a painful affliction. They were attacked by fiery serpents, which glided everywhere, among the tents, the beds, and the clothes; and their bite was a deadly poison. At length the Israelites thought of the relief which men often seek in their greatest distresses—they remembered God, and came to Moses, saying, "We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee; pray unto the Lord, that he take away the serpents from us." Moses prayed, and the Lord, who is ever ready to hear, appointed a means of cure. "Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole; and every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it shall live." How gracious in God to cure by a single look! But this look must express faith, or belief in the word of God. Those who refused to look, would perish in their sinful unbelief.

Such was the effect. You may see, as in a picture, one man vainly trying to free himself from the grasp of the fiery flying serpent, but the reptile does not cease to bite the arms that are struggling against him. All the efforts of the poor man will not keep him from dying, as one single look to the serpent might have done. Another Israelite might try to climb up some rocky bank; he has got very high, the serpent rises after him. In one step more he would be out of his reach, but meantime, the serpent

has fixed at his heel, and the poison finds an entrance. Look, on the other hand, at that man, half rising; and the woman turning round, with eyes fixed, and arms stretched out, towards the serpent of brass; they are both healed, and restored to health.

What a precious remedy, and how speedy! We may fancy how delighted we should be with it, and how we should say to our friends, if we saw them suffering, "Look to the brazen serpent, and you will be healed." And, as for ourselves, how ready we should be, to look and be cured, if our life or health were in danger. Well, there is such a cure provided: we are bitten with the deadly poison of sin. As Moses lifted up the brazen serpent, so was the Son of God lifted up on Calvary, that sinners might look to him, and be saved.

You see, the Lord is good to us, as he was to the Israelites; he gives us salvation, as a free gift, without money, and without price. But if an Israelite would not raise his eyes to the serpent, it showed that he expected no relief, and he would certainly die of the bite that he had received. If you have not real faith in Christ you cannot be pardoned, or saved, and you also will die the death that your sins have deserved. It is not enough to hear this story, and repeat it to others; to know the contents of your Bible, and say, All this I believe. But lay it to heart. It is not merely something to amuse you, it is truth, and you are concerned to attend to it this very day. If you believe in Jesus who died for you, your sins are forgiven, and you are safe and happy, now and for evermore; but sad is the state of unbelievers.



THE SNOWBALL.

Looking out of my window the other day, I observed some little boys rolling a great snowball along the ground. They had rolled it so long, that it had become nearly as big as themselves, and too heavy for their strength to raise. By their thrusting their hands so often into their pockets, I supposed the snow was very cold; and by their putting their little shoulders to heave the great snowball round, I supposed it was much heavier than when they first began to roll it along. After they had tugged at it for some time, a great boy went and helped them.

In the evening, when alone at home, and the comfortable fire was blazing, I thought of the little boys and the great snowball. Now,

what do you suppose were my thoughts about the snowball?

First, then, I thought it was like the care and trouble which often rest on the minds of many grown-up people—a load which they began in youth, and continued through life to roll upon themselves, until it became so large and heavy that they could not move it off again. Such persons are as weak as the little boys who put their shoulders to the great snowball, and were not able to move it another inch.

Again, I thought, it was like knowledge, of which a child, who begins to learn, makes but a very little ball at first; but as he goes on trying to learn, he rolls the little ball along, which gathers and gathers up as he turns it round, until it becomes a great mass of knowledge; so solid and weighty, that nobody can roll the great ball off the mind of the boy who is now grown to be a wise man.

I thought again, that the snowball was like to a bad habit in youth—it is like a little ball so small that any one would hardly notice it. But the habit is practised by little and little—it is rolled round and round, till just like the snowball it gets bigger and bigger—when it gets so large and unsightly, that all the pushing and heaving often cannot roll off the dreadful load.

My last thought was, that as the great boy helped the little ones, so we might be useful to each other. What care and sorrow might we not help to roll away from the hearts and minds of many of our friends and neighbours around us, if we would but try!

F. C.

A LESSON OF KINDNESS.

ONE evening, as Edward Morris was walking across the green with his mother, he caught sight of Charles Seyton, one of his school-fellows; and putting into his mother's hand a small basket, filled with fruit, which they were taking to a poor sick woman, he was about to run off, exclaiming, "Oh! mother, there is Charles Seyton! I am going to him, and we shall have some fun with Mary Bruce." But Mrs. Morris laid her hand upon his shoulder, looking both surprised and sorry. "Do you mean that poor girl," she asked, "who lives with dame Jallows, at the white cottage on the other side of the green?"

"Yes, mother, that is Mary Bruce," said Edward. "We often meet her as we go to school. She is quite silly. She is as tall as you, and yet Charles Seyton says that she cannot count ten. She is an idiot, mother. She has no more sense than a baby."

"And what fun can you have with her, my dear boy? Poor thing! she is greatly to be pitied!"

"Oh! it is so droll, mother, to see the passion we can put her into sometimes. Charles pulls her gown on one side, while I do the same on the other. We take care to run far enough out of her reach for a minute or two, and then, when she is

walking on, we creep behind her, and give her gown another pull. It makes her so cross, that you would laugh to see it."

Edward was still looking after Charles Seyton; but Mrs. Morris took his hand, and walked on with him in the opposite direction, towards the cottage of the sick woman whom she was going to see. "Edward, my dear, who made you?" she asked, in her usual kind and affectionate tone of voice. "God," answered the little boy, looking up in her face with some surprise.

"And who made Mary Bruce?" "God made her, mother. He made all things."

"And if God had seen fit to make you like Mary Bruce, would it be right or kind in others to tease you for their own silly amusement? Should you like to be treated so, do you think?"

"No, mother," said Edward, looking down upon the ground, "it would not be kind; and I should not like it, I know."

"Then remember, my dear, that whenever you see the poor idiot, instead of thinking how you may tease and make fun of her, you should thank God, who has given you all your faculties, and pray that you may be enabled, by Divine grace, to use them to his glory. In Ireland they call these poor creatures 'Innocents.' They are very kind to them, and the most ragged little Irish boy would run to do one of them a service."

Edward was by this time fully aware of his fault, and assured his mother that he would not only give up teasing Mary Bruce, but would show her any act of kindness if it should ever be in his power; and Charles Seyton, he thought, if spoken to upon the subject, would willingly make the same promise.

Mrs. Morris encouraged her son to use his influence over his schoolfellow for this good purpose; reminding him that this poor idiot was one for whom Christ died; and that, for his sake, those who truly loved the Saviour would pity and seek to befriend her. And as they continued their walk, and met Mary Bruce gathering wild-flowers in the lane, she was pleased to see, by Edward's kind nod and smile when they passed, that the lesson of this evening was not likely to be forgotten. P. Q.

THE LADDER.

IN the year 1830, there lived a little boy, who spent all his sabbaths in studying the Bible, in which he felt the greatest interest. To be free from interruption he would repair to the garret; and that no one might find him, he used to "*take the ladder up after him.*" This little boy loved Jesus Christ, and delighted to do his will. He had read those words of the Saviour:—"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door,

80 QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE MOUNTAINS.

pray to thy Father which is in secret." He had no closet : but he could climb into a garret by means of a ladder ; and that he might study the Bible, and pray to God in secret, "*he took the ladder up after him.*" In 1831 this youth died—he climbed to heaven. He is now enjoying the presence of Jesus in a mansion where he needs no ladder ; but, free from the approach of interruption, he unites with angels and holy spirits in praising the God of the Bible ; and in adoring the love of that Saviour who died, that even a little child believing on him might inherit the kingdom of heaven.

QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE MOUNTAINS.

[It is hoped that the following questions will receive the attention of our young readers, and that they will try to furnish their parents or teachers with correct answers. The Religious Tract Society has just published an interesting and cheap book on *Scripture Mountains*, prettily illustrated with engravings.]

WHAT was the name of the mountain on which the ark rested after the flood, and where is it ?

What hill in Canaan was famous for its oaks ?

What is the name and situation of the mountains from whence Solomon obtained the cedar trees for the building of the temple ?

What mountain was celebrated for the dew which fell on it ?

What are the names of the two mountains on which the blessing and the curse were pronounced by Moses, and what city lies between them ?

What mountain burned "with fire and blackness, and darkness and tempest," and on what occasion?—where is it?

Where did Aaron die? and where his brother Moses?

On what mountain did Abraham offer up Isaac? and what building afterwards was erected on that spot?

On what mountain were Saul and his sons slain?

What mountain did king David pass over, when fleeing from his wicked son Absalom? and on which side of Jerusalem does it lie? Is this mountain noted in Scripture for any other event?

THE GRASSHOPPER'S PARTY.

"AND shan't we have a party,
And won't we have a ball!"
Exclaimed a little Grasshopper,
While sitting in her hall;
So off she tripp'd to call her guests,
Full twenty friends at least,
And bid them, if they loved her true,
To join her social feast.
And was not there a world to do,
Before the happy day,
To gather moss, arrange the flowers,
And cleanse the dust away!
And did it not look clean and nice
When all the work was done,
And piles of sweets upon the floor
Lay glittering in the sun!

Huge shadowy dock-leaves overhead
The spot quite covered o'er,
While rose-leaves, as a carpet spread,
Composed the scented floor ;
And, lest the moonbeams should refuse
To lend their needful light,
Six little glowworms straight were hired,
Each with his lantern bright.

The evening came, the guests arrived,
As punctual as could be ;
But ah—the little Grasshopper—
All wondered where was she :
They search'd about long time in vain,
When lo, their friend they found,
Hid in a quiet leafy nook,
Stretch'd dead upon the ground !

The pretty hall that eventide
All darksome was and drear,
For there their kind and merry host
Lay stretch'd upon a bier ;
And when the pearly moon arose,
With sad slow step each one,
They laid her in a tiny grave,
Beneath a milk-white stone.

Death comes in unexpected forms,
At unexpected hours,
To-morrow we may never see,
To-day alone is ours ;
'Tis well sometimes to recollect
How fast our moments fly,
And never, while we live, forget
How soon too we may die.

*From " Rhymes worth Remembering." For
the Young.*



DONALD GUY.

"WHAT a long way you must have travelled, Donald!"

"True, boys! Taking sea and land together I have travelled as far as most people; but what have I got by my wanderings? I was doing well at home in my youth, but I went farther and fared worse. Never take to roaming, boys; 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.'"

"And what a great many things you must have sen!"

"Had I seen less and profited more, it would have been much more to my credit. I was undutiful to my parents, and went abroad without their consent; and bitterly, indeed, did I repent it."

"You must have gone through a great deal, and been in very great dangers?"

"I have, boys; but I have always deserved more than I suffered. Hunger has pinched me; my head has been scorched with heat; and my tongue dried with thirst. I have been frozen among the icebergs of the north, I have hid my face on the ground while the hot sand winds of the desert have swept over me, and I have been wrecked on the mighty ocean."

"Did you ever see a shark and a whale?"

"Yes, boys, and been at the catching of many. The shark is taken with a large hook, baited with a piece of flesh; but the whale is harpooned. Where whales are caught, in the north, you see nothing but whale-ships, boats, cold water, ice and snow, seals, walruses and sharks, with birds of prey, floating islands of ice, and white bears."

"Frightful! The whale must make a fine splashing before he is taken."

"He does, for he is the largest and strongest of God's creatures. When struck with the barbed harpoon he dives directly to-

wards the bottom of the sea, taking with him a rope 200 yards long, and sometimes pulling the boat down after him. At other times, by a stroke of his tail, he tosses the boat into the air. No sooner does he again make his appearance, than another harpoon is struck into him. God has given man power over the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea; no wonder, then, that the whale cannot withstand him. After being harpooned many times, the huge monster turns on his side, and this is the sign that he is conquered. The sea and the land are full of wonders, and both the one and the other show forth the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of the Lord. 'The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land. In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also,' *Psa. xcv. 4, 5.*"

"Can you tell us anything about tigers and elephants?"

"I could tell you a great deal, boys, if I had nothing else to do. In my time I have hunted the elephant and the tiger too. I have forced my way through the thick tangled jungle on the broad back of an elephant, when the royal striped tiger of Bengal has crept stealthily among the sedge and brushwood, crouching down low on his fore paws preparing for the spring. I was

young then, and reckless, and thought more of the day's pleasure than the morrow's profit? I felt strong, and the shout of the hunters, the snorting of the elephants, and the loud roar of the tiger raised my spirit; for I loved scenes of adventure and danger.

"I loved the hunter's hardy toils to share,
The boundless forest and the tiger's lair.

Those days are all gone by now, and I have no more to do with jungles and tigers."

"But please to tell us how they catch elephants."

"Hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of people form a circle in the forest with moveable fires carried on upright sticks. By degrees they advance nearer one another lessening the circle, and in this manner the elephants are frightened into an enclosure formed with stakes and beams. This enclosure has a narrow passage, only broad enough for one elephant to pass along, and when an elephant enters it, they shut him up till they have tied his legs, and made him fast to two tame elephants trained for the purpose, and they lead him away. In this way the whole herd of elephants are taken, one by one, unless they succeed in making a rush at the barrier and breaking it down; but, if they do that, the hunters have quite enough to do to

take care of themselves, for they crash the branches of the trees as they rush along, and trample down all who oppose them. You will get much more good from your books than you could ever obtain by hunting elephants. I wish I had hunted elephants a little less than I have, and read my Bible a great deal more."

"You have seen alligators in your time, Donald, no doubt?"

"Yes. In India I was once present at an alligator hunt. Hindoos and others, armed with pikes, stretched themselves across a canal of stagnant water that swarmed with alligators, in a close line two or three deep. Farther on, another line was formed in the same manner, and these two armed lines approached each other, shouting and stirring up with their pikes the thick black water and the oozy slime, till the alligators were so crowded that they began to quit the canal and creep up the slippery banks with their flabby feet. Armed men stood ready to despatch them, so that, what with their enemies in and out of the water, very few of the creatures escaped. It was a cruel scene. Practise kindness and mercy, boys, for we have all great need of them ourselves."

"What strange sights you have seen in different countries, and how many wonderful things you can tell about!"

"True, boys, true! I have been a rover and a wanderer in the world; but when a man who went abroad in his youth comes home with years on his brow to his native land empty-handed, and finds those that loved him lying in the grave-yard, it is but a poor consolation to him that he has travelled a long way, seen a great deal of the world, and can talk about sharks and shipwrecks, whales and walruses, snakes, alligators, elephants, and Bengal tigers. Take a word of advice, boys, from one who has sinned and sorrowed. Fear God, honour your parents, and make yourselves useful in your own country till duty calls you to another. You will get ten times more profit, peace, and joy, in doing your duty at home, than you will in neglecting it abroad. Again I say, Fear God, honour your parents, and make yourselves useful to those around you; for, when grey hairs are on your heads, you will look back on acts of usefulness and kindness with more satisfaction than on all the sights that you have ever seen in the world."

QUESTIONS IN SCRIPTURE BOTANY.

ON what day, at the beginning of the world, were the trees, grass, and herbs created? Gen. i.

To what tree does Solomon compare the haste with which old age approaches? Eccl. xii.

To what tree does David compare the people of God in the days of their prosperity? Psa. lxxx. What mountains were celebrated for the growth of these trees?

What tree is mentioned as an emblem of our Lord Jesus Christ? Sol. Song ii. Give the name of the tree this is supposed to be.

What flowers are chosen to express the excellency of the Divine Redeemer? Sol. Song ii. And what place in ancient times was famous for the growth of one of them?

To what did our Saviour refer, when he taught his disciples the happy union that existed between himself and his people? John xv.

When Noah sent forth a dove from the ark, with what did it return? Gen. viii. What did this fact intimate to Noah? and of what is it now used as an emblem?

It may be profitable employment for our young readers to find the verses, write them out in full, and present them to their parents and teachers. The Religious Tract Society has just published an instructive little book ON SCRIPTURE TREES, FRUITS, AND FLOWERS.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

SAVIOUR, teach me how to pray,

I humbly kneel to Thee,

And every night and every day,

My Friend and Saviour be.

Whilst here I live, oh live with me!

And when I'm called to die,

Take up my soul to dwell with Thee,

And sing thy praise on high.



THE MONTHS.

FEBRUARY.

IN the second month of the year the ancient Romans held a feast called *Februalia*, when they offered sacrifices to their idols, in the vain hope that the sins they had committed during the whole year would be forgiven. From this practice the month was named *Februa*, or February. It was called by the Saxons in England, *Sol-monath*, or pancake month; as, during this month, cakes baked in a pan were offered to *sol*, the sun.

In the early part of the month clear frosty days are enjoyed, when the ground is often covered with deep snow, and the ponds with ice. The skaters and sliding boys now enjoy their active sport. But soon the frost changes

to chilly thaws and foggy damps. Young people should be careful not to expose themselves to these damps, or to take cold; as many through neglect have been brought into consumption, and have gone to an early grave.

At this season the farmer's men are busy in the barns threshing wheat; or, out of doors, in manuring the land, ploughing, and cutting the hedges. The gardener too is engaged in planting, digging, and sowing seeds to come up in spring.

Towards the end of the month, where hedges and banks are open to the mid-day sun, signs of vegetable life appear. The sap now begins to rise in the trees. Willows, lilacs, and elders are among the most forward in swelling their bloom-buds.

See that soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free boughs flinging
O'er the moist and rising grass;
Long ere winter's blasts are fled
See her tipp'd with vernal red,
And her kindly flower display'd
Ere her leaf can cast her shade.

The first notes of woodlarks, thrushes, and wrens are now heard. Rooks and other birds begin to return to their old abodes in the trees; and the tapping of the woodpecker sounds in the forest. The little mole throws up hillocks on the land: in the fields they do little or no harm; but, in the garden, they eat the flower roots.

In this month, the snowdrop is seen in blossom. In mild seasons it blooms at the end of January, but in severe seasons it is not seen till the close of February. This pretty little

flower is greatly admired by poets and highly esteemed by young people.

Behold that modest, blushing flower,
Among the grass near yonder bower;
Bright on its breast the silvery dew
Adds lustre to its snow-like hue.

See, how it hangs its modest head,
Scarce lifted from its lowly bed;
And whispers to the ears of youth
This lesson of important truth :—

Whate'er your parts or virtues be,
Oh, cultivate humility!
Be unobtrusive, meek, retired;
Seek to be useful, not admired.

LITTLE GIDEON, THE HAPPY CRIPPLE.

PERHAPS the young reader of this book may be ready to say, "The *happy* cripple! that is strange! I should think it very sad if I could not run about and play with other children, and go to see all the pretty things that are to be seen."

It is indeed sad to be a cripple, and we ought to thank God when we have health to play and walk about. The little boy I am going to tell you about was happy, though he was unable to walk at all. For a year and a half he was confined to a little sofa bed in his parents' kitchen; unable to move himself: all those months and days he lay contented and cheerful, though often suffering great pain. Shall I tell you what made him so happy? Before he was ill at all, when he was a very little boy, he began to think about the Saviour, to pray to him, and to love him. And Jesus loved him, and listened to his prayers. When illness

and pain came, he helped him to be cheerful and patient.

Gideon was ten years old when he was taken ill. I wish you could have seen him lying in his bed just underneath the window, with his little books around him, and generally one or two under his pillow. He was very fond of reading, and the friends who visited him often either gave or lent him books, and nothing pleased him more than such acts of kindness. Sometimes he would have all his little library by him, that he might look at his treasures; and many an hour did the dear child spend with these silent companions, that would to other children have been dull, and perhaps have been spent in complaining. When a visitor repeated a hymn to him, he would listen with attention, and fix his mild blue eyes on her till it was almost impossible to help weeping.

He learned to knit, and amused himself by making a pair of socks for his sister, and many other little articles. He loved his parents, and brothers and sisters, and very much wished they might all see Jesus. When his mother wept at the thought of parting with him, he said, "Do not mind, mother; all I want, is for you to come to heaven to me."

When his younger sister was taken ill, he said, "I hope God will spare her; I would rather die than Maria should, if it is the will of God: I hope I should go to heaven."

Gideon loved to pray; and every night and morning for some time before he died, he would pray aloud with his family, and for them, and for himself. He loved to think of heaven, and

longed to be there : on one occasion one of his visitors said to him, " Well, Gideon, how pleasant heaven will be to you after all this pain ; there you will see Jesus." " Yes," he said, " I long to see him ; there too I shall see Abraham, and Moses, and all the prophets."

As he drew near his end his sufferings increased, and his desire to be released from them increased also : he would ask those around him if they thought he should live long.

In the stillness of the night his mother has often heard his infant voice exclaiming, " Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." One expression of his evening prayer often was, " Dear Lord, I hope to see thy face before the morning." Now, my child, could you offer such a prayer? Would you like, when you lay your head on your pillow at night, to think, " Perhaps I may see Jesus Christ before the morning?" Would you not rather tremble, and be afraid? Now, if you love Jesus as Gideon did, that fear would pass away, and you too would like to go to heaven.

Gideon's sufferings are now all over: the kind Saviour who loved him has taken his little lamb to his heavenly fold, to join with ten thousand other dear children in singing his praises for ever. Would you not like to join them when you die? then go now, and kneel down and ask God to teach you to love him, and make you like Gideon, and then I believe he will listen to you. I hope he will spare you many years, that you may serve him here, and at last be taken to serve him still better in heaven.

A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

THE TWISTED WIRE.

LISTEN to me, boys and girls! Listen to me; especially if you have a bird in a cage: for I have something to tell you.

I once had a bird, a pretty bird! a very pretty bird! It was a canary, as yellow as gold, with a quick, bright, dark eye. Never was a sweeter singer!

I loved my canary, and I do think my canary loved me; for, when I fed it and gave it water, and talked to it, it hopped about, and chirped as cheerfully as if it knew every word I said.

Now and then, but not often, I gave it a sprig of groundsel, or a little chickweed, or a bit of watercress. How he loved to pull out the yellow tuft of the groundsel, and how nimbly his little beak opened and shut in nibbling the watercress and chickweed.

Sometimes in the summer I put a tea-saucer full of water in his cage, and then he was delighted to bathe himself. How he did flutter about in it, and flap his wings! He was as happy then as a bird in a cage can be.

But what is the use of talking of these things? My bird is gone, my poor canary! I shall never again hear it sing; I shall never see it hop about cheerfully, pulling out the yellow tuft of the groundsel, nibbling at the chickweed and watercress, and washing itself in the tea-saucer. It is dead, and all through my carelessness. Oh, my poor bird!

Perhaps you may think that I forgot to give it seed or water; or that I hung it where the cat could get to it. But no! the cage hung from the ceiling, and I never forgot to give it water

and seed. Still it is my fault that my little favourite is dead.

One day it did not eat its seed. "What can be the matter," thought I, "with my poor bird? Perhaps the lump of sugar that I gave it did it no good? Perhaps it has eaten too much chickweed or groundsel? I must give it no more."

The next day the seed-glass was as if it had been just filled, not a single seed had been eaten. Every time I went towards the cage my poor bird chirped and fluttered its wings as though it had something to tell me; but I could not make out what was the matter. I ought to have tried to find it out more than I did, but now it is all over.

The third day came and passed like the others. I put fresh water in the water-glass, but no seed was wanted; what to make of it I could not tell. "I must ask somebody about it," said I; but I did not. What my poor bird must have suffered!

On the fourth day my canary lay panting at the bottom of its cage, and then I was frightened. I took down the cage and set it on the table. Why did I not do this before? Perhaps, if I had done so, my canary might have been now alive.

On looking carefully at the cage I saw at once what was the matter. The wire that supported the seed-glass had somehow got twisted, so that the glass was all on one side, and there was not room for my canary to put its head through. Why did I not take down the cage sooner, and thus save my poor bird?

There had it been for three or four days

without food, and the seed all the while within sight. It had rubbed off some of its head feathers in trying to get at its food. There was room for its beak, but not for its head, so that it could not reach the seed! How thoughtless in me not to examine the cage!

Much would I have given to save my poor bird, but it was too late. It was too weak to eat. It lay panting for some hours, now and then it struggled, and before night it died. How can I forgive myself for neglecting my poor bird?

I shall never keep another canary; but if you have one, or any other bird, take warning by my thoughtlessness; watch over the pretty creature God has made; feed him, and give him fresh water; keep him out of the way of the cat; look well to his water-glass, and his seed-glass; and remember what I have said of the twisted wire.

SCRIPTURE MOUNTAINS.

MOUNT ARARAT.

"And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat," Gen. viii. 4.

THE first mountain mentioned in the history of the world is Ararat. The name Ar-arat signifies "the mountain of descent;" it being the place on which the ark rested on the decrease of the waters after the flood. It is situate in the country of Armenia, in the northern part of Asia.

Ararat is said to be one of the most striking objects in nature; nothing being more beautiful

than its shape, nor more awful than its height. It consists of two peaks, of a sugar-loaf shape, the highest of which is 17,260 feet high. The top of the greater Ararat is covered with ice, and may be seen glistening in the sunbeams at the distance of nearly 200 miles.

The approach to the mountain is very grand. A large plain lies before it studded with villages; the glittering waters of a noble river



flow through the fresh green of the vale, and several ranges of mountains are clustered around the base of the huge Ararat. The ice-peaks of its double head rise in majesty into a cloudless sky; and as the sun blazes on the snow a lustre is reflected that dazzles the eyes of the beholder. Unable to rest for any length

of time upon the bright glory of the summits, the eye wanders down the giant sides until the thoughts are lost in the grandeur of the scene.

It was the belief of the natives of the plain, that Noah's ark was still on the top of the mountain : various attempts have been made to reach the summit.

Dr. Parrot, after two fruitless efforts, on a third trial had the pleasure of standing on the icy top of Ararat. He there spread his cloak on the snow, and sat down to behold the amazing prospect before him. From the great height the cities on the plain appeared as dark spots, and a large lake seemed a beautiful dark blue patch.

Lofty as is this mountain, there was a time when the waters rolled over its top. The rich valleys, the cities, and the hills were all covered by the waves of the deluge. While men were busy "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, the flood came and took them all away," except those who were safe in the ark. "Behold the goodness and severity of God." The ungodly were taken away in his wrath, while those who feared his name were saved in the day of his justice.

With what feelings of delight, mingled with sorrow, must Noah and his family have stepped forth from the ark on to the mountain of Ararat. They were alone in the world. All around them bore the marks of the Divine power and anger. With hearts overcome with gratitude they there built an altar to the Lord, and offered before him a sacrifice of a sweet-smelling savour.

With wonder and with joy they trace
The proofs of God's returning grace ;
The earth renew'd, the heavens serene,
And mercy gilding every scene.

The deluge in the days of Noah, we are taught, is typical of the solemn time when the earth shall be destroyed by fire, 2 Pet. iii. 7. In prospect of that event God has provided a way of deliverance. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the ark of safety ; in him a refuge may be found. We enter this ark by faith ; we are invited to enter now : but if we, like the unbelievers in the days of Noah, neglect to hasten to him, we shall find, when it is too late, that the door is shut, Luke xiii. 24, 25. The late Rev. Henry Martyn has written down, in his " Missionary Journal," his feelings on beholding this mountain rising high above the rest : " The evening was pleasant ; the ground over which we passed was full of rich cultivation and verdure, watered by many a stream, and containing forty villages, with the usual number of gardens. To add to this scene the great Ararat was on our left. On the peak of that hill the whole church was once contained : it has now spread far and wide, even to the ends of the earth ; but the ancient vicinity of it knows it no more. I fancied many a spot where Noah perhaps offered his sacrifices ; and the promise of God, that seed-time and harvest should not cease, appeared to me exactly fulfilled in the agreeable plain in which it was spoken. Here the blessed saint landed in a new world ; so may I, safe in Christ, abide the storm of life, and land at last on one of the everlasting hills."

THE SNOWDROP.

It was a fine, though frosty, morning in February, when little Fanny, having read and worked well, was allowed to put on her bonnet and cloak, and go out in the garden with her father. "How pretty the snow looks," she said. "Here it clings to all the trees; and there it sparkles on the ground. I recollect I was sorry when the flowers faded, and the leaves turned brown; and I thought I should be glad to stay in-doors all day;—but, do you know, father, I like winter now almost as well as summer."

"Well, Fanny," said her father, "all seasons have their pleasures, and every change has its advantages. Do you know what is said in the Psalms about summer and winter?"

Fanny. Yes, father; I know the verse; "Thou hast made summer and winter." But still, if I could choose, I should like always to have summer.

Father. I think most people would make the same choice, my dear child. But we cannot have all we should like; and it is well for us that God's will is done, and not our own. Summer is often put for a time of enjoyment, and winter for one of suffering, which few persons would choose; though Christians know that the Lord directs all things for their good; and they can say, with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." Thus they learn to be thankful for the trials they once feared.

Fanny was not one of those silly children

who are inattentive to every thing serious. She liked to listen to what her parents and friends were kind enough to say to her. After thinking for a few minutes, she added, "I ought to be thankful for my warm clothes. I should not be comfortable in the winter if I were like the poor children that are half naked in the cold." "Very true, Fanny; and you ought not only to be thankful, but not be idle and careless, nor waste any thing that is given to you. Then, some day, you may help to clothe some of the children poorer than yourself."

After running about a little while, Fanny suddenly came back to her father, and showed him that she had set her foot on a little flower that was growing near the edge of one of the walks, and she stooped down to pick it up. "It is a snowdrop," he said. "It is as white as snow, father; but it is prettily marked with green, and it hangs down its head as if it was bent by the wind. How can such a little delicate flower stand out of doors in the winter?"

"God has made the snowdrop, my dear, to blossom in this season; and he shows us, by it, that his power and grace are sufficient to keep any creature that he has formed in the station in which he has placed it."

Fanny. My mother calls the flowers little preachers: perhaps this is one?

Father. I think your mother would say so if she were here. She looks upon the garden as a book in which God has written many lessons for us to learn. She knows that the Lord Jesus said to his followers, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," and what he said applies to the tall oak as well as to the least

blade of grass ; for all the plants around us are so many proofs of his power, and wisdom, and goodness.

Fanny. I will take this snowdrop in to her, and see what she will say about it.

On returning to the house, Fanny found her mother nursing little Robert, who was only a few weeks old. "Mother," she said, "I have brought you a flower like little Robert, for it is fair and delicate, and hangs its head as he does." Her mother sighed, for she knew her infant was weak and sickly. Fanny then said, "Can the snowdrop preach to us, mother ? I wish, if you please, that you would tell us what it teaches."

Mother. I think, my dear, it gives an example of humble contentment. It grows in retired spots, just lifting up its modest head. It requires no pains or culture, but simply seems to say, "I spring out of the earth, and shall return to earth again." It stands in its place, and patiently endures the winter, until the season comes for it to disappear and give place to the gayer flowers of summer. See what the great God does for this little flower : though it seems weak, yet he gives it strength ; or how could it stand through all the cold nights and stormy days of the season in which it appears ? It hangs on a narrow stalk, as if by a single thread ; and so it bends and yields to the wind, which might break a much stronger tie. Just thus the Christian learns to overcome evil with good, by a patient continuance in well-doing.

"Again," her father added, "the Christian, in the midst of this sinful world, is like this

little simple flower, rising above the ground when the rest of the flowers in the garden are buried in snow."

Fanny listened with great attention; and, when her parents ceased, she said, "I was thinking." "Of what were you thinking, my dear?"—"Of a verse in the chapter you read yesterday evening, father. It was about Christ: 'He shall grow up as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground.'" "The snowdrop may indeed lead us to think of the meek and lowly Saviour," resumed her mother, "as he grew in the midst of this barren, unkind world. How many storms gathered over his head! He was despised and rejected of men; and afterwards humbled himself even unto death."

Her father was just beginning to repeat some lines of poetry, when Fanny started with alarm, for the baby was taken ill. Her father led her up stairs, and left her alone for an hour. During this time she thought about her little brother; and she prayed that God would take care of him. When her father returned to her, his eyes were red, and he looked very sad. She asked him how little Robert was.

"Your brother," he said, "is gone to heaven, to be happy for ever; and there I trust we all shall follow him."

Fanny. Is he dead, father? Oh! what will my poor mother do?

Father. My child, your mother loves God, and he will give her strength to bear this trial.

Fanny. May I go to her?

Father. Not just now; she is in want of rest,

and is gone to lie down. Come with me first. I want to read and talk a little while to you. You are six years older than Robert ; how do you think you should feel, if you were to die soon, and be laid in the grave-yard by his side? You are old enough to know that you have a sinful heart, and have often broken the commands of God, and done what is displeasing to him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity ; and therefore, Fanny, we could not feel the same comfort if you were taken from us, as we now have in reference to little Robert, who is gone to heaven, through the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, unless you seek for salvation through him, whose name is the only one given among men whereby they must be saved. And you must pray that the Holy Spirit would make you a child of God, and fit you for the joys of heaven.

Not long after, Fanny was allowed to go to her mother, and both her parents asked if she would like to see little Robert again. "Oh, yes, that I should," was her answer ; and yet she felt almost afraid to look upon death. But when the muslin handkerchief, which covered the body of the infant, was removed, she thought he seemed only asleep—fairer than ever, but cold and stiff, like an image of marble. "Will he never, never open his eyes again?" she asked. "I did not think he would die so soon, just like my snowdrop." "He is withered like a flower, Fanny ; but one day the blossom will revive again, and his eyes will be opened to see the King in his beauty."—*From the French.*



PURIFY THE SPRING.

WHEN the prophet Elisha was living at Jericho, some of the people came to him, and told him that the water was very bad. Now, the city of Jericho was supplied with water from a spring. What did the prophet do? Did he go to the streams which conveyed the water to different parts of the city, to see if he could purify them? No; he went and cast salt into the spring, and the water was made good. This is what must be done with you, young persons: cast salt into the spring of life, that the stream of future years may run pure. The heart must be purified by the influence of early piety, in order that the character may be formed aright.

Do not think that there is greater difficulty in becoming a Christian in youth, than there is at a later period of life. There is much less. If any one wanted a tree in front of his house, would he go and dig up and transplant a great tree, with a tall, heavy trunk, wide-spreading branches, and great roots running deep into the ground? He might possibly do it; but it would be a work of great labour, and the tree would not be very likely to live. He would rather choose a young tree, which would be easily and safely transplanted. In like manner, the difficulty of becoming religious increases as one grows older.

Neither let any one get the impression, that all pious children die when they are young. Most of the children's memoirs that have been written, are of necessity accounts of those who died young. But children are not more likely to die because they are pious. Many, who have become pious in childhood, have lived to a very great age. Indeed, true piety is likely to promote health and long life.

An aged woman lay on her death-bed, who had been a disciple of Christ for fifty years. Conversing with a friend, she said, "Tell all the children that an old woman, who is just on the borders of eternity, is very much grieved that she did not begin to love the Saviour when she was a child. Tell them youth is the time to serve the Lord."

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near," Isa. lv. 6.
"Those that seek me early shall find me."
Prov. viii. 17.

MISSIONARY MIRROR.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS IN THE EAST.

No. 2.—Improvement among the Scholars.

THE missionaries in India have found it best, as living there is very cheap, to take the scholars altogether under their care—to board and clothe them, where they are orphans, or if their parents are willing to part with them; and, by this means, they learn more than they could do as day scholars, and are kept out of the way of heathen society. But this plan requires a great deal of care and trouble on the part of their teachers, though they are often repaid by the improvement of their youthful pupils. One of the most useful of their schools or seminaries was that at Palamedtah, and many interesting anecdotes are related of it. Once, after the holidays, the lads in that school were encouraged to invite any little girls in their families to come with them; and, on their return, about twenty came, who were mostly their own sisters or cousins. So a girls' school was opened for them, under the care of Mrs. Schmid, a missionary's wife. The situation is thus described:—"The house is built, as most of the houses here are, of raw bricks. It contains a hall, six rooms, and four small verandahs, or open spaces, with two chambers. On the east side is the kitchen, with three rooms, and six smaller for poultry and stores. On the west, there are stables, a pigeon-house, a bathing-room with a small tank near it, and two huts. The house and principal outhouses are tiled, the rest are covered with large leaves.

There is a fruit and vegetable garden, with a number of cocoa-nut, mango, and other trees, and vines."

One of the little girls in this place was very attentive and serious, and was never known to be guilty of any fault. When she was at home for the holidays, she took some girls, smaller than herself, round her upon the sand, and repeated to them a part of her Catechism which relates to the sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ. Another child, who died very happily, was fond, in her last illness, of listening to the history of the death of Christ. She said, "The Lord Jesus has suffered and died for me, therefore he will not reject me." Once, a number of the girls were seen talking together; and, when asked what they were speaking of, one of the eldest said, that it was about going home for the holidays; and that she had told them to behave well at home, not to join in the evil ways of the village girls, but to speak and do that which would be pleasing to the Lord.

This school was opened about five years after Miss Cooke had arrived in India, and many others had sprung up, one by one, in other places. Miss Cooke (now Mrs. Wilson) had also seen a great improvement in the children about her. In one of her letters, she said, "When I first came, they appeared to have no idea of any thing but money and dress; now, however, they often remind me that they have no work-bag, needle-case, or scissors. Many young ladies could give a mite in this way, by their own industry, who have not money to bestow. Children's little cheap books, Watts's First Catechism, and Hymns for Children, wooden-

pencil cases, common dolls, and ladies' work of any kind, would be acceptable." This call was attended to, and collections of this kind are now often made for this purpose in England.

The idea of learning to sew was not much liked at first; but, after a while, they were ready to complain, "What! no work for us to-day?" One teacher wrote: "We had taken some articles of clothing, which the ladies in Calcutta were preparing to send to the distressed settlers at the Cape. When the scholars heard for whom this work was intended, and how much the poor people had suffered, they were greatly concerned, and asked, 'Why do they not come here? they would get plenty to eat?' I said, 'Would you not be very glad to assist them?' They replied, 'Yes; but we are so poor that we have nothing to give.' I said, 'Some ladies in England work for the poor.' They said, 'Oh! we can work for them;' and six girls finished what was given without receiving any pay, as they were used to do."

About the same time, one girl of eleven years old taught her two elder sisters at home to read; and another of the same age taught her little sister to repeat the Catechism. By degrees, the higher classes of natives also became willing that their children should be taught. The girls also learned the folly of praying to idols, and, in many cases, both parents and children were converted to God. One girl, called Mary Ann, was useful to both her parents in this way, and even when she had been ill of the small-pox, she was anxious not to let a day pass without telling others of the Saviour.

THE NEW BOOK.

"ANOTHER new thing, Cecil!"

"That is right, uncle! that is right! I do love to hear you say, Another new thing! How old is the new thing that you are going to tell me of?"

"Only about five or six thousand years."

"Five or six thousand years! and yet you call it new!"

"Yes, Cecil; I call it new on account of the new purpose to which you are to apply it. The new thing you are about to hear of I shall call a new book, and you must learn to read it."

"But has it any pictures in it?"

"Pictures! It has nothing but pictures in it! Some of these are grave, some fearful, some beautiful, and others so transporting that you cannot look at them without the tears coming into your eyes in a moment."

"Show it me, uncle! show it me! Are there many pictures in it?"

"It is made up of pictures—thousands of pictures; and then they are so large!"

"Thousands of large pictures! Oh, let us have the book spread out on the great round table. I see we shall have a fine treat. The book! the book, uncle! The new book!"

"As to spreading out the new book on the great round table, that will be impossible; for it is far too large for any table to hold it."

"I never heard of such a thing! A book larger than the great round table! That *must* be a curiosity! We will open it then on the parlour floor."

"The parlour floor is not half big enough."

"Uncle, you astonish me! But we must have the book opened, however big it may be: we shall find room for it on the lawn, I am sure."

"Not so, Cecil; for the book of which I have been speaking is bigger than the world."

"What! bigger than the world! Now, uncle! how can you possibly make it out that this new book, let it be what it will, is bigger than the world?"

"I think you will admit that it is so, when I tell you that the new book is *THE SKY*, and that the pictures are the heavenly bodies and the beautiful clouds which adorn it."

"The sky! But why should you call it a book? A book is to be read, and how can we read the sky?"

"With a little instruction, I trust you will be able to read it very well. You have heard of the two great books of our heavenly Father—the book of Revelation and that of Creation. Now, if creation be called a book, why should I not call the sky a book; if I find that it sets forth much of our great Creator, which I am able to read?"

"Oh! how I should like to be able to read the book of the sky!"

"Astronomers read the book of the sky, philosophers read it, and why should not Christians? Yet among the thousands who are daily looking at the pictures of this book, how few are there who comprehend what they mean! Thousands have not yet learned the alphabet of the skies. But listen, while I explain the language of a few of these pictures; for God speaks by them to us, and we ought to under-

stand him. When we see, above our heads at night, the great book of the sky opened, and the glowing picture of the stars spread out before us, it is as though God was manifesting his wisdom, power, and goodness to us; and the language of the picture is, '*Believe me!*'"

"I knew you would make it come right."

"When the tempest is abroad, and the big black clouds hang heavy in the air—when the forked lightnings flash to and fro, and the bursting thunder seems to shake the solid earth and the heavens—when the rain comes down like a deluge! what says the awful picture of the skies? It says, as distinctly as if the voice of the Holy One was heard, '*Fear me!*'"

"That is an awful picture! I seem to understand all that you mean, now, uncle."

"When the storm has passed by, and the rain has subsided—when the heavens are lit up on one side by the glorious sun, and spanned on the other by the glowing rainbow, the picture of the sky appeals to every eye and heart. God speaks through it, and his language is, '*Trust me!*'"

"Better and better! I do see that you may really read the pictures in the sky."

"When the heavens above are clear, and bright, and blue, and peaceful; and when the piled-up snowy clouds with their sunlit edges are still—when the vault above is so beautifully tranquil that your spirit feels expanding with joy and thankfulness; again it appears as if God were speaking, and the language of the picture of the new book is, '*Love me!*'"

"You should have been a painter, uncle!"

"When the rising sun is gilding the firmament with glory, and when his setting beams are mingling purple, azure, and crimson with a flood, nay, a sea of molten gold; we look at the picture with astonishment and admiration, and though half-blinded by our tears we are still able to read what is written in the picture before us. Hardly could the Lord of heaven and earth utter more distinctly the expression, '*Praise me!*'"

"You make the meaning of every picture so plain, that it must be just as you say."

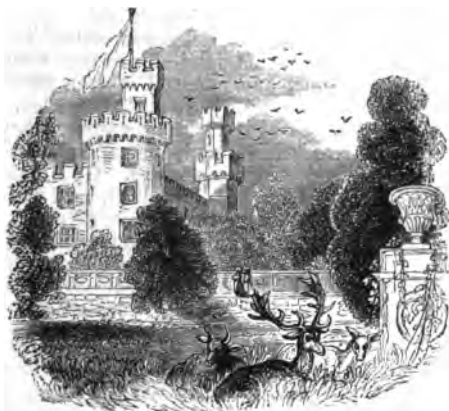
"I have now explained the language of a few pictures in the new book; but sometimes the pictures so mingle what is striking, awful, convincing, beautiful, and transporting, that one thing at a time is not enough to satisfy us, and we are compelled to believe, fear, trust, love, and praise him altogether."

"Well! I did not expect, uncle, when you called out to me, '*Another new thing, Cecil! Another new thing!*' that it would turn out to be what it is. At first, after you talked of '*thousands of large pictures,*' I felt disappointed to find that it was the sky you meant; but you have satisfied me. The sky is a new book to me now, and I shall do my best to learn to read it, and to understand as many of the pictures in it as I can."

ETERNITY.

A GULF, whose large extent no bounds engage,
A still beginning, never-ending age; [run,
Which, when ten thousand thousand years are
Is still the same, and still to be begun.

A LANDSCAPE.



HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF A LANDSCAPE.

I HAVE been taking a walk in the parks at Windsor, and have seen the Round Tower, the turrets, and the terraces. I have gazed on the trees and walks, and have admired the noble stags as they rested under the shading branches, or ran across the green lawns. Well have I enjoyed the scenes, and now I have returned to my home I will tell you how to make the most of a landscape, how to love it, how to enjoy it, and how to delight in it.

When you look at the sun, remember it is God's sun, and that he hung it up in the air

like a lamp, to light the world and to make the earth and the heavens more beautiful.

When you look at the sky, remember it is God's sky, and that he painted it of that beautiful blue colour, and adorned it with snow-white clouds for our pleasure and advantage.

When you look at the trees, remember they are God's trees. Man could not make a tree if you would give him the world. God made them all, with their goodly trunks, and their fair branches and leaves, for the use of man.

When you look on the birds, remember they are God's birds; he clothed them with their fine, soft feathers, and gave them their sweet voices, and made us, as it were, a present of them. Hark! I hear the warbling of birds now!

"It is a blithe, a gladsome lay;
I love their happy song;
I love to watch their joyous play
The shady boughs among,
When peeping through the foliage green
Their tiny sparkling eyes are seen."

If you will do just the same with the hills and the valleys, the fruits and the flowers, the fields and the running streams, as I have told you to do with the sun and the sky, the trees and the singing birds, regarding them all as gifts from God, you will like them better, and you will be sure to love God better. The more you love God, the more desirous will you be to know and to do his will. If we saw God and his goodness more in everything, then should we delight more and more in his glory.

How often have I sat on a sunshiny day in the shadow of tall trees, looking up and almost losing myself in the wilderness of dark green, leafy branches above me, when the singing

birds have burst forth with their joyous warbling. Why I had a thousand times more reason to be thankful and to rejoice than they had, for God had given me a thousand times more than he had given them.

" Yes, I remember, when a child,
That I have sat, for hours,
And listened to the warblers wild,
Amid the sylvan bowers;
And while their cheering notes I heard,
I almost wished myself a bird."

I am now grown older; but I love the birds, and enjoy the shadow of tall trees, and the beauty of a glowing landscape quite as much as ever.

I was once caught in a storm, on a summer's day. Oh! how the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled, and the wind roared, and the rain poured down; but no sooner had the storm passed away, and the sun blazed forth again in the skies, than the singing birds broke out into a jubilee of rejoicing. Thus ought we to act when preserved from danger, and again made to partake of our Heavenly Father's goodness.

Whether you live in the country, or only now and then pay it a visit, be sure to make the most of a landscape, and do not forget my remark, that if you regard the hills and the valleys; the fruits and the flowers; the fields and the running streams; the sun, the sky, the trees, and the singing birds as God's gifts, you will like them better, and love God better. The more you love God, the more desirous will you be to know and to do his will. If we saw God and his goodness more in everything, then should we delight more and more in his glory.

A LESSON FOR YOU.

THERE is a certain little boy, whose name I will not tell you, because I am sure he would not like it to be known, as it is by no means a good account of him which I have to give. I wish to tell you about him in order that you may try to avoid his faults, and take warning by his bad conduct.

This little boy has a kind mother, and she tries very much to teach him the way to be good; but, sad to say, he does not himself wish to do right, or to please God, and to obey his parents. There can be no doubt that he has a very hard and wicked heart: for when he is naughty and grieves his mother so that she often sheds tears, he does not care for her sorrow; and when it is needful to punish him for a fault, he is stubborn, and will neither ask forgiveness, nor show any wish to amend.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, who came into the world to die for sinners, was once a little child; and he has left a pattern for little children that they may try to be like him. He was subject to his parents, and did their will in all things. He never grieved his mother's heart by sullen and evil tempers, nor caused her to shed a tear for his bad conduct. Oh! how much that mother must have loved her good and holy child! But the little boy of whom I am now telling you, does not wish to be like Jesus, who knew no sin. He does not love to hear about the kind Saviour; and I do not think he ever prays that God would take away his naughty heart, and send down his Holy Spirit to make him a better child. I do

not mean that he never prays with his lips. He says the words every morning and night: but it is not praying unless the heart goes along with the words. If you see a child looking about him while he kneels at his mother's side, it is plain he is not thinking of what he says. And the great God is angry with such prayers as these. Yes, he tells us in the Bible that he is angry with those people who draw near to him with their lips, while their heart is far from him.

What is to become of this naughty child, if he does not seek for grace to turn from his sinful ways? He will grow worse and worse; and if he lives to be a man, and does not repent, God will not be his friend; and when he comes to die, if his heart has not been changed, his soul must depart without hope, to dwell for ever with the devil and his wicked angels. What a dreadful end! Yet it must be the end of every sinner who will not forsake his sins, and turn to Christ for mercy and pardon. We read in God's holy word that "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

Reader, are you sure that this account does not apply to you? Can you say that you are not the child I mean? Might not your name be written on this book, to show that you are the child who does not wish to love God, nor try to obey his parents, not heed his mother's tears? Think within yourself whether you ever try to amend your faults; and whether you love to hear and read about Jesus, who came to save you from your sins. And if you find that your own bad conduct is brought to

your mind, and you feel yourself a sinner, then go, and kneel down in some quiet place, where you will be alone with God, and ask him to wash you from all your guilt in the blood of his dear Son, and to give you a new heart, that you may love him and keep his commands.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

GOD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from thy lofty seat ;
Hear, oh hear ! our feeble cry ;
Guide, oh guide ! our wandering feet.

Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know,
Scarcely feel the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with thy blood Divine,
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us ! Help us ! Make us thine.

When perplexed in danger's snare,
Thou alone our Guide canst be ;
When oppressed with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but thee ?

Let us ever hear thy voice,
Ask thy counsels every day ;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in Wisdom's way.

Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul ;
Hope, till time shall be no more ;
Love, while endless ages roll.

THE MONTHS.

MARCH.

It has been said that "every month, like a good servant, brings its own character with it." Our Saxon forefathers seem to have considered the month of March very rude and boisterous, for they called it *Hlyd-monath*, the loud or stormy month, and *Reihe-monath*, rough or rugged month. The Romans called it *Martius*, in honour of Mars, the heathen god of war. And the Gothic tribes undertook in this month warlike expeditions. Hence, March is drawn by artists of a tawny colour, with a fierce aspect and a helmet on his head. From this, perhaps, is derived the proverb, "March comes in like a lion:" nor is this unlike its general character; for, during this month, we have often violent gales—rough, rude, roaring, lion-like winds.

Though this month is frequently rude and boisterous, there is also much pleasantness connected with it—it is Spring-time. Our Saxon forefathers called it *Lenct*, or Spring. The frozen earth now yields to the rays of the sun, the ground is again soft, and the ploughman is abroad with a glad heart, turning up the earth, that it may be ready for the seed scattered by the hand of the sower. Now we find the rude and chilly north-east winds are of great service in taking away the damps which the thaws of February have caused. "These cruel-seeming winds blow not in vain;" for, if we look upwards, we see the clouds moving with a brisker motion, and so scattered as to

allow the sun to peep out with his cheering and enlivening beams. And, if we look on the earth, we find the dry air of March renders the ground fit for the seed; for it becomes dusty in a few hours. "A bushel of March dust," says the old proverb, "is worth a monarch's ransom;" so valuable is dry weather for putting in the seed.

Not only is the ploughman busy in the fields, but there is also the sower scattering seed, and the hedger trimming and mending the hedges, to prevent the cattle from spoiling the young crops: and the cottager, too, is busy in his garden. Then, if we walk abroad, we shall see the buds beginning to swell on the trees and hedges, the fields putting forth their green blades, and the banks displaying their tender shoots from among the brown leaves of last year's growth. As the season advances, the elder and gooseberry bushes put forth their leaves; the snow-drop continues to bloom; and, still further to delight us, the sweet perfume of the violet issues from some lowly bed.

"Just to say, The Spring is come,—
The violet peeps from her woodland home."

The colt's-foot, too, puts forth its shining blossoms upon some heap of clay.

The month advancing, the sun gets higher in the heavens, and sheds a more genial warmth abroad: and this is the time when we have equal days and nights, and Spring is said really to commence. The bee now ventures forth to rove, and,

"In down of every varied dye,
Shines fluttering soft the variegated butterfly."

Then comes the chafer-beetle, an insect to which many children show much cruelty ; but to them we say, we cannot enter on our list of friends those who torture needlessly any creature.



March is a month of general waking-up from wintry silence. The lark, the thrush, the blackbird, the greenfinch, and the goldfinch, enliven us with their songs. The rook is building its nest, and the lambkins are sporting and uttering their first cries. The bat unhooks himself and flies abroad ; the reptiles crawl from their torpid state ; and the sleepy dormouse awakes and ventures into the

fields. Nor must we forget the squirrel, who has been feasting himself the winter through on the stores he had laid up in the summer season.

"In the joy of his nature he frisks with a bound,
To the topmost twigs, then down to the ground."

Many birds also, who left us in the autumn, now return, and the woodcock takes its departure for Sweden and Norway.

Let us, as we look upon the sower casting the seed into the earth, remember that Jesus Christ has likened those who preach and teach the gospel to sowers sowing good seed. May we be among those of whom He said, "These are they which are sown on good ground; such as hear the word, and receive it, and bring forth fruit—some thirtyfold, sixty, and some an hundred." And if we have hitherto been forgetful of the great salvation, may we, by God's grace, awake this month to "newness of life."

THE GOLD MINE.

NOEL LAWSON and his father, after talking for some time about the hard-working cottagers, who laboured for the farmers in the neighbouring village, continued their conversation thus:—

"I wish that I had a gold mine, for then I would make all the poor people as rich as noblemen."

"I am afraid, Noel, if you had a gold mine, your method of rendering working people rich, would only make them poorer than ever."

"How could I make them poor by giving them money?"

"Very easily. Few people in the world can bear up against riches, especially against sudden prosperity. God's word says, 'He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him,' Prov. xxviii. 22. And again, 'Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith,' Prov. xv. 16.

'A mind contented with its store,
Is worth the Indies o'er and o'er.'"

"But you have not told me how money can make anybody poor."

"Listen, then, and I will try to make it plain to you. If wealth were given suddenly to a hard-working man, it would render him independent of his labour; and, unless he were a man of strong principle, this would bring about idle habits. Most likely, having time on his hands, he would spend it improperly, and indulge in pleasure and vice, thereby injuring his health, wasting his wealth, and bringing him again to poverty. Many a man has been ruined by his riches."

"That would be very bad, certainly; but, even then, he would be as well off as he was before."

"By no means; for in such a case your gold, instead of having done him no evil, would have robbed him of his health, his strength, his industry, and his contentment."

"Well, I do think that you are right, after all; and a gold mine would not be so grand a thing as I thought it was."

"The principal gold mines of the earth once belonged to the Spaniards, and Spain is, at this

day, sadly behind other countries in agriculture, arts, manufactures, and commerce; and better it would have been for her, in all probability, if she had never possessed a single gold mine."

"When I wish again it shall be for something else. I will leave the gold mines to the Spaniards to make the best of them."

"Nothing is more common than the belief that the rich must be happier than other people, but it is a sad mistake. At this very time there are thousands—nay, tens of thousands—running, as it were, a race, to get to a gold mine, when perhaps, after all, the greater part will be disappointed."

"Do please tell me all about it. Where is the gold mine? and who are the people that are running after it?"

"You must have heard, Noel, that California, which belonged to the Mexicans, is now owned by the Americans; and, as gold has been discovered in the place, thousands and tens of thousands of Americans are making the best of their way, in the hope of getting a share of the treasure.

"On! on! they press—both young and old;
No thirst is like the thirst of gold."

"And where is California? And how far have the Americans to go?"

"California consists of two provinces of Spanish America, washed by the waters of the Pacific Ocean. You will find it in the map of the world, a little to the left of the Gulf of Mexico. Perhaps the place may be, as the crow flies, some four or five thousand

miles from New York ; but the Americans, for the most part, will have to go round by Cape Horn, making the distance nearly twenty thousand miles."

"Twenty thousand!"

"Yes, and that is almost as much as round the globe. They have to sail this great distance—to double Cape Horn, one of the most blustering and difficult capes in the world ; to encounter the perils of the winds and the waves, storms and calms, shipwrecks and disasters, and all for the mere chance of getting a part of the gold of California.

'What power have riches o'er the mind
To brighter hopes and prospects blind.'"

"How was it they discovered the gold mine?"

"Some workmen, it is said—in digging the ground to lay the foundations for a mill—met with several pieces of heavy, yellow-coloured metal, which proved to be gold. For some time they kept the secret, but at last an Indian surprised them in their search, and made it known to his tribe."

"There were soon plenty to help them, I dare say."

"There were. Report says, that one man found in a single day gold worth a hundred and sixty pounds : and another, who employed eight Indians, cleared in three days, by gold, three hundred and twenty pounds."

"They were getting rich, then, all at once."

"All this may do very well while there are but few people there ; but, when thousands and tens of thousands are all scrambling for the hidden treasure, how will it be then?"

"Oh, they will begin to quarrel about it; that is certain."

"I fear it is. But now, Noel, while the Americans are compassing sea and land to get gold, let me direct you to a gold mine which you may work with advantage, without quitting your native land, or doubling Cape Horn, or encountering the dangers of sea and land, or running the least risk of disappointment. I mean the gold mine of God's holy word. At California, they find gold; but God's word directs us to the 'Pearl of great price.' In California, they find gold; but the Holy Scriptures are more to be desired than gold, 'yea, than much fine gold:' they are 'better than thousands of gold and silver.' Be not deceived, Noel; contentment on earth, and a bright hope of heaven, are worth more than all the gold mines in the world; and these are only to be obtained through faith in Him who died for sinners on the cross. He will guide those who trust in him by his counsel, and afterwards receive them into his glory.

"The word of God, when gold has lost its power,
Gives strength and comfort in a dying hour."

OLD MARTIN AND HIS GRANDSON.

MARTIN had reached the age of fourscore. His hair was white as silver, and he could not walk without a staff to lean on. He had lived the life of a Christian, in faith and love; and he looked forward to a happy and peaceful death, with no more fear than he felt when he rested on a cool summer's evening, after a long day's

work. His children were prosperous : they had numerous flocks and fruitful pastures ; and they delighted to honour their father, and they found their own advantage in so doing : they had the benefit of his conversation and example, and he took an interest in all their concerns. He would sometimes amuse himself in playing with his grandchildren. He checked their little disputes ; taught them to be gentle and forgiving, and kind even to animals and insects. He would make their playthings ; and, as they grew older, he would teach them how to manage their sheep and lambs. He taught them many psalms and hymns, and would often tell them the beautiful histories of the Bible, while they sat around him to listen.

One evening, he was talking to the eldest of his grandsons—little Alfred, a pleasant lively boy, with rosy cheeks and shining hair—on the happiness of doing good to others. He said, the setting sun, the full moon, and shining stars, all give us pleasure ; but there is something better than either of these. That peace of mind, which comes from within, is sweeter than any sight which our bodily eyes can see. You look just now as if something pleased you very much ; will you tell me what it is ?

Alfred answered, " I should not, tell it, grandfather, unless you wished me : for I have heard you say that telling of a kind action half undoes it. But, this morning, I was looking for one of my sheep, which had gone astray, and I heard a voice behind the bushes. I looked over, and saw a man lying on the ground, with a heavy burden at his side. He was talking to himself, and complained of being

hungry, thirsty, tired, and worn out, and wished that he could find something to eat, or some place to rest in from the heat of the day. I had with me some bread and a little fruit, and I also fetched him some water, and laid all down very near the man—who was just falling asleep. I saw him soon after awake; the man got up quite refreshed, and, just as he stooped to take up his burden, he saw my basket and the bottle of water. He was delighted when he tasted the fruits, and thanked God, who, he said, had sent them to him. By-and-by, he came round to me, and asked if I knew who had left some fruit and other things not far off. I did not answer him, but I asked him if he had lost his way. He said he had; and that he thought he should have lost his life, if he had not found refreshment just when he needed it. So I showed him back to the high road, and carried his burden, as long as he would give me leave. The thought of this makes me happy; and, if even such a trifle can fill the mind with pleasant thoughts, how very happy those must be who have done a great deal of good."

"Yes, my boy," said his grandfather, "especially if they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, without whom we are not sufficient even to think a good thought. He kindly calls us to work for Him, and to do good, as we have opportunity, to the souls and bodies of men. He says, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'" It will be well if you remember and practise these things, when poor old Martin is laid in the grave. E. H.



A LETTER TO MARY ON HER
BIRTHDAY.

My dear little friend,—A birthday at your age is an event of such great interest, that I am desirous of sending you my congratulations and good wishes upon the occasion, especially as this is a birthday of unusual importance. At twelve years old, you think it time to put away some of your "childish things:" many of your toys are now to be laid aside, and you are to become really your mamma's

companion. Your little workbox is to have its place in the parlour beside hers; and some privileges are to be allowed you which you have been hitherto too young to appreciate or fully enjoy. It is a happy time for you, my dear girl; and I hope that, through God's blessing, it will be the beginning of many happy years—a day to which you may look back with pleasant and grateful recollection throughout your future life.

Very often, when we have been talking of the books you have just read, or when you have been repeating to me some little history which conveyed a warning or an example—very often the thought has come into my mind, Does Mary apply this instruction to *herself*? Does she reflect that these lessons are meant for *her*, no less than for other children? And when I observe your love for the house of God, your ready obedience to your papa and mamma, and your affectionate care for your little sisters, I have a hope that you are indeed earnestly striving to do right, and to please your heavenly Father, who sees every feeling and desire of your heart, and will not fail to help you by his Holy Spirit, if you ask his grace in your Saviour's name.

A birthday is a very proper time for thinking over our past conduct, and forming good resolutions for the future. We all have some particular fault, of disposition or behaviour, which we should be constantly watchful to prevent and overcome. You may remember that the apostle Paul speaks of it as "the sin which doth so easily beset us," Heb. xii. 1. This fault is different in different persons; but it is

very important that each of us should know what sin it is to which we are most frequently and easily tempted, that we may be doubly on our guard against it. Try to examine yourself, that you may discover what is *your* failing: and confess it in prayer to your compassionate Saviour, who was once a child, and tempted as you are, "yet without sin." Ask him to enable you this day to make a firm resolve against it; and look to him continually for help when you feel it rising in your heart, since your nature is so weak and sinful that you have no strength without him. If you do this sincerely, perhaps your birthday-resolution may return to your mind in some moment of temptation, and prevent both sin and sorrow.

But you must not, my dear Mary, rest satisfied with praying and watching against *this one sin*. You have a corrupt and evil heart within, which must be changed and purified before you can truly become a child of God, and an heir of heaven. A new heart is the gift of the Holy Spirit. It was purchased for you by Christ himself, when he shed his blood upon the cross to take away your guilt. Let this birthday then be marked by earnest prayer for the pardon of your sins, and for the sanctifying grace of God. Oh! let it be henceforth remembered as the day when you gave yourself to your Saviour, and commenced a life of holiness, and self-denial, and devotion to his service.

I hope you will not be tired of this long, grave letter, my dear little friend. I have written it because I love you and wish for your happiness, and because I know that you

can only be happy in *one way*. Other paths may seem pleasant and alluring ; but it is only in "keeping God's commandments" that you will find "great reward."—Believe me your very affectionate friend.

BIBLE PICTURES ;

OR, OLD TESTAMENT SCENES.

THE TAKING OF JERICHO.

Moses was dead, the forty years of wandering in the wilderness were ended, and the Israelites were preparing to enter Canaan, being led by Joshua, who was directed by the Lord. They were divided from the land of Canaan by the river Jordan ; but God made a way for them to pass over, on dry ground. The ark of the Lord was carried first, and its bearers stood in the midst of the river, till all the people had gone over. As soon as they entered its banks, the waters parted ; and, when all had passed, the streams returned again to their usual course.

This was the first miracle wrought under Joshua's leading. You shall now hear what the second was. Seven of the priests were ordered to take trumpets of rams' horns, and to walk round the city of Jericho, followed by the ark of the Lord, and by the people, who kept silence. But did not this seem a very strange manner of besieging a city ? Could the trumpets force the people of the town to open the gates, if they sounded ever so loud ? The next day, however, the same thing was

repeated, and so for six days. On the seventh day, they were to go round the city seven times, and when the trumpets were blown, the people were all, with one voice, to make a great shout. This they did, rising very early, and, how wonderful! the walls gave way, and the people of Israel entered the city, in the midst of their fallen ruins, and took possession of the place. The Lord commanded them to destroy all that they found in it, as being accursed or hateful to God: nothing was to be saved, neither persons, cattle, nor goods; only some gold and other metal articles, which were kept for the service of the tabernacle. Thus, without any fighting, or any difficulty whatever, did the Israelites conquer Jericho, and gain an entrance into the land of Canaan.

I can fancy that you have many questions to ask about this history; but, while I answer them, I also wish to encourage you to search the Bible for yourselves, whenever you are in any difficulty. There you will find what is profitable, as well as what interests you for a moment. Suppose now, however, that you put a few of these questions to me.

Why, you will say, did they have to pass the river Jordan in this manner? Could they not have gone over by a bridge, or in boats? The reason was this—To show the Canaanites that the Lord was with the people of Israel, that they might fear the power of God, and see how useless it was to fight against him. This was the effect; see Joshua v. 1.

Why, you will next ask, were the Israelites told at first to keep silence, and then to give a shout before the city was taken? Could not

God have caused the walls to fall down without the shout; or the trumpets sounding? Certainly he could; but he has wise reasons for all that he does. There is not a word too much or too little in any of his commands. If the people had marched into the city, with arms in their hands, they might have been ready to boast, and think rather of their own honour than of the power of the Most High. When the Israelites saw the walls fall down, they must have noticed how strong and firm they were, and that nothing but a miracle could have destroyed them. Their going round the city every day must have shown them how little their shouts and their trumpets could avail. Thus, whenever God gives his mercies to men, he requires on our part faith and obedience. An unbelieving person might have gone one or two days, but he would not have persevered in all that was directed. In the same manner, God always tries the faith of his people, as you will find if you read the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Why, do you ask again, were the Israelites ordered to destroy all that they found in the place? It was an act of justice, and not of cruelty. The Canaanites, and all their possessions, were more or less connected with idol-worship; and, if anything of theirs had been allowed to remain, it might have tempted the Israelites to become idolaters also, Deut. vii. 26. Thus, you see, all your questions may find an answer. Now look at your Bible, with more attention than you have done before, and be sure that, if you find any difficulty there, you may also find an answer.

THE PALM TREE.

THE palm is sometimes called the date tree, from the name of its fruit. It rises with a tall, straight trunk to the height of fifty feet. The leaves spring with a graceful bend from the stem, and very much resemble ostrich feathers, only they are seven or eight feet in length. On the top of the tree a tuft of beautifully green leaves retains its freshness all the year. To these the psalmist may have referred when he says, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree," Psa. xcii. 12; that is, they shall maintain their piety, as this tree preserves its beauty, in all seasons.

Dates, the fruit of the palm, are of a sweet and agreeable flavour, and very nourishing. They grow in clusters under the leaves, and sometimes a single cluster is twenty pounds in weight. The natives of Arabia count up three hundred and sixty uses to which the trunk, branches, leaves, juice, and fruit of this tree can be applied. "We have not had occasion," says a missionary in Syria, "to make three hundred and sixty uses of it; but, besides eating of its fruit and using the wood for fuel, we have slept under roofs formed of its leaves, and on bedsteads made of its branches. It has served us for baskets, mats, brooms, ropes, cages for poultry, and walking-sticks. In crossing canals it has been our bridge, and we have eaten honey made (according to the account of the natives) from its sap."

Indeed, among the many useful trees given by the kind providence of God to the eastern people, there is not one more serviceable nor

more prized. And we need not wonder at a remark of an Arab who visited England : after he had seen its riches and a great variety of objects, he was asked what he thought of the country, when he replied, "It is a very fine land, but it has no dates!"



It has been observed, that wherever the palm is met with, water will be found near at hand. M. Laborde says, "It presents itself to the eye of the thirsty traveller like a friendly lighthouse, pointing out to him the spot where water is to be found to quench the thirst, and a charitable shade under which to repose." Thus when the Israelites came to Elim they found seventy palm trees by the side of twelve wells of water. At the same spot, a number of these trees is still found.

Solomon built a city in the desert called

Tamar, or Tadmor, afterwards known by the name of Palmyra, from the abundance of palm trees that grew near the spot. Jericho was "the city of palm trees," Deut. xxxiv. 3. The name of this graceful tree was also given to females, Gen. xxxviii. 6 ; 2 Sam. xiii. 1.

Palm branches were emblems of victory, and were carried before great warriors in triumph. They were borne before Jesus as he went up to Jerusalem. The people wished to honour him as their King. And as the saints in heaven are conquerors over sin, Satan, and the world, they are represented with palm-branches in their hands, Rev. vii. 9. May every reader be able truly to say,

In that bright city I would dwell,
With that glad throng the Saviour praise ;
And, safe redeem'd from death and hell,
Sit at his feet through endless days.

From "Scripture Trees, Fruits, and Flowers," just published by the Religious Tract Society.

MISSIONARY MIRROR.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS IN THE EAST.

No. 3.—Schools in Ceylon.

Not long ago, I was standing by a class of young and ignorant Sunday scholars, while their elder and more advanced companions were singing the well-known missionary hymn which contains these lines :—

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;

In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone."

I tried afterwards to explain some of these words to my little charge. I told them that Ceylon is an island in the Indian Ocean, and advised those who attended the national school to ask their mistress to show it to them. It is a beautiful and fruitful spot, rich in trees and plants, some of which have a sweet and spicy smell, which is felt in the adjoining seas, even at the distance of some miles. But most of the people in that fine country are ignorant idolaters.

I might have told my scholars more, but I thought this was as much as they could remember. Some of them, I fear, though born in a Christian land, are almost like heathens. They have been taught to say their prayers, and to go to Sunday school, but at other times they are left much to themselves, and are often found out in doing what is wrong. When they know more of their Bibles, it is to be hoped they will do better, and remember that "the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good," in the street as well as in the school. If they do not learn to know God, who gave his Son to die for sinners, they will be worse than some of the poor children of Ceylon, who have been trained in Christian schools, of whom many accounts are given.

In the "Life of Mrs. Winslow," who lived in Ceylon for about thirteen years, we learn that her first scholars were nine little boys, whom she took into her house, in a very neg-

lected and ignorant state. She thus wrote to her brother at home: "They used to eat dirt and pounded brick before they came to live with us, and seldom tasted anything so good as rice. They have no books, and no friends to teach them anything but very bad songs."

Many of the boys turned out well, and their numbers, by degrees, much increased. Two years afterwards a girls' school was opened, and Mrs. Winslow soon began to teach them about their precious souls. One evening she heard them talking about a person who had died near where they lived. "Another soul," said they, "is gone before God to-day." "And where is it, in heaven or hell?" "We don't know, but we think it is in hell." Thus they learned what an awful thing it is to die. Some years after, Mrs. Winslow wrote to one of her sisters this description of her Sunday school: "I have told you that there are sometimes more than one hundred girls; they are divided into twelve classes, over each of which is one of the girls of the boarding school. When the bell rings, at eight o'clock, I go and give tickets for attendance to all present, and see that the teachers are in their places. At nine o'clock, I go again to hear their lessons, and reward those who deserve it with another ticket. This morning, on going a second time, I found nearly all the teachers exhorting the girls to repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, as I passed from one to another."

Mrs. Winslow lived to see a hundred girls grow up from her school, not one of whom disgraced the instruction she had received, though all of them, perhaps, were not so faithful or so

active as some young believers are in Christian countries ; but many of them proved useful in teaching others, one, especially, had a school of forty or fifty heathen girls, in a village at some distance, whom she brought to attend the house of God.

Other histories, of the different schools in this island, are very pleasing, and refer to the examinations held, and the good answers of the children ; also to instances of those who have died rejoicing in the Lord Jesus. But still there is much to be done, and many unconverted heathens remain in the island. Men love darkness rather than light, for their deeds are evil. The children, who at twelve o'clock at noon are listening to the word of God, at nine in the evening worship with their parents in the temples of idols ; and, when they are ill, their parents will use foolish ceremonies to please the devil, as they think, that he may not hurt them. Oh ! remember, dear children, Christ will not accept a divided heart ; believe in him, and abide in him, that you may not be ashamed at his second coming.

SABBATH EMPLOYMENT.

WELL do I remember my brother finding a torn leaf of a little school-book in a bush in the meadow. It had been caught there when the stream was swollen by heavy rains. What a prize it was ! One by one we committed it to memory, while stretched upon the daisied sward, during the sunny hours of a summer sabbath day ; and I do not believe that there is

one of the young group, who then learned the beautiful hymn that stray leaf contained, who does not retain its simple words, and feel in a renewed heart the influences of the blessed truths taught in its lines, which began thus :—

“ Among the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way ?
Yes, God is like a shining light,
Which turns the darkness into day.”

Our sabbaths were our happiest days ; we were near no place of public worship—not so near, at least, as to permit any of the children often to attend. As soon as we were dressed, and had breakfasted, family prayer was attended to, and then our father would point out some hymn or passage of Scripture he wished us to learn, when we would sally forth in different directions, one to stretch himself upon the soft grass in the field close by, another to pace backward and forward on the pleasure walk, or to find a seat in the bough of an old bushy tree, while another would seek a little summer-house our father had made of heather, and seated round with the twisted boughs of the glossy birch, each reading aloud till the allotted lesson was thoroughly fixed upon our minds. If the day was wet, or if it was the winter season, we would gather around the table by the window. During the afternoon, mother would read to us, or all of us, father and mother included, read by turns ; questions were then asked, and conversation entered into about what we had been reading.—*From the “ Pearl of Days.”*

LIGHT FROM ABOVE.

(Translated from the French.)

IF I were to give you, my dear child, a new little book, one of these winter afternoons, when it is dark long before your time for going to bed, I think you would be anxious to read it at once; for little children seldom have much patience. But how could you read it if you were in the dark? Oh! you say, I would go quickly and ask for a light. My dear child, that is the very thing which you must do, whenever you read, if you wish to profit by the book in your hand. You must pray to God, who is the Father of lights, that he would, for Christ's sake, give you his Holy Spirit, to enlighten your dark mind, that you may see and understand the good things of which you read. I have often felt, that writing books for you is of no avail without the blessing of God; and I have prayed to him to guide my pen, and enable me to make known his words to little children, that some of them, at least, may become obedient lambs of the good Shepherd, even Jesus, who gathers the lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom. Add your prayers to mine, dear children, especially if you have learned from your Testament that encouraging text which is a promise to all who pray to God in the name of Jesus Christ: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him," Jas. i. 5.

" O Lord, the true and only Light,
Direct the souls that walk in night,
And bring them to thy sheltering care,
To seek thy great salvation there.

Illumine those who blindly roam,
And call the erring wand'ers home;
The hearts astray that union crave,
And souls in doubt confirm and save."

A GOVERNESS.

QUESTIONS IN SCRIPTURE NATURAL HISTORY.

QUADRUPEDS.

WHAT dull beasts are said to be more grateful to their masters than men are to God? Isa. i. 3.

What event in the second book of Kings will illustrate the fierceness of the she-bear?

In the book of Job (ch. xl.) we have a description of an animal of great size and strength: what quadruped is supposed to be meant?

What animal is referred to in Scripture under the name of fox? Sol. Song ii. 15.

To what animal is the devil compared? Can you give any description of it?

What useful animals received the attention of mankind in the earliest ages? Gen. iv. 2. Can you mention any of their habits, and the customs of those who take care of them, to which our Saviour alludes in the Gospel of St. John?

What animal may be meant by the word "unicorn" in Job xxxix. 10?

What is the chief difference between a camel and a dromedary?

What is the meaning of the word, quadruped?

[The Religious Tract Society has recently published a neat and cheap little book, entitled "SCRIPTURE QUADRUPEDS," well illustrated with engravings. It will be found suitable for the young in schools and families.]

HOW TO BE SAVED.

I AM a sinful child;
My nature is depraved;
My heart is wicked, vain, and wild;
Oh, how can I be saved?

The Bible shows the way;
I must repent of sin,
And ask the Lord to take away
This evil heart within.

To Jesus I must fly,
Who died that I might live,
And though he reigns above the sky,
He will my sins forgive.

A new and contrite heart,
He also will bestow,
That I from evil may depart,
And serve him here below.

And when this life is o'er,
I shall my Saviour see;
And dwell with him for evermore,
Who gave himself for me.

Essex.

J. B.



OLD SIMON'S ADVICE.

"LISTEN to me," said Old Simon, as he looked around on his younger friends, "for I have furrows in my brow and grey hairs on my head. If I have lived longer in the world than you have, and had more experience, then I ought to know more than you; and if I know more, you may listen to me with advantage.

"Some know the up-hill of life, without knowing the down-hill; but I know them both. While we are going up-hill, that is, while we are young, there is always some bubble or

other floating before us in the air, very bright and of very beautiful colours. We see friends around us, and we never dream of losing them. Hope promises us everything that our hearts desire, and we doubt not the truth of the promise; we see Time, in the distance, coming towards us, bearing treasures on his wide-spread wings. We are to grow taller and stronger, and richer and wiser; so that, however happy we may be, we think that by-and-by we shall be much happier. Thus it is with us in the up-hill of life, when health sparkles in our eyes, and joy animates our hearts.

"When, however, we come to the down-hill of life, leaving youth and vigour behind us, things are very different. The bright and beautiful bubbles are burst; most of our friends are gone, and not one in ten of the promises made by Hope have been fulfilled. Time, that was to bring us so many treasures, took something away for what he brought us. True, we did for a season grow taller and stronger, and we ought to have grown much wiser; but what has become of the sparkling eye, the rosy cheek, the nimble foot, and the ardent heart? We used to run, now we can only creep; we used to smile, now we look very grave; we used to enjoy action, but now we seek for repose.

"This being the case, listen to the words of Old Simon, for I will not keep you long. I am not going to rob you of a single pleasure, nor to inflict upon you a single pain; but just to make a few kindly remarks.

"Look a little before you, and remember that the pleasures of youth will not last for

ever: Like the bubbles that I spoke of, they will pass away, and you will do well, now and then, to ask yourself this question: The things that are so pleasant at the beginning of life, what will they be worth at the end of it?

"Learn to be as temperate as you can in your desires, for it will spare you many a sorrow. When you see fruits and flowers around you of all kinds, never expect or wish to have them all. Be content with a few of them, and do not clutch them hastily: he who too greedily grasps at a rose, will find by his torn fingers that it blooms on a brier.

"Mingle prudence with your pleasures, and mind that you keep out of the path of temptation and sin. Many a one who has gone laughing into error, has come out of it weeping. Many a one in an hour of thoughtless folly, has planted a thorn in his dying pillow.

"Make up your mind for sudden changes, that you may not be taken by surprise. A shine and a shower sometimes come in an hour, and he who is ready for the one is not always prepared for the other. The sun that rises in the east sets in the west; and the traveller will do well in the light of day to bear in mind that the darkness of night is coming on.

"It is not what begins well, but what ends well, that will supply us with peace. The fountain of joy may flow to-day freely, and yet on the morrow it may be dry. Rest assured of this, that the happiest life is nothing more than a life of woe, if it be spent in sin and end in a sorrowful death. Not only seek to be happy in time; but seek first to be happy in eternity.

"While you are on this side the grave, keep

your eye on the other side of it. While you are on earth, aim after heaven, looking

'Up to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll.'

Remembering that this world is every moment passing away, and that a sinner is lost without a Saviour. Bear in mind these things, and the up-hill and down-hill of life will be all the pleasanter. Bear in mind these things, and you will never regret listening to the words of Old Simon."

MOTHERLESS MARY.

I AM so sorry for Mary ; she has lost her dear mother. Mary is only seven, but she is old enough to feel her loss.

When she comes from school now, she has no one to whom to show her pretty tickets, for her father is away at his business. If her lesson is hard, there is no kind mother to help her to learn it ; if her head pains, she has no tender bosom to lean upon. She does not like to go into her mother's room ; it seems as if her mother ought to be there in the chair by the work-table. But she is gone. Now Mary thinks how often she disobeyed her mother. How sorry she feels that she ever did anything to make her sad ; but her mother cannot come back to forgive her.

Mary thinks she will ask God to help her. She will endeavour to be just such a child as her mother would tell her to be, could she speak to her from heaven.

She prays that she may obey her father, and

be kind to her brothers. She tries to think of what her mother told her of the Saviour, and she desires to be his child.

May our kind Saviour bless this little girl, and all other motherless ones !

EARLY PIETY.

THE Rev. Mr. Carus, addressing the children of a small town in Devonshire, said, " In a country far away from this—where the inhabitants thought that idols of wood and stone could save them—a good man, a missionary, opened a school, to teach the children to read about God and Jesus Christ ; many children were taught to read. One day they came to Matt. xxi. 22. The teacher said, ' Now think of this promise, All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive. You all know that your sins have made God angry with you ; let me advise you to kneel down : then tell God that you are sinners, that you wish to be pardoned, and to have new hearts given you ; that you take courage from this promise to ask him to do it for you now. Ask this in the name of Jesus, and God will hear you.' After the teacher had left the room, one of the boys said, ' Well, this is a strange sort of promise, that whatsoever we ask we shall have.' ' Oh, but,' said another, ' do not you recollect, that we must ask, believing, in the name of Jesus ? We must be willing to be saved by him from sin, and we must believe that he is willing to give us all that he has promised.'

“ ‘Well,’ said one, ‘I should like to know whether it is true or not, and whether he would give us children what we ask for: suppose we try.’ So they agreed to meet at six o’clock the next morning in their school-room. They got up and dressed in the dark, they knelt down and told God what they wanted, and asked him to teach them how to ask for it. As soon as it was light, they found the verse in their Testament; they knelt down again, and, in simple language, asked God to fulfil his promise, for the sake of Jesus, who died for them. They often thus met together. One morning their teacher found one of the boys weeping. ‘What is the matter?’ he asked. Another stepped up, and said, ‘If you please, sir, he is not weeping for sorrow, but for gladness. We have been asking God, as you told us, to give us new hearts, and we have felt that the promise was true, for God has given us what we asked for, and we were so very happy that we could not help weeping for joy.’

“ ‘I am delighted to hear it,’ said their kind teacher; ‘but how do you know your hearts are new?’ ‘Oh!’ said they, ‘we are not at all like what we were; we used to love play more than prayer; it used to be a task to think of Jesus: but now our thoughts run after him with delight. Oh! how kind and good he is; all we want is to love him more, and to get others to love him too.’ They tried to get their school-fellows to pray, and many began to do so, and proved that the word of God was true, and made them to hate sin and to love holiness.

“ They thought about their friends at a distance, and wished to tell them of the love of

Jesus, in leaving his throne of glory and coming down to die for sinners, and to persuade them to repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. After some years, one of them said to his teacher, 'If you please, sir, I should like to go to tell my friends what a Saviour I have found. I shall be very sorry to leave you, my dear teacher, and my beloved school; but I cannot bear the thought of my friends going down to hell, without my telling them how they are to be saved.' The teacher said, 'Continue, my dear lad, to pray for them; but you are too young to go alone; wait until you are older, and better able to speak of a Saviour's love.'

"Some months afterwards, one of the others came, and said, 'If you please, sir, you gave John little encouragement, when he spoke to you about his going as a missionary; but I cannot rest without telling you how much I long to go. My dear friends never heard of a Saviour—they worship idols. Oh! I cannot bear the thought that they should perish, while I know the way in which they might be saved; if I do not tell them, how shall I be able to look them in the face in the judgment-day? I know I am very ignorant myself; but there is one way for a sinner to be saved, and that is through Jesus Christ. I can tell them this, and the Holy Spirit can carry home what the feeblest child may say, and bless it to the conversion of their souls.' The teacher at last consented; the two lads became teachers to their friends at home, and God went with them, and blessed their humble endeavours."

THE DRUID'S STONE.

KNEE-DEEP among the purple ling,
That grows upon the moor,
A child, a wild untended thing,
Went from a lowly door :
Two thousand years ago, and yet
As glad of heart as you :
Berries he plucked, with mist-drops wet,
The scarlet and the blue.

Two thousand years ago, the child
Went from a lowly door ;
His path was tangled, lone and wild,
Across the dreary moor ;
But cheerfully he went withal,
Till from a huge grey stone
He saw a long dark shadow fall,
Far o'er the heather thrown.—

The oak boughs dropped their acorns nigh,
And yet he did not dare
Pass near that stone, so old and high—
He thought his God was there.
The simple child grew pale with fear,
For none had crossed the sea
To teach—How glad that God is near
A little child should be !

But now there is a house of God,
Where once the shapeless stone
Threw a long shadow on the sod,
With heather overgrown ;
And children in the sabbath sun
Pass often to and fro :
Oh how unlike that little one—
Two thousand years ago !



SCRIPTURE MOUNTAINS.

MOUNT CARMEL.

CARMEL is a ridge of mountains, about six miles long, on the western borders of Canaan, near the sea-coast; the highest part of which lifts its head 1200 feet above the sea, and is distinguished as Mount Carmel. At the base of this latter mount the river Kishon falls into the Great or Mediterranean Sea. The north end forms a bold promontory on the sea-side; hence it is called, "Carmel by the sea," Jer. xlv. 18.

Carmel signifies "the vineyard," or "the garden;" and here, in ancient times, the vine was carefully cultivated. King Uzziah had

here his vine-dressers. The name is also said to mean "bushy plantations," which may refer to the fruit-trees, that abounded on its sides. "After dinner," says Dr. Wilson, "we left our tents for the ascent of Mount Carmel. We passed through some very fertile fields and olive groves lying above the town. As we advanced, we found a lateral gash in the hill, running in the direction of the promontory, which is of some magnitude. It is here that the best cultivated fields occur. Long before we got to the summits of the mount, we were in a thick jungle of brushwood, principally of prickly oak, mountain juniper, thorns, and grasses, intermixed with many beautiful sweet-smelling plants and flowers, growing most luxuriantly, and well calculated to remind us of the ancient 'excellency of Carmel,' Isa. xxxv. 2. This jungle extends over the higher flanks and the summit of the hill, as far as we could see, and forms good shelter for the leopards which are here occasionally seen. The Hebrew word Carmel means 'a garden;' and the allusions to the mount in Scripture lead us to believe that probably the whole hill was formerly laid out in the finest orchards, groves, and pastures. As the season advances, much of the verdure of the hill passes away; and, comparing it throughout the year with what it once was, it may be said of it, that it is now stripped of its glory, even more than when exposed to the scorching blast of Sennacherib the 'plunderer.'

'The earth mourneth and languisheth:
Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down:
Sharon is like a wilderness;
And Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits.'

Isa. xxxiii. 9.

“The view from it is exceedingly grand and beautiful, embracing the coasts of the Mediterranean between the White Promontory and Joppa, and inland the mountainous ranges of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, and the hills of Galilee, Samaria, Bashan, and Judah.”

Mr. Carne gives a glowing description of this mount: “No part of the promised land creates a deeper interest in the traveller than the rich and extensive bosom of Mount Carmel. While barrenness spreads on every side, and the curse of the withered soil is felt on hill, valley, and shore, this beautiful mountain seems to retain its ancient ‘excellency’ of flowers, trees, and a perpetual verdure. The scenes in its interior are often bold and romantic in the highest degree: deep and verdant precipices descending into lonely glens, through which a rivulet is seen dashing wildly; the shepherd and his flock on the long grassy slopes, that afford at present as rich pasture-ground as in the days when Nabal fed his numerous herds in Carmel. There is, indeed, a character peculiarly pastoral about the scenery; few grey and naked rocks, or sublime but useless cliffs, are here, as in the mountain of the Temptation, or on Pisgah. And this fertility and vivid verdure, on so sultry a soil, is deeply welcome and refreshing: more especially so, the woods that wave over the summit and sides. It is beautiful to stand beneath their shelter on the brink of the mount, and look far on every side, where nought but a forsaken and shadowless land meets the eye.”

Lamartine was here overtaken by a storm. He says:—“I have witnessed few so terrible.

The clouds rose perpendicularly, like towers, above Mount Carmel, and soon covered all the length of the summit of this chain of hills. The mountain, just now so brilliant and serene, was plunged, by degrees, in rolling waves of darkness, split here and there by trains of fire. The horizon seemed to close around us; the thunder did not burst in claps—it threw out one single majestic rolling, continual and deafening. The lightning might be truly said to rush like torrents of fire from the heavens, on the black flanks of Carmel. The oaks on the mount, and on the hill on which we were journeying, bent like young plants. The winds, which rushed from the caverns, and from between the hills, must have swept us from our horses if we had not speedily alighted, and found a little shelter behind a fragment of a rock in the then dry bed of a torrent. The withered leaves, upraised in masses by the storm, were carried above our heads like clouds; and the slender, broken branches of the trees showered around us. I remembered the Bible, and the prodigies of Elijah. . . . The storm abated in about half an hour. We continued our route along the foot of Mount Carmel, which we traced in this way during the march of about four hours. It presented everywhere the same severe and solemn aspect. It is a gigantic rock rising almost perpendicularly, and everywhere covered by a bed of shrubs and odoriferous herbs. The rock is seldom entirely naked.”

In Lev. xxvi. 22, we read that wild beasts were to be sent amongst the people of that land for their iniquities; even that seems well

nigh its accomplishment. "The monks of Mount Carmel reported that, in consequence of the disarming of the people, and the great decrease of their numbers, wild beasts were increasing on Mount Carmel to an alarming degree."

Mount Carmel still overlooks the verdant plains of Sharon; but where is the Israel of God? There is no Elijah now to assert the authority of Jehovah, or to plead on behalf of the people. A Turkish mosque is erected where once was the altar of God, and the cries of the Mohammedan are heard where the prayers of the prophet ascended on high.

"We may stand at the top of Carmel," observes Mr. Hardy, "as did Gehazi, and look towards the sea; but, alas! there is no 'little cloud like a man's hand;' still there is the promise of a shower, and in due time the streams of Divine mercy will again fall upon this thirsty land, and men shall liken themselves in their prosperity to 'the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.'"—*From "Scripture Mountains," just published by the Religious Tract Society.*

THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE FALL:

A SUNDAY EVENING CONVERSATION.

(Translated from the French.)

"Do you remember," said Mr. Deane to his children, "what I was explaining to you last Sunday evening, and where I left off?"

Edward. Yes, father; you told us about Adam and Eve, and how the ground was

cursed on account of their sin. I did not understand how that could be, because the world is very beautiful still.

Mr. D. Tell me, Edward, in what state would your garden very soon be, if you did not pay attention to it.

E. Oh! I know very well: for, last summer, when we came back from the sea-side, it was full of weeds and nettles.

Mr. D. And do you think, Charles, that your ground would produce fruits and vegetables of its own accord?

Charles. No, father; because nothing good will grow out of the ground without a great deal of toil and labour. As soon as it is left to itself, it bears only weeds.

Mr. D. Do you think, then, it was always thus from the beginning, when God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was very good? No, my children; sin brought disorder and confusion into the outward as well as the inward world. But God has still left much that is beautiful in our world, though it still remains cursed for the sins of its inhabitants, Isa. xxiv. 5, 6.

C. Well, I never thought of asking why it should be more natural for a thistle to grow than a potato. I thought it always must be so, and never could be otherwise.

Mr. D. Yet you have often read the account of the fall, in Genesis iii.; but, as is the case with many older persons, you did not reflect. Now, Fanny, do you know of anything else that is like the ground in producing naturally what is evil, and which has nothing that is good, without much toil and difficulty?

Fanny. Yes, father; I have heard you say that our hearts are by nature full of evil, and there is nothing in them good, excepting by the grace of God; and yet it was not always so with man any more than with the ground. What a sad thing sin must be to cause such a change!

Mr. D. True, my child; sin is an evil and a bitter thing; and yet many do not feel it to be so. Instead of hating sin, they love it; they delight in it: nor can any persons sincerely forsake it and strive against it, unless their hearts are renewed by the power of God the Holy Spirit. Do you know, Edward, what sin is?

E. I think, father, that sin is disobedience to God.

Mr. D. You are right, my boy; we see this from the history of Adam and Eve. The sin which they committed seems a trifling one to us, but it was disobedience to God. What should we learn from the words of God to Adam, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread?"

F. I think, father, that it was a very merciful command; for, if men had no work to do, they would be much worse than they are.

Mr. D. All men have not actually to till the ground; but all have some work to do. And there was another sentence pronounced upon man, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." But we are not entirely formed out of the dust of the ground. You know that God, after he had made man, "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Do you recollect any text of Scripture in which both these things are

mentioned together—the body and soul, which are the two parts of ourselves?

C. I think, father, it is in the last chapter of Ecclesiastes: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

Mr. D. There, you see, the never-dying nature of the soul was clearly taught in the Old Testament. But let us go on with the history of Adam and Eve. We read that God covered them with coats of skins. Why was this? had they not tried to cover their nakedness already?

C. They had "sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons."

Mr. D. This poor attempt shows the imperfection of all our endeavours to hide our spiritual impurity from the sight of God; we need a better covering than we can furnish for ourselves.

E. What skins were they with which Adam and Eve were clothed? Did the beasts die in Paradise, do you think, father?

Mr. D. I am glad you have asked this question, though I cannot give you any certain answer; but it has been supposed, that having heard the Saviour promised to them, our first parents were directed to offer a sacrifice, as a type of Christ, and that the animals were then killed, from the skins of which our first parents were clothed.

E. Why was not Adam allowed to eat of the tree of life?

Mr. D. Fanny, can you answer your brother?

F. I suppose it would not have been good for man to live for ever in a world like this, which is full of sin and sorrow.

Mr. D. You are right, my child. You will find the tree of life mentioned in Rev. ii. 7, and xxii. 1, 2. But you will remember, that, after the fall, man was not suffered to remain in Eden.

E. No, father, he was sent out to till the ground.

Mr. D. In the history of the fall of man, there is much to remind us of the manner in which Satan tempted the blessed Son of God. But you will remember how Jesus answered the tempter, saying, "It is written." Thus you must try to reply to those who tempt you to sin. May God give you grace ever to watch and pray lest you enter into temptation.

E. S.



THE NURSE'S STORY.

"Now for a tale—a tale!" cried little Willie

Somers, running into the nursery when morning lessons were over, followed by his sister Ellen, who called out not less eagerly, "We have done school, and we cannot go out because it rains:—please, nurse, may we hear one of your pretty tales?"

"About David and the giant," said Willie.

"No, about Daniel in the lions' den," said Ellen.

"Nurse will let me choose, because I am the eldest," returned Willie: "and I want to hear about king Saul, and David who killed the lion and the bear."

"Nurse told us that last time," said Ellen. "I am tired of hearing it. Let it be little Moses in the bulrushes, if you like."

"No; I will have David and the giant, and nothing else: so, if you do not wish to hear it, you may go away. Now then, nurse, begin, if you please."

But nurse, who had smiled and seemed quite willing to gratify them at first, now shook her head, and looked grave. "O my dear children," said she, pointing to Georgy, who was turning over the leaves of his picture-book close beside her, "what a sad example is this for your little brother; and how can you hope that he will grow up kind and affectionate, when day after day he hears you quarrelling, and sees that neither will give up the most trifling thing to please the other? I do not think you deserve to hear a Bible story: but if you will kiss each other; and if you, Willie, who are certainly most in fault, will try to behave better for the time to come; I will tell you of something that once happened in a

family of children of whom I had the care when I was young."

Ellen kissed her brother directly, and Willie, though not so cheerfully, said he was sorry for having been selfish and unkind to his sister. So then nurse took up her sewing again, and, little Georgy continuing quiet, she thus began her story:—

"There were several children in the family I speak of; but it is about the two eldest—Master Frederic and Miss Mary—that I am going to tell you. Master Frederic was a fine, tall boy, ten or eleven years old; and Miss Mary was a year or two younger. Neither of them went to school, but they were taught by their mamma and their governess, just as you are.

"The brother and sister were fond of each other, and perhaps might not have been considered selfish children, for they liked always to share their pleasures together. Miss Mary never thoroughly enjoyed a holiday if Master Frederic had not one likewise; and if either had an apple or a cake, it was pleasing to see how freely it was divided with the other. But there was one thing in which they were both as selfish as well could be—they loved to have their own way. Neither of them had good-nature or forbearance enough willingly to give up the slightest wish for the sake of pleasing another."

Here the face of little Willie became very red, and Ellen began to play with the corner of her pinafore. Nurse lifted her eyes from her sewing for a moment, and then went on with her story.

"One day they were playing in the nursery, which was at the top of the house, and at the head of a long staircase. I had several times tried to make peace between them; for they were both inclined to be quarrelsome, and Miss Mary was quite as provoking as her brother. At last, however, they came to high words about a cup and ball. Both wanted to play with it at the same time. Miss Mary had got possession and was running about the room with it, Master Frederic after her, trying to take it from her—when suddenly opening the door, before I had time to interfere, she made a rush down stairs, still holding the toy, and in her haste her foot slipped, and she fell from the top to the bottom.

"She lay there quite still: she neither spoke nor stirred. Master Frederic stood trembling at the top of the stairs, looking white with terror—all his angry passions quieted in a moment. I laid the baby hastily in its cot, and ran to the poor little girl; but the sound of her heavy fall had quickly brought the whole household, and her papa lifted her gently in his arms and carried her to the nearest chamber, while one of the servants, without waiting for orders, ran off for the doctor, who happily lived close at hand. She still breathed, but was quite insensible, and it seemed as if every breath would be her last.

"Think, now, how great the distress of every one must have been. Think of the grief of the tender parents when they saw their darling child in this dreadful state. Above all, think what Frederic must have felt, in the knowledge that if he had only given up one little

wish, for his sister's pleasure, this terrible accident would not have occurred."

"And did she die?" asked Willie, in a low voice, drawing close to nurse's side, and putting his arm round little Eilen's neck as she stood beside him.

"Miss Mary did not die; but it was a long, long time before she entirely recovered. The doctor said she had a narrow escape of her life. It was a severe lesson to Master Frederick, and one which he never forgot. Nor was it lost upon Miss Mary, who was equally in fault, as I said before. It was a pleasure to see them afterwards, how kindly each would give up to the wish of the other: and I have heard them say that they were far happier in doing this than they had ever been in gaining their own way. Now I have told you my story, and I hope to see that it is not forgotten another day."

The two children thanked their kind nurse, and kissed each other again, much more lovingly than before. Then, as it still continued to rain, they reached out their playthings and began a merry game. From their gentle and affectionate behaviour to each other, and to little Georgy, nurse soon perceived that her well-meant reproof had produced a good effect; and she silently offered a prayer that the gracious Saviour would look with tender love upon these lambs of the flock, and by his Holy Spirit overcome in them every sinful feeling and desire.

Question for the reader: Am I willing to give up anything I prize, to make my brothers and sisters happy?

P. Q.

MISSIONARY MIRROR.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS IN THE EAST.

No. 4.—The Female Orphan Refuge.

IN the year 1838, a most pleasing account was sent to England of a Refuge for little orphan girls, formed by Mrs. Wilson. She had about one hundred under her care; some came to her very young, their friends gave them up to her entirely; others were older, and of an age to be taught what the Christian religion really is; and to many of them the labours of their teachers were blessed.

The clergyman who wrote this account describes his visit to the Refuge: "It is a handsome building, close by the water-side. As our boat drew up to the landing, Mrs. Wilson stood at the gate, looking rather serious at the servants, carrying books and umbrellas, and preparing to crowd in after us. 'Will you want these servants?' she said; 'for I never allow a strange man within the walls.' So the servants were dismissed, and we were waited on by little Christian maids, Hannah and Ellen, I think, were their names. Ninety-seven little girls, of all ages, were assembled, as fat and as healthy as you can imagine. Some were working, really handsomely, patterns in a frame; some were reading; others learning. They have been assembled from all parts of India. The parents of the greater number died in the fearful famine, a short time back; some were sent by magistrates, when found to be deserted; others were purchased back again, for the heathen parents often sell their children; and some are

maintained by private individuals. One quiet, patient-looking little girl is deaf and dumb ; I talked to her upon my fingers. Four were sent lately from the Goomsur country, where they had been confined, and were to be sacrificed, in the vain hope of pleasing the gods, and securing a good harvest to the country. In such cases the poor children are chained to a tree, a huge crowd assembles round ; at a given signal they rush on the poor children, with knives, and kill them. One of these little girls was to have been sacrificed in four days, and she had on her leg the mark of the chain that bound her. This cruel custom has been done away with.

"Now these children are all cheerful, happy-looking creatures ; they sit in a long room, with verandahs, which is crossed by another, where they sleep, thirty in a row, blankets being spread on the floor in two rows, and the rest in other rooms. They have a play-ground walled round, and a burying-ground, where seven little Christian girls already lie."

The central school, in which instruction only was given to the scholars, did not fall off when Mrs. Wilson left it to live at the Orphan Refuge. The same visitor says : "We found everything going on as usual, the instruction the same, the cleanliness the same, the happiness as great as ever. The whole lower floor, which would make four or five rooms, is opened into one. Every pillar supporting the roof has a cluster of little girls about it, sitting round their native mistresses ; little bamboo frames support their books, and they read all together, or alone, from the Bible or spelling-

book. Nearly three hundred children make no small noise when this is going on, but at work all are very quiet. Their dresses are given them for school-hours, but are not taken away."

One of these girls had lost her parents, and seeing the children round the gate of the school, she came for three days hoping to be admitted. On the fourth, she was sent to the Orphan Refuge, where she is very happy. Another child, in the alphabet class, had been sold by her mother to a wicked woman, but she ran to the school, and begged that she might become a Christian, and at once consented to have her long hair cut off, and her ornaments broken, after which she was sent to the Refuge. These things were done to show that she was no longer a worshipper of idols.

Thus there is much to encourage those who take an interest in the conversion of the heathen, while very much still remains to be done. Let those who read of the happy changes that have taken place, in some of the natives of the east, pray more and more earnestly for that change of heart which alone can fit them for heaven; lest, while watching the vineyards of others, they neglect their own.

THE MONTHS.

APRIL.

THE beautiful month of April with all its variety of sights and sounds is come. The Romans called it *Aprilis*, from the Latin *aperio*, "to open," in allusion to the bursting of the buds of trees and flowers, and their opening in

all their beauty. Artists represent April as a young man clothed in green, having a garland of myrtle and hawthorn buds, and holding in one hand primroses and violets.



The month of April has a very fitful temper; but is generally more or less cheerful. We have the shower and the sunshine, the cloudy and the clear sky, the hail-storm and the beautiful rainbow. An agreeable mixture of rough and smooth; and all tending to the benefit of the earth, and to make us thankful to Him who maketh the earth "soft with showers," and blesses "the springing thereof."

The farmer and gardener still continue sowing. The bush-harrow may be seen in the meadow, and persons gathering off the stones from the grass, previous to its being closed up for making hay.

The violet, which stood almost alone in

March, has now thousands of companions, in the woods, and copses, and fields. There is also the laburnum showing its golden chains in our gardens; the sweet-smelling lilac and garden honeysuckle are in bloom, and the double-coloured daffodil. We now behold the almond-tree flourishing, and the horse-chestnut with its numerous blossoms, like a vast forest of pyramids; the laurel, the peach, and the apple, besides other trees, are also covered with bloom. The sandwort, the African marigold, goatsbeard, and water-lily are all opening and closing at their appointed hours.

Now the little mosses, "nature's livery round the globe," shoot up their heads, some of them looking like a very small tree, and others bearing their fruit like a cup on a hair-like stem; some covering the tops of walls, or in woods and groves protecting the roots of trees; and some in larger patches on banks of ditches. Wherever we turn our eyes, we behold what a beautiful green carpet God has spread over the earth. This should teach us to trust in Him; for, "if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," will he not much more clothe those whose souls can never die?

The birds have returned from the places of their winter retreat. Now there is a full choir in the groves, and every tree gives us a little concert. The nightingale warbles at eve when all the woods are still.

"At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely nightingale;
And from a hermitage of shades
Fills with her voice the forest glades."

The cuckoo, too, proclaims the advance of spring.

"Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is filled with music sweet,
Of birds among the bowers."

Early in the month, the sand-martin and the swallow, those welcome guests, return. Forsaking her wintry rest, the swallow in "the chimney chattering makes her nest." It appears among us and stays while the insects are most troublesome, and when they cease to be so, it departs.

The birds are now actively engaged in building their nests:

"Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests;
Others apart, far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave."

How great is the goodness of God! "He sendeth his springs into the valleys, which run among the hills." By these the beasts quench their thirst and the birds have their habitation. "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herbs for the service of man!" "He hath made everything beautiful in its season!" May we be led, by the goodness of God, to believe on Him who had no home in the world he had made.

IMPOSSIBLE.

"IMPOSSIBLE! I cannot say all that in an hour's time," said Fred Williams, when his

father told him to learn the twenty-third Psalm; but, after studying it about ten minutes, he found he knew the first two verses, and in little more than half an hour, he said the whole without missing a word.

"Impossible! I am sure I could never get up at six o'clock," said Mary Gale, who was seldom out of bed till after seven; but, having been reprov'd for her idleness, she resolv'd to try, and, by getting up five minutes earlier every day for a month, was enabled to rise at six o'clock without further difficulty.

"Impossible! I would not go near the place for ever so much money," said Charles Wilton, when he was asked to fetch something out of the cellar, where he had seen a black beetle a short time before; but, summoning all his courage, he managed to get the article required.

When a difficulty comes in our way, if we would but TRY OUR BEST, we should find ourselves able to do a great many things which we at first thought were impossible. A long lesson may require a great deal of pains, but it may be learned if we persevere. B. M.

THE RAMBLE BY THE RIVER.

A SHORT time ago—at least the time appears to me to be short, though since then many a summer's sun has gladdened the earth, and many a happy spirit entered heaven—a little girl was rambling with me beside the river Wye. The sun was shining on the rolling river, the buttercup beautified the meadow, and the fresh, quiet

breeze made the daffodil dance on the bank under the coppice.

A happy day was that for the little girl and for me ; for I loved her with a father's love, and she as a daughter loved me. We rambled, and ran, and gathered field-flowers, and talked of days gone by, and happy years to come, and we sang together in the very joy of our hearts ; for she loved to sing His praises, who said, " Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me : for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Time passed, and I came again to the same place : years had flown. The sun shone as before on the river, the buttercup once more beautified the meadow, and the breeze made the daffodil dance on the slope beneath the coppice ; but I was alone : for the little girl whom I had loved with a father's love, and who, as a daughter, had loved me, was absent. She was not there to sing with me ; for since our ramble together she had grown up, and sickened, and died, and was then, I doubted not, singing a sweeter song in heaven.

And where am I now ? Why, even in my little study, and on the table before me lies a paper, on which are the following, to me, sweet verses, written by that little girl of whom I have spoken :—

" The path I tread has been decreed ;
My Shepherd's voice I know,
And by his Spirit I can read
The way that I should go.
And what if we shall part awhile ;
Oh shed no tear for me ;
Forget me in that Saviour's smile
We both desire to see."

To you these lines may appear simple, and simple indeed they are; but to me they yield much of consolation and joy, for they were written by one who loved the Saviour—by one who is now, I believe, in glory—by one who wandered, and gathered flowers, and sang with me by the banks of the Wye—and by one whom I loved with a father's love, and who, as a daughter, loved me.

THE WILLOW, POPPY, AND VIOLET.

A CHILD held in his hand a slight, leafless bough. It was like a supple, green wand. But it had been newly cut from the parent stock, and life stirred within. He sought out a sheltered spot, and planted it in the moist earth. Often did he visit it, and when the rains of summer were withheld, he watered it, at the cool sunset. The sap, which is the blood of plants, began to flow freely through its tender vessels. A tiny root, like a thread, crept downward, and around the head was a bursting-forth of faint green leaves.

Seasons passed over it, and it became a tree. Its slender branches drooped downward to the earth. The cheering sun smiled upon them; the happy birds sang to them: but they drooped still. "Tree, why art thou always so sad and drooping? Am not I kind unto thee?" But it answered not; only, as it grew on, it drooped lower and lower: for it was a weeping willow.

The boy cast seed into the soft garden mould. When the time of flowers came, a strong, bud-

ding stalk stood there. Soon a full red poppy came forth. At its feet grew a purple violet, which no hand had planted or cherished. It lived lovingly with the mosses, and with the frail flowers of the grass, not counting itself more excellent than they.

"Large poppy, why dost thou spread out thy scarlet robe so widely, and drink up all the sunbeams from my lowly violet?"

But the flaunting flower replied not to him who planted it. It even seemed to open its rich mantle still more broadly, as though it would have stifled its humble neighbour. Yet nothing hindered the fragrance of the meek violet.

The little child was troubled, and at the hour of sleep he spake to his mother of the tree that continually wept, and of the plant that overshadowed its neighbour. So she took him on her knee, and spake so tenderly in his ear, that he remembered her words when he became a man.

"There are some, who, like the willow, are weepers all their lives long, though they dwell in pleasant places, and the fair skies shine upon them in love. And there are others, who, like the poppy that thou reprovest, are proud at heart, and despise the humble, whom God regardeth.

"Be thou not like them, my gentle child; but keep ever in thy breast the sweet spirit of the lowly violet, that, through grace, thou mayest come at last to that blessed place which pride cannot enter, and where the sound of weeping is unknown."—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

WORDS OF WISDOM.

ONE bad disposition strengthens another, and habit is the nurse that feeds and strengthens them all.

That life is long which answers life's great end.

He who neglects seeking God to-day, may not have an opportunity of finding him to-morrow.

Sin is the first and greatest of evils.

THE BLOSSOMS.

"How fast those pretty blossoms fall
From off our favourite tree!
I thought, mamma, you said they all
Would soon young apples be."

"And so, my dear, I hoped they would,
Before this morning's rain;
But, ah! the wind is fierce and rude,
And all my hopes were vain.

"'Tis thus from life's fair tree, my child,
Young blossoms fall away;
With hopeful promise once they smiled,
Now wither and decay.

"And, oh! how oft the vows of youth
Untimely drop and die,
And blighted buds of love and truth
Around our footsteps lie.

"If length of days, perchance, be ours,
Let truth our thoughts engage,
That so youth's budding beauteous flowers
May bring forth fruit in age."

Rhymes Worth Remembering.



THERE IS NO KERNEL IN IT.

NEVER was any man more happy with young people around him than my grandfather, and the reason was this—he loved them. Oh, it is a pleasant thing to be in the company of those we love.

But if my grandfather was happy with young people, they were equally so with him; and if he loved them, they loved him quite as much.

Happy as my grandfather was with young people on common occasions, he was still more so when relating to them any circumstance of a cheerful and instructive kind; and I have often thought that his seriousness gave a charm to his cheerfulness, and that his cheerfulness led us to think the more of his serious remarks.

One day, after dinner, when we were sitting at table cracking nuts, my grandfather picked up two of the finest looking nuts in the dish, and began to make his remarks upon them in the following manner:—"There are many things which appear to be what they are not. Look for a moment at these two nuts. How much alike they are, and yet if we examine them more closely we shall find in them a great difference; the one is, no doubt, a good nut, but the other is worth nothing at all, for there is no kernel in it."

Whether it was that my grandfather had seen a little hole in the side of one of the nuts, I cannot say; but certain it is that, when he cracked them with the nut-cracker, one of them had no kernel in it: we were all very much astonished. In a minute after my grandfather spoke thus:—

"Let us learn from this little occurrence the advantage of observing things with attention. It is not of much consequence whether a nut turns out to be what it appears, or the contrary; but in other matters it is often of great consequence, and there are very many things in the world of which it may be said with truth, they are good for nothing, for they have no kernel in them. Wherever you may be, and

however occupied, always act uprightly ; never practise deceit ; never let it be supposed that you have a hollow heart ; never let it be said with truth that there is no kernel in you."

My grandfather spoke these words with so much earnestness, that we could not take our eyes off him ; he seemed as if he wanted to make an impression so deep in our hearts that it should never be effaced, and our attention appeared to render him more earnest than ever. After a short pause he again went on.

"The habit of observing both persons and things with attention, will preserve us from much disappointment ; for we are too apt to conclude that things are just what they appear to be. A counterfeit coin is not a real one, and there are counterfeits among mankind as well as among pieces of copper, and silver, and gold. I call a counterfeit one who has no true heart, or, in other words, one who has no kernel in him.

"Hardly is there a worse character than that of the hypocrite, who says one thing and means another. If you listen to him you are very likely to be led astray, for his words are as smooth as oil, and sweet as sugar. He promises much and performs little, his object being to deceive. I need scarcely tell you that he is as hollow as a drum, and that he has no kernel in him.

"The boaster is another character that is not to be trusted, for his great words and his little deeds do not agree. A roaring lion with no more courage than a lamb, would be a strange animal ; and he who talks loudly of qualities that he does not possess, is a strange

man. Never give way to boasting, lest it be said in derision that you have no kernel in you.

"There is a great difference between what we get from some little things, and what we obtain from others. If we set a seed it springs up into a flower, and if we perform a kind deed it affords us satisfaction. But when we blow a glittering bubble it bursts into empty air, and when we let off a firework it leaves nothing behind it but smoke and darkness.

"A cheerful book is a pleasant thing, but unless you observe it with attention you may be deceived in it. Sometimes a book has a very enticing appearance, the binding is very gay, the pictures are very pretty, and the stories so very amusing, that you go laughing through every page from the beginning of it to the ending; but when you have done laughing, you find out that you have been laughing at folly, that the book is a silly book, and that, in short, it has no kernel in it.

"How different is it to this, when, in a proper state of mind, we open the pages of God's holy word, and read them with reverence and love. So wise are the instructions, so faithful the reproofs, so striking the prophecies, and so precious and encouraging the promises, that, instead of there being no kernel in them, they appear to us to be all kernel."

Here my grandfather rose from the table and left us to ourselves. Many years have now passed since the days of my youth, but hardly ever since then have I met with a disappointment, or with any thing that turned out to be much worse than I expected, without

calling to mind the nuts, the nut cracker, and the words of my grandfather, "There is no kernel in it."

MY THREE NIECES.

I WAS sitting by a window that overlooked a garden in which the flowers were blooming gaily. It was the glad time of Spring—and outside the open window were my three little nieces. They were not so talkative as usual, but they all looked grave and almost sad. I had taken them in the morning to witness the funeral of one of their young companions, who had been a great favourite with all her play-mates on account of her sweet disposition. They remained thoughtful for some time. At length the youngest said, "Mary, I should not like to die in the spring, as Jessie did. I should be so sorry to leave the beautiful flowers just as they were beginning to bloom, and my pretty garden! I saw Jessie's garden yesterday, and the primroses that she planted last year are in flower, and the violets quite scent the air. She must have felt very sad at having to go away from them now."

I had been reading, but the sound of little Sophy's voice made me lay down my book, and I listened with some anxiety for the answer of her elder sister. She thought a moment, and then said, "I should always be sorry to leave all my toys, and my friends, and my garden; but I think it would be better to leave them in spring than in summer or autumn, when they are still more gay. I should like to die in the

winter, when the flowers and trees look dead too." "And I should like best to die in the spring, Sophy," said Eliza; "for I should ask you and Mary to strew flowers upon my grave, and then you would think how happy I was, for I should be where

'Fairer bowers than Eden's bloom,
And never-fading flowers.'

This was in the hymn that I said on Sunday."

I was much pleased with this speech of little Eliza, and so struck with it from so young a child that I wrote it down.

The above conversation took place about a year ago, and our dear Eliza is now gone where there is no more death, nor pain, nor sorrow. She faded with the earliest snow-drops, and we have several times taken fresh garlands of the spring flowers of which she was so fond to deck her grave. We have just returned now, and I have been reminding my two remaining nieces of the circumstance that I have related. Let it be the concern of all to love and obey the Lord Jesus Christ in life; then when they die, whether it be in youth or age, summer or winter, they will go to the blessed place where we believe Jessie and Eliza now are, and will never regret leaving the perishing flowers that bloom on earth.

W. D. O.

THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

"DEAR mamma," said a little girl to her mother, as they were walking together in the

garden, "why do you have so few of those beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer! what *can* be the reason?"

"My dear child," said the mother, "gather me a bunch of each. Then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet."

The little girl ran off, and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond and a few violets.

"Smell them, my love," said her mother, "and see which is the sweetest."

The child smelled again and again, and could scarcely believe herself, that the lovely almond had no scent; while the plain violet had a delightful odour.

"Well, my child, which is the sweetest?"

"Oh, dear mother, *it is* this little violet!"

"Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance in flowers, is, in my opinion, something like beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those people who speak without reflection may say to you: 'What charming blue eyes! What beautiful curls! What a fine complexion!' without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings, which everybody is born with, remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember also, when your affectionate mother may not be there to tell you, that *beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless.*"



WHO IS THE GOOD SHEPHERD?

(Translated from the French.)

"How pretty the fields are, mother! How pleasant it is to take a walk," said little Anna, one fine morning in spring; "and look at those little lambs skipping about! They seem as happy as I am."

"You may say the same of the little birds over our heads," replied her mother. "God is very good, in giving so much happiness to all his creatures; as it was said in the psalm that you read to me this morning, 'Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.'"

Anna. But, mother, you have told me often that God is a Spirit, and has not a body like ours. How then can he be said to open his hand?

Mother. The word is used that we may understand better what is meant; as I often use expressions, in speaking to my children, which would not be necessary with grown persons. Do you remember our visit to the farm-yard yesterday morning?

A. Oh! yes, mother; and how the farmer's wife scattered the handfuls of grain that she had in her apron, and all the fowls ran after her.

M. In the same manner we are told that the eyes of all wait upon God, who giveth them their portion in due season.

A. Look, mother, at the lambs in that little field where Stephen the shepherd boy has just led them. How green the grass is, and how clear is the stream of water that flows along through it. And Stephen seems very kind to the poor little things. He is just now carrying in his arms a little lamb that was not able to walk with the rest. And now he is putting it down. How careful he is of it!

M. A shepherd has to be tender and careful of all his flock, and sometimes to deny himself for their sakes. Jacob did so when he was feeding his uncle Laban's sheep. He said, "In the day-time the drought consumed me, and the frost by night; and my sleep departed from mine eyes."

A. And in those countries the wild beasts often devour the sheep, do they not!

M. Yes, my dear child, this often happens.

A. Mother, in the 10th chapter of St. John, which I read the other day, Jesus speaks of the wolf coming, and he says too, "I am the Good Shepherd;" but he never kept sheep, as David did before he was a king.

M. Do you recollect what happened to David once, when he was keeping his father's sheep?

A. Oh! yes, mother; you know how fond I am of that story.

M. Why do you like it so much?

A. Because it was what David spoke of to king Saul just before he killed Goliath; he said, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

M. And David found that God took care of him all the rest of his life.

A. Yes, mother; for he was often in great danger, when Saul hunted him on the mountains, and would have been killed if God had not watched over him, as he had before that time watched over his sheep.

M. Yes, he was a shepherd over the sheep; but the Lord was his Shepherd. You know he says, in Psalm xxiii., "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."—"I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

A. Now, mother, I understand what Christ meant when he said, "I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." I suppose people who love and obey Jesus Christ are his sheep?

M. Yes, as he himself said, My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. And can you tell me what he has done for them?

A. He gave his life for them when he died upon the cross.

M. Would he have done this for them if he had been a hireling?

A. Mother, I do not know what a hireling is.

M. You have learned the words, "whose own the sheep are not;"—"he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep." Do you know that Christ has done more for his sheep than David did?

A. Yes, mother, because David did not really die, though he ventured his life; but Jesus Christ actually laid down his life upon the cross. Mother, how kind and good the Saviour is! how happy his sheep must be!

M. And to whom is he a shepherd? Is it to grown persons only?

A. No! mother, I know that he also watches over little children, for he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." I should like to be one of his lambs.

M. You must pray to him to make you one. He says also, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—We will go in now, for you have your copy to write before dinner, and those who are the lambs of Christ should not neglect any of their duties, either earthly or heavenly ones.

E. S.

ARTHUR AND HIS LITTLE BOOKS.

I HAD never seen little Arthur, for he lived with his parents in a retired village, many miles distant; but I had often heard of him, and his mother was one of my dearest friends,

so that I loved him for her sake. Several times I had written a short letter to him ; and sometimes I sent him a packet of nice little books, with which many of my readers are no doubt well acquainted, such as "Grandfather Gregory," or "Mornings Improved;" and at the beginning of the year a volume of the "Child's Companion."

From time to time, Arthur's mother told me of the delight which these books afforded her little boy. They were counted amongst his greatest treasures, and brought out and read again and again with fresh interest; and that, I am happy to add, not for amusement only, but for his own instruction and improvement. Many of his observations showed a thoughtful mind; and he was frequently heard speaking of the good example of some of his favourite characters, when tempted to neglect a duty or to commit some childish fault. I was very much pleased to receive these accounts of Arthur and his little books; and I made up my mind that, whenever I went into the country, I would take him such a collection that he should have quite a library of his own.

Early in the spring of the present year, I was called upon to visit some friends near to the village in which Arthur's parents resided; and, while making preparations for my journey, I sent to his mother for a list of the books which he already possessed, in order that I might be sure of taking only such as he had not seen. The list was quickly forwarded, with thanks for my intentions, and a few lines in text-hand from Arthur, to tell me that he was looking forward to my visit with great joy, and that he hoped I

would come to see them as often, and stay as long, as I could.

I filled a small box with books, and packed it in my travelling trunk; and once or twice, while I was on my way, I thought of the dear boy's pleasure in opening it, as I intended he should do on the following day. But little indeed could I have foreseen the sad tidings which awaited me at the end of my journey. I had scarcely been welcomed by my friends, when, beginning to make a few inquiries respecting others, I heard that Arthur's parents were in great distress, owing to his sudden and dangerous illness. Before the close of evening the sad news reached us that this beloved child was no more! Oh! how uncertain is life; and how solemn are the warnings sent to old and young, that they may prepare for the hour of death and the day of judgment!

I will not describe the feelings with which I now looked upon Arthur's little box of books, nor the grief of his poor mother when the meeting, which we thought would have been so happy, at length took place. Instead of being welcomed by the bright smile and the merry voice of the darling boy, I was taken to his darkened chamber, where he lay in his narrow coffin, cold and still—a withered flower; yet one which we hoped would bloom again in the garden of the Lord. His parents could look back with comfort upon many instances of his love to the Saviour and his holy fear of sin; and it was believed that the little books had been greatly blessed in leading him to the kind Shepherd who laid down his life for the sheep.

Reader, learn to value these little books as

Arthur did; and remember that they are not intended merely to beguile an idle hour, but to instruct you in the knowledge of God, and to help you in the way to heaven. P. Q.

RAGGED SCHOOLS.—No. I.

[It is proposed to have a series of papers on
Ragged Schools.]

MANY years have passed away since Sunday schools were first set up in our land, and great has been the good done by them. But there are thousands of boys and girls in England, who are so poor and badly clothed that they will not come to be taught in these schools. Some of these are children of beggars, and others are destitute orphans. They are left to grow up to be thieves and drunkards, and lead lives of sin and disgrace. It is sad to look at these unhappy children, and to think how they live, how they die, and what will become of them after death. For they have souls to be saved or lost—souls that will live for ever and ever.

Let us, however, be glad that many Christians are now seeking to bring these poor outcasts together, that they may, through God's blessing, become honest, decent, sober, and pious men and women. To secure this great object, RAGGED SCHOOLS have been formed. They are so called, because any poor child, though dirty and ragged, may here meet a kind teacher, and be taught to read God's word, and led to habits of order and piety. It is intended to give in the "Child's Companion,"

from time to time, some accounts of what is doing in these schools. We begin this month with a very interesting and true story, which will show that the efforts to benefit ragged children have not been in vain.

HENRY THE MATCHSELLER.

A school was opened in a poor part of Westminster, not far from the queen's palace. On the first day, forty ragged boys and girls came to the room. Some seemed to be half starved; others were very ill; and the faces of all showed that they were children of sorrow. It was still more mournful to see and hear how ignorant and wicked they were. They never had been taught to pray; and they were rude and dirty in manners. It needed great patience and love to begin the work of teaching such a school as had here met; but love, patience, and perseverance will do great things.

A little boy, whom we will call Henry, had been for some time a scholar in the Ragged School. He had a sad wretched home. His parents were drunkards; almost all the money they could obtain was spent upon themselves in the gin shop; and their poor children had scarcely even rags to cover them, and often were obliged to pass a whole day without food.

Henry's house was a wretched one; there was but one room for the whole family, which had to serve as a sleeping-room at night, as well as a living-room by day. In one corner of the dirty, unswept floor, was a scanty heap of shavings for a bed, upon which they all huddled themselves together for rest—without blanket,

rug, or even rags, to cover them from the cold air. On the mantel-shelf were two cups ; and by the fire-grate, in which was seldom to be seen a handful of burning coals, was an old tin kettle without a lid. Chairs there were none ; nor a table, nor cupboard for food. Alas ! seldom would such a convenience have been of use, for even a day's supply of dry bread alone was a rarity there.

Henry was told that he must come to the school with clean hands and face ; but he had neither soap, towel, nor bowl to use. But where there is a will there is generally a way ; and, after rising from his bed of shavings, the boy used to take an old rag into the back yard of the house, and well wash himself with water from a butt which stood in the corner.

Henry's cheerfulness and perseverance gained the goodwill of his teachers, who gave him, as a reward for his conduct, a pair of shoes and stockings—the first he ever remembered to have had. It was very cold weather ; the snow lay thick on the ground ; and the poor boy was overjoyed with the present. The next day, however, he came to school barefoot, as usual, carrying the shoes and stockings in his hand.

"How is this ?" said his teacher.

"Oh, sir," he replied, "you see my feet are all over chilblains ; I could not bear the shoes on, they hurt me so much. But I would not leave them at home ; for, if I had, I should not have seen them again. My mother would part with them to get money for drink. You know, sir, my mother would have drunk me before now, if she could."

Henry still continued his diligent attention to learning. No one knew, perhaps his teacher could only guess, how often he entered the school faint with hunger, from the neglect of his unnatural parents ; and how much ill-usage besides he had to bear from them in their



drunken anger. At last, the poor little fellow ventured to ask his teacher if he would lend him threepence.

“And what would you do with the money, Henry?”

The boy replied, that he wished to earn his own living ; and he thought, if he had threepence to begin with, he could do it, and attend school too. He should be sorry, he said, to do as his poor brothers had done ; and he wished to get his food honestly.

The threepence was lent to him ; and with this small sum, the honest, enterprising, and industrious boy began to trade directly. He bought a dozen boxes of lucifer matches, and offered them for sale. Ah, little did the passers by, to whom Henry offered his trifling merchandize, know what mighty struggles between hope and fear were going on in the mind of the ardent lad ! Little did they, who listened favourably to his entreaties and laid out one halfpenny towards diminishing his stock of goods, think how beneficially they employed that halfpenny, and how they were furthering the kind designs of His providence, without whose permission not even a sparrow falls to the ground, who clothes the fields with verdure, and takes care of all who trust in Him !

The matches were sold, and Henry had gained threepence by his adventure. Hungry as he was, he did not waste it in luxuries : he bought more matches, and continued his trade ; every evening he obtained and sold a fresh dozen of boxes, and with the profit he made by them he got food for the next day, and was sometimes enabled to feed a poor hungry sister, who also went to the Ragged School, and who suffered equally with himself from the neglect and ill-treatment of their parents.

For nearly two years did Henry support himself, all the while regularly attending the school, and at night disposing of his matches. " You know," he said, when asked how he contrived to live, " I can always manage to make threepence, and sometimes more. I spend one penny for breakfast, another for

dinner, and the same sum for supper; that is better than my brothers did; and by-and-by, when I can read and write well, I will get a situation."

After a time, Henry could read and write well, and he left off match-selling to seek a situation. During the time he had been at the Ragged School, though surrounded by bad examples, and perhaps often tempted to steal, he had maintained the same character for honesty which first induced his teacher to lend him the threepence. His character was now of service to him; and his perseverance overcame many difficulties which lay in his path. He became the errand boy of a fishmonger.

Some time passed away, and the match-selling boy was growing fast towards manhood. His home was no longer in a miserable, unfurnished, dirty room; but in a comfortable, well-furnished house. His ragged clothing had long ago given place to the respectable dress of a young tradesman. His character had become still further improved. By the grace of God, he had been kept from the sins which, practised by his parents, had embittered the days of his childhood, and brought guilt, sorrow, and ruin into his family. As he advanced in age and knowledge, he became more and more useful to his employer, who treated him with respect, advanced his wages, and made him his confidential servant.

When Henry's father and mother were dead, his sister, who also went to the Ragged School, found him to be a kind friend. He received the poor outcast with affection, and paid for her lodgings until she obtained the means for.

her own support, which, by honest industry, she was soon enabled to do. From that time the brother and sister might be seen, every Sunday, walking together to the house of God, with thankful hearts that they had been rescued from the depth of wretchedness and vice, placed in worldly comfort, and taught the way of everlasting life, by the instrumentality of a Ragged School.

SPRING.

THE Spring is come, the time for flowers,
My Father makes them grow ;
He sends from heaven the gentle showers,
He bids the breezes blow.

I sing the goodness which provides
Such pleasant things for me ;
And with his hand my footstep guides,
Where I these flowers may see.

The Spring is come, the buds begin
To show upon the trees ;
The leaves appear in living green,
And nature lives to please.

'Tis Spring with me ; I am a child,
My youth is as a flower ;
Thy goodness on my days has smiled,
Thy kindness every hour.

Lord, breathe upon my infant heart !
That buds of hope may grow ;
The light and showers of grace impart,
Make me a flower below.

. Taunton.

H. A.

BIBLE PICTURES ;
OR, OLD TESTAMENT SCENES.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

I AM going to tell you a story about fighting ; but if you find war and slaughter spoken of in the Bible, it is not to make these things pleasant to you. They are sad proofs of the wickedness of men, and show that the beings whom God created to love one another, can take pleasure in causing wounds and death. There is in the natural heart a real love of destruction, a willingness to see others suffer, a spirit of cruelty. This brings to my mind a little circumstance, which will help to explain my meaning.

One Sunday, I was in the neighbourhood of Lyons, walking near a public-house, where too many of the working classes are disposed to spend their sabbaths, in intemperate eating and drinking, and there I saw a party of young lads who were going to have a fight, to try their strength ; some having been born in one place, and some in another. They had been disputing for some time, and were coming to blows, when a companion of theirs came up, and taking off his coat, said, "I am not of your parts, but it is all the same to me, I am ready ; which side shall I fight for?" And, without any cause, he joined in the fray, and received very serious injury.

You will say he was like a wild beast, to be so fond of fighting ; and truly this spirit of fierceness is more or less found in the hearts

of all men. Some will hire themselves, for a few guineas, to shed the blood of others, who have never done them harm, and whom they have no reason to hate. Many would be glad to hear that a war had broken out, and put themselves forward, to gain advantages by killing their fellow-creatures. If a guilty person is condemned to be put to death, how many will crowd around, to see the sentence executed. Nay, if there is but a riot, how many will join, merely for the sake of the scuffle. And are there not some, quite little fellows, who take pleasure in hunting cats, beating or throwing stones at a dog, or in other ways showing cruelty to animals. Some boys like to quarrel and fight with their own brothers. All this shows that we are wretched and sinful creatures, and until our hearts are changed, we are little better than the heathen Philistine, whose history is told in 1 Sam. xvii.

Two opposing armies are encamped on two high hills, with a small valley between them, but neither offers to fight. On the side of the Philistines is a man of tall stature, Goliath, whose name signifies, great, or noble; he is six cubits high, that is at least nine feet, and his body is covered with brazen armour. His shield is so heavy, that it is as much as could be carried by one man, who goes before him, and he cries out to the people of Israel, "Give me a man, that we may fight together." He thinks that he can crush the most valiant soldier as easily as he could kill a fly, and his heart is full of cruel selfishness and pride.

Who would be brave or bold enough to fight with such a man? Saul, the king of Israel,

was strong, and taller than any of his people by the shoulders. But he had become cruel and cowardly; he had lost the favour of God, and those who love sin are always afraid to die. There were three sons of a man named Jesse in the army, they were tall and fine looking; but neither these, nor any of the soldiers among the Israelites, would venture to oppose Goliath, who daily continued to defy the armies of the living God. One day, just as he was repeating his proud boasting, Jesse sent his youngest son David on a message to his brothers.

You may read in the Bible that David, though only a youth, killed Goliath, whom all the army feared, with only a sling and stone. The secret of his victory may be told in his own words, "I come to thee in the name of the Lord." Such an enemy no one could resist. But no one would act as David did, who had not true faith or trust in God. Do not mistake, however, and think that they who trust in God will always conquer their earthly enemies. Oh! no; they may even fall under their blows; but what then? If men slay the body, they cannot kill the soul; but God will hereafter send the transgressor to hell, and take the humble believer to his home in heaven. All who are like Goliath may not be overthrown in this world; but not one such person can be safe or happy for eternity. All the followers of David are not successful in this world; but they shall hereafter be more than conquerors through Him that has loved them.



Christian Church at Hong-Kong.

MISSIONARY MIRROR.

THE RELIGION OF THE CHINESE.

A STRANGER, on arriving in China, would think that the Chinese were a very religious people, for they have many gods, and they seem to pay them a great deal of worship. They burn much incense to their gods, and fire off a great many crackers, and do not appear at all ashamed to be seen worshipping their idols in the most public manner.

The Chinese think there are a great many gods, some male and others female. It is hard to say which they regard as their supreme god, or whether they have any such. They commonly worship *Tien*, which seems to mean the

same with them that heaven does with us. They also worship the sun and the earth, and the Dragon King, or the god of rivers. They have also the god of learning, the god of riches, and a very great many others. Besides these gods, there are the spirits of their ancestors, and a great many other spirits that they worship. There are, for instance, the spirits of the mountains, and the spirits of the hills, and the spirits of the valleys, and the spirits of rivers and brooks, and the spirits of trees, and the spirits of rocks, and the spirits of roads and bridges, and many others.

The principal way in which they worship these gods and spirits is by burning incense before them, offering them pieces of gilt or silvered paper, and making sacrifices either of animals or of some kind of food and drink. The incense that they burn is commonly either sandal wood, which gives a very pleasant odour when burnt, or else a kind of composition made of the dust of sandal wood and other substances, which is formed into little sticks, about as large as a common goose-quill. These sticks are called *joss-sticks*. They are sold in almost every shop by the hundred, and there is hardly a person in China who does not use a great many of them every year.

Although a stranger would think the Chinese a very religious people, on seeing their many idols, and how constantly they burn incense before them; they do not care much in their hearts about them. It is very easy work to light a joss-stick before an idol, or burn some silvered paper, or fire off some crackers, or write or print a prayer, and lay it on the altar, or place a cup

of tea and some rice before the idol. All this can be done while the heart is thinking about something else. It does not require any repentance or sorrow for sin, any mortification of sinful passions and feelings, any self-denial, or any faith in another for salvation. They can do all this, and yet lie, and cheat, and steal, and be angry, as though they thought their gods did not care whether they were good men or bad men. Now this is a very easy kind of worship. It does not take much time or thought, and therefore they like it: their fathers did so before them, and they do not want to change their customs, and therefore they do the same.

But what good does all this do them? Can these dumb idols hear them? Sometimes they beat the drum and bell in their temples to waken their gods and make them listen and attend to their worship; but these painted and gilded blocks of wood and stone can never hear. Some of them will admit this themselves, if you talk to them about it. Very few of them seem to know much about what they worship.

Oh how thankful you ought to be, that you have heard about the true God, and the way of worshipping him! Why were you not born in China, and taught to burn paper to the devil, as Chinese children have been taught to do? Dear children, it will be a terrible thing for you, if, after hearing about the true God and Jesus Christ, as you have done, you should never learn to worship him aright. You will be far worse off than these Chinese who have never heard of him. Bless God, then, that he has given you the Bible; and pray to him, that he would give you a new heart.

The missionaries in China are labouring hard to bring the people to the knowledge of the Saviour. They are engaged in printing books and tracts, teaching children, preaching the gospel, and building Christian places of worship. At the beginning of this article you will see a picture of a new church built at Hong Kong, a seaport in China.

THE MONTHS.

MAY.

THE Latins called this month *Maius*, as some suppose from *Maia*, one of their fabled deities, to whom they offered sacrifices on the first day. Our Saxon forefathers named it *Tri-milki-monath*, or Three-milk month, because the cows were now milked three times daily.

May is a pleasant month, and "must be drawn with a sweet and amiable countenance, clad in a robe of white and green, embroidered with daffodils and hawthorns."

"Gay laughs the landscape, all that lives is gay!
Light bound the flocks! the birds exalt their voice!
And all things shout, and bless delightful May."

"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone: the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." There is the solemn coo of the wood-pigeon—the laugh of the woodpecker—the winkle-winkle of the blackbird—and the bell-like note of the titmouse. Children wander abroad to seek for the flowers of the June-berry and dog-wood; and some boys—oh, how we grieve when

we say it!—go in search after the birds' nests, which are now to be seen in almost every shaded bough and hollow trunk, or hid in the grass. Cruel, cruel boys!

A ramble in the woods in the early part of May is very delightful. Some giant-like trunks are robed with dark green ivy, while others are altogether naked; some are nearly covered with leaves, while the buds are just bursting from others. Then, again, there is the dim, dusky-looking pine; and near it, in beautiful contrast, the wild cherry, "white with its profusion of blossoms." Blue-bells, called by country people cuckoo's stockings, are plentiful: the ferns are putting forth "their russet scrolls;" and the arum, fully expanded, is "displaying its crimson clubs."

As the season advances, the scene in orchard, garden, field, and wood, still becomes more beautiful. There is the forest of plum, and cherry, and pear, and apple-trees;

"One boundless bush—one white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms."

The full bloom of the lilac; the golden chains of the laburnum; and the blushing wreaths of the peach; the hawthorn and the mountain-ash in full flower; the walnut, the maple, and the mulberry putting forth their leaves, all afford a delightful picture. Then there is the almond-tree with its beautiful cluster of white blossoms, and the lily of the valley hiding amid the thicket of green leaves, of which Jesus Christ has said—"Even Solomon in all his glory was *not arrayed like one of these*." The buttercup, the cowslip, and the

primrose gild the meadows, and the hedges
are half buried in the lofty grass ;

“ And there, in liveliest green attired,
Smiling like hope, and cheering the glad eye,
The meek, unsheltered myrtle sweetly blooms.”

The dairy of the farm, owing to the large supply of grass for the cattle, now affords plenty of employment. Bees begin to swarm ; the May-fly dances on the river's bank ; and the water-beetle sports upon its surface. The swift darts round the old tower ; the fly-catcher frequents our gardens and orchards ; and the bat makes his appearance in the evening of the day.

Even now the woodman is at work, felling and lopping the trees—teaching us, in this season of activity, that in the midst of life we are in death. May we endeavour to profit by the lesson.

THE BLIND CHILDREN.

Nor long since a visit was paid to a Sunday school which contained, among its inmates, two children who were blind. They were clever, intelligent, attentive children, and though unable to read, kept their places in the school, in consequence of their very evident desire to gain knowledge. The visitor says, “By invitation of the superintendent I briefly addressed the school. I began by repeating the first verse of the lesson of the day, John iii. 14, ‘And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of

man be lifted up.' And then I asked the school, 'For what purpose was the Son of man lifted up?' After a very brief pause, two voices from the farther end of the house, one from the girls' and another from the boys' side, distinctly and harmoniously repeated, 'That whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' The little boy and girl who answered were brother and sister, and were both born blind. I then told them the answer reminded me of a little girl of seven years of age, who had, some years ago, died in my arms, pleading most fervently and affectionately, with her little hands clasped, and her eyes fixed on heaven, these words, somewhat modified by her childish simplicity, and converted into a promise: 'O Jesus! you did promise me, you did promise me, that whosoever believeth on thy name should not perish, but have everlasting life; you did promise me so.' It was affecting to see the promptness, the beautiful simplicity and correctness, with which these poor little blind children answered this momentous question. Although their eyes had never seen the sun, nor a Bible, nor any other book; yet with their minds they had perceived this glorious truth, which of itself is sufficient to bring them to see the light of heaven, which had sustained the dying little Margaret Ann of whom I told them, and which shows the only way of life and salvation for all. I afterwards learned from the superintendent, that these two blind children never failed to have their lessons perfect. Their teacher visits them at home, and kindly instructs them in their lessons, and also reads their library book

to them, in which they are greatly interested. What a beautiful example of devotedness in a teacher, thought I, and what a beautiful example for all Sunday-school children! If these dear children without eyes are so deeply interested in the Sunday-school lesson and library books, and make so much of them; how much ought those who have eyes to improve their superior advantages, and emulate their noble example!"

DO NOT MAKE EXCUSES.

CHILDREN, do not form the habit of making excuses. If you have done wrong, be willing to own it. Do not try to hide it, or to throw the blame on another. A person that is clever at making excuses, is not likely to be good for any thing else, or to be loved and honoured.

QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE
GEOGRAPHY.

[It is hoped that the following questions will receive the attention of our young readers, and that they will try to furnish their parents or teachers with correct answers.]

1. WHAT brook lay between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives?
2. Which is the earliest mentioned city now in existence? see Gen. xv.
3. What is the name of the principal river in the Holy Land?
4. What was the ancient name of the lake Tiberias?

5. What is the modern name of the Great Sea?

6. Where was Elijah fed by ravens?

7. What was the name of the island on which the apostle Paul suffered shipwreck? What is its present name?

PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Luke xi. 13.

OUR heavenly Father bids us ask
The blessings of his grace;
Oh 'tis a pleasure, not a task,
To seek our Father's face.

He looks on us with thoughts of love,
And promises to send
The Holy Spirit from above,
To be our Guide and Friend.

How much do we such guidance need,
For we are prone to stray;
That Spirit will to Jesus lead,
And teach us how to pray.

And he will show us heavenly things,
And form our hearts anew,
To serve and love the King of kings,
As saints in glory do.

O Lord! that promised Spirit give,
And fill us with thy love,
That we may to thy glory live,
And reign with thee above.

Essex.

J. B.



FARMER BLAKE'S FIRST LESSON.

WHEN I first went to live up at the Grange, Farmer Blake took me into the fields to talk to me. I was young then, but quite old enough to understand what he said.

"My lad," said the farmer, "if you are to learn farming, and we are to go on tidily together, either I must teach you, or you must teach me. Now, as I happen to know more than you, it will be but reasonable that I should take the lead, and it will be time enough when you are the wiser of the two to alter the plan."

Farmer Blake said this in a kind tone of voice, but the firmness with which he spoke convinced me at once that his word was to be law.

"You have picked up a little knowledge at the school-house," said he, "and now you must try to pick up a little at the Grange Farm. The first lesson that I shall give you to learn is this,—a *little at a time, and go on*. Almost all great things are done on this principle. The rain from the skies comes down in little drops, and the snow comes down in little flakes; and yet both of them, by going on, cover the face of the ground.

"Look here," said Farmer Blake, stopping at a bush, on which a spider was weaving his web, "see how the little creature is employed. First he fastens one line, and then another, without wasting his time by idling between, and it will not be very long, I am thinking, before he catches his fly. The weaving spider is following the rule—a *little at a time, and go on*."

What Farmer Blake said appeared so very clear to me, that I wondered the same thing had not occurred before. But the farmer seemed determined to impress his first lesson deeply in my mind.

On turning round a corner we came suddenly upon a woodman who was felling an elm tree, and the dry chips flew around him as he dealt his lusty strokes with his axe. "Oh," thought I, "the farmer will be at me again now, about his first lesson;" but no, not a word did he speak. I saw, however, that his eye was now and then fixed upon me. Though the woodman did not appear to get on very fast, yet, by repeated strokes, he had made a great gash more than half through the trunk of the tree; and, not long after, down came the elm with a loud crash.

Farmer Blake walked on in silence, and I was silent too; when, suddenly, he said to me, "Well, my lad, what are you thinking of?" "I was thinking, sir," said I, "that the woodman has brought down the tree by doing *a little at a time, and going on.*"—"Just as I expected," he replied; "and now I see that you have learned my first lesson."

When left to myself I thought over every word that Farmer Blake had spoken, and felt sure, not only that he was the wisest man I knew, but also that I could not do a better thing than attend to his remarks. In the course of that day I could hardly look around without seeing some object which brought before me Farmer Blake's first lesson. A bricklayer was building a wall near a cottage; a shepherd, with his crook, was climbing a high hill; and two men were filling a cart with gravel. By laying a brick at a time, and going on, the bricklayer would build the wall; by taking a step at a time, and going on, the shepherd would get to the top of the hill; and by throwing in a spadeful at a time, and going on, the men would fill the cart. I felt myself much wiser than I was before.

I lived many years at the Grange, and have great reason to be thankful for the many useful lessons that the honest farmer taught me; but not a single day, of all these years, is better remembered by me than the first day that I entered on the farm, and not a single lesson is more deeply impressed on my mind than the very first that he taught me.

I know that Farmer Blake, in teaching me his first lesson, intended to apply it especially

to farming ; but I have learned to apply it to other things. Thousands would have been benefited had they understood and practised the lesson with humility—a *little at a time, and go on.*

Many have I known who were not satisfied with doing *a little at a time*, they must needs do a great deal, and haste to be rich ; but they fell into snares, and their riches did them no good. And some have I known who were very zealous in holy things, but they did not *go on.* Oh ! it is an excellent thing to feel that we are dependant on our Heavenly Father for all we have, even our daily bread, both temporal and eternal. We may be zealous, but we must be humble. If we can do much for the good of those around us, or for God's glory, let us gladly do it ; but if we cannot, let us not be discouraged, but rather look up for help to the Father of mercies—humbly, confidingly, and gratefully—that we may be enabled to do *a little, and go on.*

TRUE GREATNESS.

"I was quite surprised, mamma," said Elizabeth, as with her mother she was returning homewards, after a call which they had been making in a neighbouring village ; "I was quite surprised to find that Miss Myles lived in so small a house. I thought we were going to a beautiful place, like Hartlands."

"I did not say so, my dear ;" quietly returned Mrs. Owen.

"No, mamma ; but I expected it, because I

have heard that Miss Myles has a great deal of money to spend as she pleases; and, of course, I supposed that she would have lived in a very nice house."

"You are difficult to please," said Mrs. Owen, with a smile. "I think that Miss Myles's cottage is remarkably pretty, besides being in a most delightful situation."

"Oh yes!" answered Elizabeth, "it is very well for a cottage; but I thought there would be spacious grounds, and a handsome entrance. Then did you notice how plainly she was dressed?"

"I must confess," said Mrs. Owen, "that I did not observe Miss Myles's dress so particularly as you seem to have done; but I was much struck with the neatness and pleasing simplicity of her appearance."

"She looked like a lady, certainly," said Elizabeth; "but still, mamma, do you not think, that if she has so much money, she ought to live in a larger house, and have more expensive furniture, and wear better clothes?"

"I do not think," replied Mrs. Owen, "that Miss Myles is rich enough to purchase these things, without giving up other objects which she regards as much more important."

"What objects do you mean, mamma?"

"Miss Myles is very kind and charitable, and does much good amongst the poor people of the village, many of whom look to her as their best earthly friend. She is also a liberal supporter of several benevolent institutions, both for our own country and for distant lands. All this could not be done with her income, if she were to indulge in needless luxuries."

"Then, mamma, do you think it wrong to live in a house like Hartlands, and to have carriages and servants, and beautiful gardens, and all other delightful things?"

"Certainly not, my dear; provided such is the station in life which God has appointed to an individual, and if the claims of duty are carefully attended to, and the poor remembered and assisted as they ought to be. Provided also, I should add, that the *heart* is not set upon these earthly possessions, nor the soul endangered by love of the world and forgetfulness of God. I will now, my dear, try if I can reconcile you to Miss M.'s small house and simple attire. And here," continued Mrs. Owen, stopping to tap at a cottage door, "I may, perhaps, obtain some assistance towards this end from a person whom I have known for many years."

They entered, and found a poor woman, evidently very ill, but sitting in an easy arm-chair by the fire, propped up with pillows, and with many tokens of humble comfort around her. On the other side of the fire-place was a young girl, busy at her needle. The house was clean; and there was an open Bible lying, with a few tracts, upon the table.

After a little conversation, during which it appeared that the sick woman, though greatly afflicted, was in possession of that "good hope through grace," which makes all earthly sorrows light, Mrs. Owen purposely mentioned the name of Miss Myles. Immediately the poor woman's countenance brightened with an expression of gratitude and pleasure. She spoke of her as the kind friend who had first

told her of a Saviour, had read to her of his dying love, and prayed that she might be a partaker of his pardoning mercy. It was Miss Myles, too, who had provided her with a comfortable lodging in the abode of pious cottagers ; and who, now that her last days were approaching, had sent for her daughter from a distant service, to wait upon her and supply all her wants. Ever since the time when she was left a distressed and ailing widow, with a young family dependent upon her for support, Miss Myles had pitied and befriended her : " The Lord alone can reward her," said the poor woman, " for all that she has done for me and mine." After some further conversation, it became time for Elizabeth and her mother to leave the cottage.

Mrs. Owen perceived that an impression had been made upon her daughter's mind ; but before Elizabeth could remark upon what she had heard, they again stopped at a little low-roofed building, and lifting the latch, the door opened, and several rows of smiling, healthy-looking children met their sight. It was the village school, established and supported by Miss Myles, who gave to it, not only money, but a considerable portion of her time and attention.

Elizabeth looked at the work of the little needle-women, and examined their copy-books and their sums. Some of the older girls then read a portion of Scripture, upon which they were afterwards questioned by the governess, and their answers showed that they had been carefully instructed in the way of eternal life. Mrs. Owen pointed out to Elizabeth the value and importance of such an education to the

children of the poor, as fitting them for the duties of their station, and, above all, teaching them to seek, through Divine grace, for the pardon of their sins, and their everlasting happiness in a world to come. Elizabeth was interested and delighted with all that she saw ; and left the school with evident reluctance, and a hope that they might shortly visit it again.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Owen, after a short silence, "can you forgive Miss Myles for living in a small house, and for choosing to wear a plainer dress than the housekeeper at Hartlands ?"

"Oh ! mamma," replied Elizabeth, with tears in her eyes, "I am quite ashamed of the disdainful thoughts that were in my mind while you were talking to her this morning. Dear, kind Miss Myles ! I little knew the good that she was doing with her money."

"Henceforth, my child," said Mrs. Owen, "endeavour to form your estimate of persons, not from mere outward circumstances, the style they live in, or the clothes they wear, but according to their real qualities of mind and character. Let us also learn another lesson from the self-denying charity of Miss Myles. Let us seek to imitate her, in our measure, by sometimes giving up our own gratification or enjoyment, when others may be benefited by the sacrifice: always remembering that acts of kindness, when proceeding from a right motive, are graciously regarded with favour by Him who has said, that whosoever giveth to a disciple a cup of cold water in the name of Christ, shall in no wise lose his reward."



BIBLE PICTURES ;
OR, OLD TESTAMENT SCENES.

HANNAH, SAMUEL, AND ELI.

IN a place called Mount Ephraim lived Elkanah and his wife Hannah, who had long wept because she had no children. Mothers, who have children, have often reason to weep for them ; but Hannah, when a child was born, no doubt, hoped that it would be a comfort to her. She called his name Samuel. When the child was able to walk so far, he was taken by his mother to the temple of God, and employed in the sacred place, under Eli, the high priest. Little Samuel would come to Eli with joy, looking upon him as the minister of the Almighty ; but, at the same time, he would be sorry to take leave of his mother. His parents brought at the same time a quantity of flour, and an offering of wine, probably carried in a

goat-skin tied up with cords, instead of a bottle. And also a young bullock was killed, and its fat consumed on the altar, as a burnt-offering acceptable to the Lord.

You will ask, why God called for such sacrifices as these? Did he want the flour, the wine, or the cattle? Oh, no! but his servants, who were the ministers of his house, needed food to live on. Only the fat of the animal was burned; the rest of the flesh was eaten as meat, either by the priests or the people in general. By their peculiar customs, the Israelites were kept from mixing with the heathens around them. It was not the offering alone that was pleasing to God, but the spirit of obedience and thankfulness in those who offered. I cannot explain to you the whole of the law of Moses, but many directions, which seem strange to us, were given for wise and good reasons. Now let us go on with the history of Samuel.

Too young and too weak for many of the services of the house of God, he was old enough to carry messages, and in many ways to assist others; but, above all, he was not too young to seek the Lord in prayer. The words "Our Father," from the lips of a child, are as pleasing to God as the longer and finer prayers of those who are much older.

One evening, when Eli and Samuel had gone to rest as usual, and all was silent, while the lamps burning in the temple were not yet ready to go out, Samuel was asleep, when a voice was heard, calling him by his own name, Samuel. He arose, thinking Eli had called him, and ran to wait on him. "I called not,

my son; lie down again," answered Eli. The child, who came in obedience, went back in the same gentle spirit. Again his name was called; again he rose, and received the same answer. The call was repeated, and Samuel at length answered, as Eli had told him to answer, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth;" for now he had learned that it was God who called to him, and that he must listen with reverence and attention.

The message which God gave to him referred to the two sons of Eli, who were called Hophni and Phinehas. They were wicked men, though they were priests and served in the house of God, but not so as to honour him. All they cared for was, to have a share in the things that were offered for sacrifice. Like Samuel, they slept beside the house of God; but they were guilty of many crimes, and their sinful conduct made others to dislike the worship of God. He whom they should have honoured was despised, on account of their evil deeds.

Eli had not punished them, but he gave them good advice. They would not hearken, and the Lord said that they should be slain, which happened to them both in one day, while they were young and strong, and in the same careless, unprepared state. See what a difference there was between Samuel and the sons of Eli. Yet both were trained in the same place and manner, by the same teacher; for surely Eli took as much care of his own sons as he did of a stranger. Be warned, then, by their example. The Bible now shows you the right way; in prayer you may find strength, and

the example of Christ calls you to follow his steps. Say, with Samuel, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth;" and to-day, while hearing his voice, harden not your hearts, or you will be left without excuse, since the Lord has thus early called you to know his will.

LITTLE PHEBE AND THE PLUMS.

*A New Version of an Old Story, related by
President Edwards.*

LITTLE Phebe was playing, one fine sunny day,
With brothers and sisters, all happy and gay;
They were running and jumping as brisk as
could be,

When they came full in sight of a beautiful tree.

They shouted, and ran through the grass to its
root; [fruit.

There peep'd through its leaflets a store of ripe
Said Emma, "See, here is a feast for us all;
Climb, brother, for plums, in our laps let them
fall."

Now Phebe was youngest, and never had
known [own;

How wrong 'tis to take things that are not our
But sweet were the plums, and she liked them
so well, [fell.

That she gather'd and ate them as fast as they

She fill'd her small apron, and hasten'd to run,
To tell her kind mother of what she had done;
For she knew that she loved her, and always
was glad

To hear of the pleasures her little ones had.

Her mother was sorry, and told her 'twas sin,
To take what 's not ours, were it small as a pin;
That children who steal cannot taste of God's
love,
Nor go, when they die, to his mansions above.

Poor Phebe cried sadly and long, for the theft,
Then ran to take back all the plums she had left.
The owner forgave her, and said, "Do not
weep; [may keep."
But, since you have told me, the plums you
Too sorry to take them, she hasten'd away,
And knelt in her own little closet to pray.
She said, "Lord, I grieve that so naughty I've
been; [clean."
Oh, bless and forgive me, and wash my heart
Poor Phebe, long after, remember'd that day,
And never beside the green plum-tree would
play. [take,
The plums that were offer'd she never would
For the thought of her sin made her tender
heart ache.

MRS. DUNCAN.

FEEDING THE PELICANS.

DID you ever see the pelicans fed at the Surrey Zoological Gardens? If not, be sure to see this strange and amusing sight the first opportunity that offers. I will tell you a little about it.

The pelicans are seen standing together, with their long, large yellow beaks, and their snowy white wings and bosoms, well aware that the time for feeding them is at hand.

Now comes one of the feeders with a bucket full of fish. The pelicans see him, and the bucket too, and their eyes follow him to the tub of water on the green grass at a distance, into which he puts a dozen or a score fish, as the case may be.

Another feeder now opens the gate just wide enough to let one pelican go through. No sooner is he at liberty, than off he sets with an uncouth sort of hobble, between a fly and a run, waving his large wings and gabbling loudly. The assembled spectators all begin to laugh.

As soon as the pelican reaches the tub, he dashes his great bill into the water, and takes hold of a fish in an instant. Another and another are then swallowed without the pause of a moment. On goes the voracious bird, dancing in a most ungraceful manner round the tub, flapping his wings, and gobbling up the fish till all are gone; he then very unwillingly takes his leave.

And now the tub being once more supplied with fish, another pelican is set at liberty, who acts his part exactly as the former one had done. In this manner the feeding proceeds, till every bird has been fed, and every fish has disappeared. Altogether, what with the feeders, the fish, the hobbling, gabbling, and fluttering of the greedy birds, and the peals of laughter of the mirthful crowd, feeding the pelicans is one of the most strange and most laughable sights that a young person can see.

It is said that the pelican feeds her young with her own blood, and that the stork carries his aged parent on his back through the air;

but though these sayings are not to be believed, it will be well if they should give a hint, and lead to increasing the love that children and parents bear towards each other.

O children, to your parents dear
Let honour due be given !
O parents, love your children well,
And train them up for heaven !

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY WHO ATE HIS SCHOOL-MONEY.

CHARLES was a little Negro boy, living in Jamaica. His age was about nine years. He was very fond of sweetmeats. He had plenty of sugar-canes, and liked them too ; but he was not satisfied with them. I received him into my school, and was promised his money regularly. His mother, who was a widow, wished to pay it monthly, which, at threepence per week, would be one shilling a month. At the end of the first month Charles's name was called, for the payment of his shilling ; but he excused himself, by saying, " Me have not money, sir ; but him will come next time." I took his word, and waited till next time. His name again was called on the next month ; and again, as before, Charles came with the same excuse. I now began to doubt his word, and went to see his mother, to ask about this money. I soon found that Charles had taken a fancy to some gingerbread and buns sold by a person by the road-side, and upon these things the school-money, four weeks since, had been spent. To another boy had been given a

portion of the sweetmeats as a bribe; and another had been selected to partake of the second lot. These companions in evil paid their own school-money, and yet encouraged Charles in his wickedness. Still the whole affair came out, all was made known to the school. In this case the offence was great, as Charles was setting a bad example in addition to his cheating and falsehoods. He was deceiving his poor mother as well as his teacher. For some time afterwards, I was not able to take his word.

“ Oh, 'tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth—
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
Tho' they should speak the thing that's true:
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.”

However, Charles did not continue to eat his school-money, but in a few months became quite a different boy. His character became good, and he was soon placed as a monitor in the alphabet class. I was able to take his word, which very much pleased him. He became fond of his school and books, and was quite an active boy. He left his school and went to work on the estate, cutting canes or driving cattle. Here we must leave Charles to the kind care of God. Some, who read this, will perhaps call him a wicked and foolish lad; but take care that you are not guilty of something as bad. The Lord Jesus Christ, when on earth, cautioned his hearers against seeking a mote in their brother's eye, while they forgot the beam in their own eye. If

you look at Charles's conduct and blame him, and do not remember your own, you do this very thing—look at home first. Ask God for his grace, that you may improve yourself. Wishing you every blessing you need, I remain your sincere friend,
J. TUNLEY.
Jamaica, Nov. 9, 1848.



RAGGED SCHOOLS.—No. II.

COBBLER POUNDS AND HIS SCHOLARS.

A FEW years ago, there lived at Portsmouth a

poor man of the name of John Pounds. He was a cobbler by trade, or a mender of shoes; and he lived in a small wooden house in one of the poorer streets of that large town. John Pounds was a cripple, and had nothing to depend upon but his own hand labour; yet he was very cheerful and very kind. He was fond of animals, which he reared in his little shop, where he might often be seen hard at work, with a canary-bird on one shoulder and a cat on the other: for he had quite "a happy family" around him.

But John Pounds did not bestow all his affection upon beasts and birds: he was very partial to children. He had a little nephew, who, like himself, was a cripple, whom he took great care of, and, in every way, treated with kindness.

When this little boy was old enough to begin learning to read, his kind uncle undertook to teach him; and, thinking that he might as well have two scholars as one, and that perhaps a companion would be helpful and pleasant to his nephew, John Pounds invited the child of a very poor woman, who lived near, to come to his shop and learn his letters. Then he got another and another to come, until, after a time, he had around him, every day, a school of thirty or forty poor, dirty, ragged children, who, but for kind John Pounds, would never have gone to any school, but must have grown up ignorant and, most likely, very wicked.

John Pounds was not paid for teaching these ragged, neglected children, except by the pleasure he took in the work. Indeed, it cost him something sometimes to get a scholar,

for he more than once followed a little, unwilling, hungry fellow down the street, and tempted him to return with him to his school by the promise of food. And so this poor but useful man went on, working hard at his trade and teaching his scholars, both boys and girls, in the small shed which served him for a shop. And he was happier than many rich men, who know not what to do with their time or their money. He had found out the secret of true pleasure—he was doing good. His pupils were happy too; for John Pounds had such kind and merry ways of teaching them, that they quite enjoyed being at his school. He might have had many more scholars; but his workshop was always well filled. When he had room for more, he made it a practice to choose the worst and the poorest children he could find, in hopes of doing the most good; and it was really extraordinary how he gained their affections, and got them to mind what he said.

John Potnds took pains to teach more things than mere spelling and reading. He brought his ragged, and ignorant, and vicious scholars to understand the value of honesty and industry. He taught them to do much for themselves which would be helpful to them as they grew older. Besides this, when they were sick he kindly nursed them, and when they were not at their books he played with them. This kind treatment, which the poor children were not used to receive at their miserable homes, softened their hearts; and many, whom he thus, through several years, generously cared for and instructed, grew up to be sober, honest,

and industrious; when, but for his help and the blessing of God upon it, they would have been all their lives ignorant and wicked, and very likely have come to a sad and shameful end.

Poor John Pounds died in the beginning of the year 1839. He was then an old man; but he had kept on his school almost to the last day of his life, for he died suddenly. The poor children wept and grieved when their kind instructor was gone. And well they might; for though there were thousands of people in that large town, who were much richer in money than the old cobbler, there was not one to whom these children could look with such confidence and love as they had done to their humble but generous benefactor.

THE MONTHS.

JUNE.

THIS month was called *Junius* by the Romans, some say in honour of their heathen goddess Juno. Our Saxon forefathers gave it several names—*Weed-monath*, because the cattle did *weyd*, or go to feed in their meadows, or as they called them “weyds.” June was also called *Weed-monath*, or weed-month, doubtless because

“Rank weeds, which every art and care defy,
Reign o’er the land,”

and threaten destruction to the rising crops, Psa. xc. 5. It was likewise named the Dry-month and the First-mild-month.

June commences full of life, greenness, and vigour. In the best seasons it is a fine, clear, glowing month. The newly fledged families of the feathered tribes are now abroad. A busy time, indeed, this with the parent birds, who show the greatest care in feeding their little ones, and teaching them to use their wings. The water-ouzel and the king-fisher likewise are plunging beneath the water in search of food for their young. Waked by the sun's warmer rays, the insects "come winged abroad—ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes," dance in the sunlight. The bee is busily at work, cleaning out his new hive, stopping up the chinks, and preparing for his future labours.

Flowers of all kinds are now in the height of their beauty. The blushing rose, the sweet-scented jessamine,

"The shining pansy, trimmed with golden lace;
The London tufts of many a mottled hue,
The pale pink pea and monkshood darkly blue;
The white and purple gillyflowers, that stay
Lingering in blossom, summer half away;—
The columbine's stone-blue or deep night brown,
Their honey-comb like blossoms hanging down;—
With marjoram knots, sweet-brier, and ribbon-grass,
And lavender;"

and other flowers, in abundance, decorate the garden and the field—the copse and heath—and the very waters are strewn with flowers. The corn, the rye, the barley, and the wheat, are fast putting forth their green ears. This, too, is the month of sheep-washing and sheep-shearing.

"Much is the toll,
The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,

Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides."

And frequently the shepherd in impatience seizes one and hurls it into the stream. The others follow quickly, plunging one by one into the water. When they have been well washed, they are sent to dry themselves in the sun and in the breeze. Then comes the shearer, and the sheep are gathered into the fold, to be eased of their load of wool, which will be made into cloth for our use.

"Head above head, and ranged in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit and whet the sounding shears.—
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
What softness in its melancholy face !
What dumb, complaining innocence appears !"

How does this remind us of Him who was as "a sheep dumb before her shearers"—he opened not his mouth against even his murderers—but he prayed for them. May we learn to pray for them who would despitefully use us, and never to cherish anger in our bosoms against any.

Before the month closes a great change takes place. The songsters become silent, the nightingale leaves us, and the cuckoo prepares to depart ; and nought is heard but the humming of the busy bee, who, like a little active chemist, is yet engaged in distilling sweets from every flower. The beauteous flowers begin to fade, and the landscape assumes a dark green monotony, reminding us "that in the midst of warmth and fertility we must prepare for nakedness and frost." The scythe, too, may be heard ringing as the mower whets it to cut down the grass ; and it brings to memory

the psalmist's description of the shortness of life:

"They are like grass which groweth up.
In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up;
In the evening it is cut down, and withereth."

THE IBIS.

Among the objects of idolatrous worship in ancient Egypt was the ibis. It was reared with great care by the heathen priests, and kept in the temples; and whoever slew it, even if by accident, was punished with death. After receiving divine honours while living, it was embalmed when dead with all the respect and affection which children usually paid to a departed parent. In tombs, in that land, small cases are found, in which mummies of this bird are inclosed. We thus see how true is the account of holy writ: "They," (the heathen) "became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things," Rom. i. 21—23.

There are two kinds of this bird, the one being larger than the other. The "sacred" ibis is the smallest, and is about the size of a common fowl. Its general plumage is white, except the neck and the tips of the quill feathers, which are glossy black, tinged with violet; while a few others have a dark silky appearance, and form a graceful plume, hanging over the wings and tail. Its beak is finely

arched; the upper part is green, and the lower is tipped with black.

It does not appear that the ibis is a native of Egypt: it is said by the inhabitants to arrive in the spring, as soon as the water of the river Nile begins to rise; and as the water increases, the birds increase also—as the water subsides in the autumn, they disappear. They seek their food among the mud and weeds, feeding mostly on worms and small fish. It also feeds on serpents, destroys their eggs, and clears the land of many destructive insects.



The Ethiopian name of the ibis is Abou-Hassan, or "Father John;" but by the Egyptian it is called Abou-Menzel, or "Father sickle-bill." It is found in small troops of eight or ten. Its flight is lofty, and at intervals it utters a hoarse cry. When it alights on a fresh piece of ground, it remains for hours together occupied in tapping the earth

with its bill, which draws the worms to the surface, and they are quickly seized by it.

Although the ibis is not mentioned in Scripture, it is thought to be the bird meant by the "great owl," Lev. xi. 17; Deut. xiv. 16. It was no doubt well known to the Israelites during their bondage in the land of Egypt; and it may be supposed that one reason for placing it among the unclean birds was to prevent that people from falling into idolatry, after the example of their Egyptian masters.—*From "SCRIPTURE BIRDS," just published by the Religious Tract Society.*

JULIA AND THE FLOWERS.

(Translated from the French.)

"OH, mother, look at those fine hyacinths," said little Julia, one morning in the summer, as she was busy at work in her own little garden; "some of them are pink, some blue, and some purple; they are all pretty. I do not know which I like best. And how sweet they smell! But what is the matter? is the gardener going to bury them all in the ground? May I save one—that pretty pink hyacinth, mother? the others are beginning to droop, but this is not at all faded, only there is a little dirt on it; let me shake it off." Julia took up the flower, but she could not get rid of the mould which clung to it: she shook it again, and all the bells of the hyacinth fell off, so that only the green stalk was left in her hand. "Well, I have done with this," she said; "but here is a blue one, quite fresh."

"Turn it round, and look at the other side, my dear," said her mother.

"Yes, that side is a little faded, it is true ; but it will look pretty in a nosegay with other flowers in a glass. Why must they be buried, mother ?"

"The gardener says that it is needful, to strengthen the roots ; and he knows more than you and I do about such matters."

"But who cares for the roots, compared with such pretty flowers ?"

"You know, Julia, that flowers will not grow without their roots."

Julia. Are not the roots strong enough already, as they have had flowers ?

Mother. They will bear better flowers next year, if they are taken care of now. If we neglect them at this time, we shall have no hyacinths next spring.

J. Next spring ! Oh, mother, that is a long time to think of—almost a year.

M. It seems a long time for a little girl like you to look forward to. But I hope in time you will be better able to exercise patience, and a year is not really a very long time ; for Moses says, in Psa. xc., "we spend our years as a tale that is told." Now, Julia, you may have six flowers or six roots for yourself ; I give you the choice.

The gardener put six hyacinths in a row before Julia, and she stood considering and looking up to her mother for advice.

"Do not look at me," said her mother ; "you may choose for yourself. You will not always have me at hand to tell you what to do."

"Well then, mother, if you please, may I have the roots? and will you give me some earth to plant them with?"

M. Certainly, my dear; and I think you will be glad of your choice.

J. How soon should I plant them, mother? May I to-morrow?

M. No, my dear, not till next spring; leave them here with the gardener, he will take care of them for the present.

J. Thank you, dear mother. Is it not strange that those ugly roots should have such fine flowers? Can you tell me how it is?

M. No, my dear Julia; it is one of those wonderful works of God which the wisest men on earth cannot fully understand. But last week, if you remember, we were talking on a still more astonishing subject—the resurrection of our own bodies.

J. I recollect, mother; it was when we were reading 1 Cor. xv.; but it seemed very hard, and I do not remember much about it. Will you be so kind as to tell me again?

M. You know that when a seed of corn, or any other plant, is sown in the ground, it seems dead and good for nothing; but soon after it springs up, and puts forth leaves and buds. Is that true?

J. Yes, mother, I know it is; for I have seen it myself: and, besides, you never tell me anything that is not true.

M. Now, then, listen. When our bodies are laid in their graves, they decay and turn to dust, as the seed seems to do.

J. Yes, mother, I know that; but it is very sad to think of death.

M. Our bodies will remain in the earth until the resurrection, when the Lord will come in the clouds of heaven. "For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." Then, my child, the body will revive, the dead will hear the voice of the Lord, and live. You wonder, Julia, to see these bright-coloured flowers spring out of the earth! but, oh! think what it will be when the bodies, which in this life are subject to so many sorrows, and infirmities, and sicknesses, will be changed to glorious bodies, far brighter and more beautiful than any flowers on earth, for they will be arrayed in the all-perfect righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ. Then death will be swallowed up in victory, and believers shall be for ever with their Lord. 1 Cor. xv. 53—57; 1 Thess. iv. 17.

J. Oh! mother, those who are for ever with the Lord will be happy; but the thought of death always seems very sad to me. To leave all our dear friends, and lie in the cold grave, and turn to dust, and be food for worms—I cannot bear to think of it. But I am very foolish, I know; for many children die who are younger than I; and I ought to remember that I may die too: should I not, mother? As the hymn says:—

Since I am not too young to die,
I would at once to Jesus fly;
His precious blood, for sinners split,
Can wash away their foulest guilt.

I would this word of truth believe,
That little children he'll receive,
Their feeble prayer will not disdain,
Nor shall they seek his face in vain.

On this dear Friend may I rely;
Then, should I soon be call'd to die,
I need not fear, for death would be
A welcome messenger to me.

M. My dear child, we are all too apt to forget that we must die; but, if we thought oftener of death, we should be less afraid of it, because the Bible shows us that the Lord Jesus Christ has overcome death, and opened to us the gates of everlasting life. He will be with those who trust in him, even to the end, and they can say with David, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," *Psa. xxiii. 4.* True Christians need not be uneasy because their bodies will remain in the earth for a few short years, while their souls are happy in the presence of God, and with that dear Saviour who is better to them than any earthly friend; who has done for them what no earthly friend could do, who died in their stead to save them from everlasting punishment. All this we must believe, Julia, though we may not fully understand it; and why should we believe it?

J. Because God has said it, and what he says must be true;—but there is my father coming. May I go and tell him about my hyacinths?

E. M.

MISSIONARY MIRROR.

LOOK ON THAT PICTURE, AND ON THIS.

STANDING on a missionary platform, (says the Rev. George Scott,) in Boston, United States, in the summer of 1841, I was much impressed with the following circumstance: Mr. Pritchard, on his way from the Society Islands, stood on one side of the platform, holding up a hideous wooden idol, five feet high, which he had brought from Gambier's Island. The aged missionary, Mr. Bingham, at home on a visit from the Sandwich Islands, stood on the other side, holding up a copy of the Holy Scriptures, printed in the native tongue, and bound on the island where he had laboured. Mr. Bingham, with a look not to be forgotten, pointing to the ugly block of wood, said, "*That* is what your missionaries find on those islands;" and then holding forth the Bible, added, "*This* is what they leave there."

What a volume of ideas crowded upon the mind at once! A view from the one side was opened into the dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty: looking on the other, we saw the entrance of God's word, giving light.

Hasten, Christians, old and young, who have the Bible and the messengers of Christ to send them forth, that by the sword of the Spirit the idols may be "utterly abolished," and the knowledge of the Lord cover the earth.

A DYING HINDOO.

There was a native convert employed by the

missionaries to read the Bible to the Hindoos, whose name was Vanketswammy. At his baptism he was called Thomas Kilpin. He married a young woman from a Christian orphan school, whose name was Lucy. They lived very happily together; they had one little boy, whom they loved very much; and never did father and mother seem more delighted with their child than were Thomas and Lucy with theirs.

Thomas used to go long journeys with the missionary, under whose charge he was placed, and assist him in reading to the people, and very highly the missionary regarded him; but, when out on one of those journeys, Thomas caught a violent cold. It was hoped he would get better; but he became worse and worse, and in a few months he was brought to his dying bed. He felt very deeply, when he saw his end approaching, that he must leave Lucy and his little boy. I shall never forget seeing him the day he died. Lucy sat weeping by him, with her child at her side. He looked at his wife with much tenderness, and said, "Do not cry, Lucy; I am going to heaven. Oh! I am so happy; but God, our God, will take care of you, and our little boy; only keep close to Him. Our missionary and his wife will be father and mother to you; but, Lucy, take care of our boy; oh, bring him up for Jesus. Jesus makes me happy. Now, if I had never heard of him and loved him, I could not die so happy. O Lucy, never let our child worship idols; bring him up for Jesus." And thus, after saying some other delightful things, he fell asleep in Jesus.

Dear young friends! will you not do all you can to send the gospel to these heathen? You see it made a poor heathen man die happily, and it made him so earnest about the best interests of his little boy. Pray much, and pray often, that the Spirit of God may bring multitudes of these heathen and their little ones to the Saviour.—*A Missionary's Wife.*

THE SABBATH.

Blest sabbath of rest!
Of all days the best;
Its dawning we hail
With joyous delight;
May no evil passion within us prevail,
But joy and thanksgiving from morning till
night.

We look at the sun,
Beginning to run
Its course thro' the sky,
On this happy day.
Like him thro' its hours may we seek and try,
Thy pleasure to know, thy will to obey.

We thank thee for light,
Which shines pure and bright,
In the Bible's pure page,
To guide us to thee.
Enlighten our minds in the childhood of age;
On this sabbath day, *that* light may we see.

H. A.



THE PYRAMID BUILDER.

WHEN Paul Bates was a little boy, he read an account of the Pyramids of Egypt which greatly pleased him. He looked at the Pyramids, and the great head of the Sphynx cut in rock, as they were drawn in a picture, with the army of Napoleon Bonaparte represented as passing over the plain. He pondered on the great breadth of the pyramids at the bottom, and their great height, and fancied to himself the long distance any one might see from the tops of them.

Not content with reading about the Pyramids and looking at their pictures, he must needs be making pyramids himself: he scrawled sketches of them on his slate, he formed clay

pyramids, and in the winter, when the snow lay on the ground, nothing gave him half so much pleasure as the building up of a pyramid. So much perseverance did he manifest in his pursuit, that his comrades used to call him **PAUL THE PYRAMID BUILDER.**

It was just the same with Paul Bates when he read about the Great Wall of China; for he began to sketch it on his slate, and to form it in clay, as he had done the Pyramids in winter: his great snow wall reached half down the meadow at the back of the house. Still, at the year's end, Paul Bates had very little to show for his pains; for the pictures on his slate had been rubbed out, his piled-up clay had fallen to pieces, and his snowy pyramids and great wall had melted in the sun.

All this would have been very amusing had it not been attended with bad consequences; but, unhappily for poor Paul, the piling up of his pyramids and the building of his great wall sprang from the foolish vanity of his heart, which led him to pursue things that he could not do, while he left undone those things which he might have performed.

A love of great undertakings is oftentimes a great evil; for, unless we have the means of accomplishing them, our labour is in vain. It would have been doing Paul a kindness to correct him of the error he was committing; but no one did correct him: no wonder that he went on in his customary course.

In one of Paul Bates's rambles he observed that the common was half covered over with thistles, when the thought directly occurred to him, that to pull them all up would be a great

undertaking. At the corner of the common lived a poor feeble woman, whose garden, on account of her infirmity, was sadly overrun with weeds. Had Paul Bates undertaken to weed the poor woman's garden, it would have been an act of kindness; but no, his mind was too much taken up with what he could not do, to think soberly and seriously of what was really in his power. He could not pull up the thistles on the common, and he did not weed the poor woman's garden.

There are many like Paul Bates in the world, who, though they might do much good, do but little: who waste their time and their talents in high-minded undertakings, which come to nothing; while they might lend a hand in a hundred acts of kindness. A little less pride, and a great deal more principle, would render them very useful. David says, "Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me," Psa. cxxxi. 1.

When Paul Bates grew a little older, his love of high-minded undertakings became a great deal stronger. He did not give a penny a month to the missionary subscription, as many of the young people around him did; for in so good a cause he resolved to lay up his money and give a pound altogether: and he did not become a Sunday-school teacher, because he had in his head a new system, by which he believed scholars might be taught much better, and on a larger scale; neither the Sunday school nor the missionary subscription ever had any help from Paul Bates.

It was well for the village that there were in

it characters, both young and old, who were more humble and more useful than Paul Bates : young people who were excellent Sunday-school teachers, and charitable persons who relieved the poor ; without mentioning the good pastor, who not only preached sound doctrine in the pulpit, reproving transgressors, comforting the afflicted, and proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ, who offered himself a sacrifice for sinners on the cross ; but, also, followed out his Christian profession with all humility, fidelity, zeal, and love.

When Paul Bates became a man, he had much greater means of usefulness than many of those around him ; for property had been left him, and he had both time and money at his command. Money and time, however, may be wasted as well as other things, and Paul sadly wasted them in useless and high-minded undertakings. Instead of doing a little, he was always intending to do a great deal.

Paul might have been, had he been more humble and sober-minded, a blessing to the neighbourhood in different ways ; but his high-minded views and useless whims prevented it. At one time, he was for taking the lead in parish affairs, and then he wanted to new shingle the church-spire, to build a fresh pound, and to erect new alms-houses ; but suddenly he turned his attention to planting trees and cultivating hop-yards, and at last, having lost all his money in working a coal-mine that he vainly imagined would greatly increase his riches, he left his native village without having done any thing for its benefit.

It would be wrong to say that Paul Bates did not intend to do good, for he always did intend it; but his vain and high-minded notions tied up his hands and crippled his means, so that he was a cipher where he might have been a figure, and did nothing where he ought to have done much. The only record that he left behind him, when he quitted the neighbourhood, was a high tower, which in a foolish whim he had caused to be erected on the rocky point above the lime kilns. Whenever a stranger puts the question to the cottagers, "What do you call the building yonder, on the high ground? and what is the use of it?" the answer usually given is, "The building is called Bates's Folly; but it is of no use whatever: all that we know about it is this, that it was set up there by one Paul Bates, who was called the Pyramid Builder."

HOW TO PRAY.

I HAVE often been in a Sunday school at prayer-time, and have noticed the behaviour of children during that season. With some I have been much pleased; they were quiet, and appeared to be praying: but I have observed others, whose conduct was quite out of place; they seemed to have forgotten what was going on, as though they had mistaken the words, "Let us *pray*," for "Let us *play*;" for they were seen tumbling the leaves of their hymn-book over and over, whispering and laughing with those near them, or thoughtlessly looking round upon their fellow-scholars. I have heard

these careless children reproved in the following manner :—"I am afraid, my dear children, you are not aware of what we are about ; this is neither the time nor the place for play ; when you wish for a game, go to your play-ground, and in your play-hours ; you may there play with all your might and enjoy yourselves to your full. And, while you are learning, do your best to get knowledge ; but at prayer-time, when you come before God to worship him, then your play, and learning too, should be forgotten, and all your heart should be engaged in humble and earnest prayer. We cannot expect our heavenly Father will bless you if you are careless while prayer is being offered." As I have looked on these disorderly children, I have thought, Surely they know not what they do : they cannot know how solemn a work prayer is ; for, if they rightly understood this, we should see them very different children.

Now, we will suppose a case. In that old cottage, there lives a large family of children ; their parents are very poor and have no work ; they are covered with rags, and have nothing to eat ; they are badly off indeed. A kind gentleman hears of their sad condition ; he feels for them, and without delay sends them a good supply of clothing and food : they are all fed—they are all made comfortable. Here was kindness ! In return for this timely assistance, the gentleman only asks that they should come to his house and thank him. Now just think how, and with what feelings, this family ought to visit the house of their good friend. If, instead of going in a quiet manner and with

grateful minds, they should be seen running, shouting, and playing; and all this while in sight of the gentleman, and at his very door; would this be right? Would not such bad conduct offend the gentleman?

Well, when we pray, we come to God's house to return thanks. He keeps us alive; gives us health, food, and friends; he gave us the Bible; and above all, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son," who has suffered that we might be saved and live in heaven for ever. Ought not all the children to join in prayer, when they stand up or kneel down, to thank God for his great kindness?

Half-a-dozen boys agree to break the sabbath. The day is fine and warm; they wander away into the fields until they come to a fish-pond; they throw in their lines and are soon overjoyed as they draw out one little struggling fish after another: but their enjoyment, like the pleasures of sin, is only for a moment; the owner of the pond comes in sight; they run away, and barely escape being caught. The next morning a message is sent to their parents, declaring, that unless these trespassing youths choose to come forward and ask pardon, they shall all be sent to prison. The boys set off towards the gentleman's house. Now, how ought these little offenders to go? What behaviour and feelings would become them? If they had any proper feeling about the matter, they would be filled with shame, and be very sorry for what they had done; and if a few tears should be seen in their eyes as they begged the gentleman's pardon, they would not be at all out of place. And are not such feelings, and

such conduct right when we approach God? How often have we broken his commandments! remember the wicked words, the disobedience to parents, the bad tempers, the unkindness to little brothers and sisters and companions; these are all sins against God. And, when we pray, we confess how wrong we have acted; we ask God to forgive us for the sake of his dear Son. Our heavenly Father is full of mercy; and when he beholds even a child humbly coming to him by prayer, he kindly says, "Ask, and you shall receive." This is encouraging. But children will not be forgiven, unless they pray. And none that play and trifle during prayer can expect to be heard; God's blessings do not come on such.

East Grinstead.

T. C.



THE NAUTILUS SHELL.

I WAS a very little girl, nor more than six years old, when I was one day invited by a lady, who was an intimate friend of my mother's, to look at a beautiful collection of shells which had been sent to her from abroad. Well do I re-

member the handsome cabinet, inlaid with curious figures, which stood in a recess of the large parlour; and my childish delight, as one by one the drawers were opened to my view, exposing the lovely shells, each lying in its little compartment; while my kind friend endeavoured to point out to me the distinguishing peculiarities of each class, that I might, as she said, gain a little information together with my amusement.

I cannot say that I paid any great attention to her instructions. Perhaps they were scarcely suited to my years; for nothing interested me but her account of the little nautilus sailing along upon the water; and while she was telling me of this, and I held the shell in my hand, I was seized with such a violent desire to possess it, that, I am ashamed to say, I took an opportunity, a few minutes afterwards, when the lady was out of the room, to mount upon a chair, open the drawer which contained the nautilus shell, and transfer it to a black satin bag which my mother had lent me for my gloves and handkerchief; little thinking of the sinful purpose to which it would be applied.

Scarcely had I done this wicked deed, when the lady came back into the room. I felt myself tremble all over, as well I might, and I had not another happy moment during the remainder of the evening. I saw the large grey parrot, and heard it talk; I was shown the tiny slippers of the Chinese lady; I was allowed to nurse the tortoise-shell cat, and to play with her beautiful kitten; but all would not do: I had no real enjoyment. There was

a weight at my heart which nothing could remove, and the secret cause of my uneasiness lay in the black satin bag which continually hung upon my arm; for I was afraid to part with it for a moment.

I have no doubt that many of my young readers, if they had been guilty of a similar sin, would have suffered in the same way. God mercifully speaks to us by the voice of conscience, and will not permit us to feel rest or peace when we have wilfully broken his law. And why is this? It is that we may be sorry for our sin, and seek at once for pardon, through the blood of Christ, which was shed to take away our guilt. It is only thus that the burdened conscience can find relief: take care, then, that you never seek to silence its reproaches in any other way.

When I returned home, I carefully hid the nautilus shell along with my other treasures; but so far was I from feeling any pleasure in possessing it, that I would have given all I had in the world to restore it to its proper place. I could not bear to open the box which contained it: I was in daily fear that it should be seen by any one else; and then came the terrible apprehension that its owner would discover her loss, and suspect me of being the thief. I began to dread the sound of the knocker at the door: and I verily believe that if I had seen my kind friend coming up the steps, I should have run away to conceal myself in the darkest corner I could find.

At last I became so miserable that I could bear it no longer; and one morning, when my mother had taken me upon her knee and was

caressing me as usual, I burst into tears, and told her my fault. It was the best thing I could have done, and it brought relief to my mind; for although my mother was deeply grieved by my misconduct, and did not fail to reprove me as I deserved, yet even this was not so hard to bear as the secret reproaches of an accusing conscience. There is no punishment, believe me, half so heavy as this.

My mother took me into her chamber, and closing the door, caused me to kneel down beside her while she prayed that my guilt might be washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and my sinful heart be changed by the grace of the Holy Spirit. Then I was sent into the nursery to have my bonnet and tippet put on; and my mother again lent me the black satin bag, and bade me bring the nautilus shell down stairs.

I am sure that my young friends will feel for me, when they picture me standing at the door of the kind and good-natured lady, holding fast by my mother's hand. We were admitted, and received with the usual welcome. The theft had not been found out; and there, while I stood before them, a silent and trembling culprit, my mother had to tell the sad story of my dishonesty and ingratitude. Afterwards she desired me to produce the nautilus shell, and to ask the lady's forgiveness, which I did with many tears. She freely granted it, and also promised to keep the secret of my disgrace: but the admonition which she gave me has never entirely faded from my mind, nor have I ever forgotten this my early experience of the bitterness of sin.

If you have read this little account with any interest, let it be to you as a warning against yielding to temptation ; and, in the moment of danger, lift up your heart in silent prayer for aid, to Him who is ever ready to hear.

P. Q.

BIBLE PICTURES ;

OR, OLD TESTAMENT SCENES.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

FROM a distant land, a wise and powerful queen set out to visit Jerusalem, which was at that time one of the richest cities in the world. She was attended by a numerous train ; and, as in her days (nearly 3000 years ago), there were no steamers, or rail-roads, or carriage-roads, such a journey must have been long, and attended with many difficulties ; especially to a queen accustomed to live at ease. Surely she had some very good reason for setting out upon her journey. Perhaps you will not easily guess why it was that she came to Jerusalem. Was it to see fine buildings, or gay assemblies ? Such might have been found in Jerusalem ; but she did not come to look for them. Was it to see collections of curious things, or the various trades of thousands of human beings, in one little spot of ground ? There was much of this kind to interest in Jerusalem, which was a large and populous city ; and there was at least one building of great splendour—the temple—in which all kinds of workmen had been employed. But the queen of the south came for another purpose : she came for wisdom ; which

is more precious than gold more lasting than choice stones, and sweeter than honey.

My dear children; what should you think if a friend came to you from a great distance, saying, "I am come to seek for wisdom." Perhaps you would think it very strange. But, surely, it would be more strange for you to despise a person who came to seek for wisdom. None but the foolish reject wisdom and instruction. True wisdom is now to be found, not only in the conversation of a man like Solomon—if such a man were now living—but in a book: a book that is not only here, or at Jerusalem, or in any one place; but in all our towns and villages, and that should be in every house. No one need take a long journey, like the queen of Sheba, to find this book. You need only to get up from your chair, to put your hand to your book-shelf, and take your Bible and read it. There you may find wisdom. It is close at hand; and, yet, how seldom is it looked for.

Every day, perhaps, you take up some story-book, rather than the word of God. You are more in fault than many others; for wisdom is close beside you, knocking at the door of your heart, and you do not listen to it. When it is read in your ears, you are sometimes ready to fall asleep. But the queen of Sheba did not listen thus to the wisdom of Solomon. She had brought with her presents of all kinds—camels loaded with rich spices, gold, and precious stones; and all these gifts she laid before Solomon. Look at her attendants, bringing these valuable burdens. What were all these for? To gain a lesson of wisdom. Would you give these things, if you had them, in order to hear

a chapter or a sermon? Or do you want to be paid for attending to what is for your good?

This was a powerful queen, who had a whole nation subject to her. She was so rich as to be able to make all these presents, and yet she envied the common servants of king Solomon, who daily heard his wisdom. She was not the only royal person who felt the emptiness of all earthly treasures, for Solomon himself has given the same lesson, Eccl. ii. Other kings and queens, who are not mentioned in the Bible, have made the same choice. Charles iv., who was king of Spain and emperor of Germany, and the owner of vast riches in America—who had great ships, and mighty armies, and was victorious in many battles—laid aside his crown, and his titles, and all his honours, that he might end his life in private.

And have you, in your own young head, more sense than king Solomon and the queen of Sheba? I can scarcely suppose it. Then take this lesson from them, and do not wait to be as old as they were before they found it out. All earthly riches are vain; but wisdom will last for ever: it brings no disappointment nor disgust. This is true wisdom, even the fear of the Lord.

THE MORNING DEW.

IN hot countries, in warm seasons, the vegetables and flowers in the gardens are almost burned up by the great heat of the sun. At night the flower-bed and vegetable garden present a weak and dying appearance: the morn-

ing comes, and shrubs and flowers again show signs of life and freshness, looking as healthful as at any former period, while the leaves and buds pour forth their sweet scents. How great the change during the silent hours of night! and this has been effected by the dew, as it silently rested on the plants.

Dew is one of the many beauties of the morning. On the grass, leaves of trees, and bushes, we behold the bright round drops of dew shining like so many diamonds in the sun; and it makes the ground at early dawn moist all around. How many children see this and get their feet wet, but never give it a thought where it comes from, what the use of it, or who sends it. Some persons have said that it came down from the clouds in the night, and others have supposed that it comes out of the earth and plants; but it is now known that the sun, during the heat of the day, draws up a great quantity of vapour into the air from the surface of the earth and the waters, which in the night comes down on the earth again in the form of dew.

In Jamaica the dew is very heavy, unless the wind is high through the night. In the mountains, the people are prevented from walking out in the mornings for some time after sunrise on account of it. In seasons when there is no rain for four or five months, the vegetables would perish were the dews to be withheld; but, instead of being burned up, they are kept alive by this means.

The dew is indeed a great blessing to mankind: it is the gift of God, and is a proof of his goodness, wisdom, and power. It was consi-

dered so in the days of old. You will see it if you read Deut. xxxiii. 13; 2 Sam. i. 21; xvii. 12. Many other passages describe it as a blessing, and the withholding of it as a curse. "My speech shall distil as the dew," Deut. xxxii. 2.

It is needful that the doctrine of God should have the same effect upon our hearts as the dew has upon the grass—that it should make them soft and fruitful, keep them fresh and lively, like the branch of a living vine. It is pleasant to see the plants and flowers refreshed by the dews from heaven; so is it to see our fellow-creatures influenced by the gospel of Christ. The word of God is precious, for which we should show much gratitude, and praise him continually.

J. TUNLEY.

Jamaica.

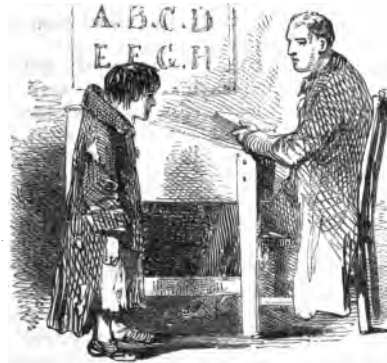
RAGGED SCHOOLS.—N^o. III.

WE ARE ALL WRONG.

ONE day, a little boy came to the ragged school to have his name put down as a scholar. His dress was a very old coat, which had been made, most likely many years before, for a man, and now, when worn by the boy, its skirts dragged along the ground as he walked. He had no shirt, no shoes, no stockings; and, instead of trousers, an old dirty apron was tied round him, outside the coat. The poor little fellow was covered with dirt from head to foot; plainly showing that his home was one of great neglect and discomfort, as well as of poverty.

The parents of this poor boy were not generally reckoned dishonest people; but they were

well known as being very careless about their family, and very profligate. Their occupation was that of selling vegetables and fruit in the streets; and they might have obtained a comfortable living in this way, but for their sad habits of drunkenness. As it was, almost all they earned they spent at the public-house, leaving their children to wander in the streets, and to obtain food for themselves as they could.



You may think what a wretched home they had. A few shavings served for a bed; an old basket, turned bottom upwards was the only table, and two old saucepans were the only seats that the room contained. The parents themselves were always dressed in tatters, and covered with filth; and the neighbours around them—though, alas! many of them were very

ignorant and debased—looked upon this family with pity and contempt.

It was hard work, no doubt, to make the son of such parents pay any regard to cleanliness, and to take any real pleasure in learning. After a time, however, he was more decent in appearance, and in a few months was able to read. His teacher then gave him, as a reward and an encouragement, a New Testament; and he was told to take it home, and to read it to his parents, if they would like to listen to him. He was to read to them the third chapter of John.

The boy had soon an opportunity of doing this; for, degraded as his parents were, they were proud of the success of their son, and pleased with the gift he had brought from school. They sat and listened, and the child read:—

“There was a man of the pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”

Now neither the father nor mother of the boy could read; and most likely they had never before heard this chapter read to them. If they had, they certainly had not listened to it as they did at this time; for, as soon as the boy had read the third verse, his father stopped him, and cried out, “You are surely reading wrong. ‘Except a man be born again!’—you must

have read it wrong." The little reader was sure that these were the very words; but this did not satisfy the father, who said that the teacher must come to tell him whether or not his son was right. The teacher was glad to go to the miserable abode on such an errand; and, when he got there, he took the Testament and, beginning to read at the same place, soon came to the words, "Except a man be born again."

Well, this was just the same as his son had read; and the man could no longer doubt that the exact words were in the book; but this only increased his difficulty. "How *can* a man be born again?" he asked.

The teacher then told him, that the new birth spoken of there meant a changed heart; that a person who had passed through such a change would no longer live for his own sinful pleasures, but for the glory of God. He said that, instead of the love of sin, new desires and affections would spring up in the heart; that there would be a love of holiness, and a constant fear of doing what is forbidden by God. He said, also, that this change of heart and affection would produce a change of conduct; that the man thus changed would forsake the sins which he had before loved, and become sober, honest, industrious, and frugal; and, also, in all things would adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour. He told him, lastly, that such a change could only be wrought by the Holy Spirit of God, through the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, and on account of what he had done and suffered.

These words made a great impression on the

mind of this poor sinful and ignorant man : he exclaimed, " We are all wrong ! " The truth of the gospel had touched his heart with power, and caused him to feel what a wretch he had lived through the whole of his life.

He looked around him ; and saw everything to convince him that his own sins had brought him to ruin and desolation, even in this world ; and he felt that they were hurrying him on to eternal destruction. Like the jailor, whom we read of in the Acts of the Apostles, his thought was, " What must I do ? " No doubt, after this, he was shown the way of salvation more clearly ; and his conduct gave great hope that he had experienced what it was to be born again. After several years, it was found that the sins he had once loved and followed had been forsaken ; and that the word of God was the rule of his life. His wife, too, became an altered woman ; she was now no longer neglectful of her children and caring for nothing but her own sinful gratification, but desirous of learning the will of her Maker and Saviour, and of doing it.

You may be sure that such a change as this made a difference in many other respects. The money that they earned, and which once would have been squandered in sin, was employed in making home decent and happy. The children, as well as themselves, were comfortably clothed and fed ; by degrees, their abode was furnished with table and chairs, bed and bedstead ; while cleanliness gave additional value to every new comfort they enjoyed. They were no longer " all wrong ; " but had reason to hope, and others had reason to hope for them, that

the gospel which had brought such a change to their dwelling, had also been the power of God unto salvation, because it was believed and obeyed. Do you not think, then, that these persons were proofs of God's mercy; and that they had great reason to be thankful for the instructions received by their son at the ragged school?



THE MONTHS.

JULY.

Bright Summer beams along the sky,
And paints the glowing year;
Where'er we turn the raptur'd eye
Her splendid tints appear.

Then, when so fit to lift the song
Of gratitude to Heaven,
To whom her purple charms belong,
From whom those charms are given?

Thee, Thee, Almighty King of kings,
Man worships not alone,
Each budding flower its incense brings,
And wafts it to thy throne.

The name July was given to this month in

honour of Julius Cæsar, who was born at this time of the year. Our English forefathers called it "meadow month," the meadows being all out in bloom; and "hay month," because in it they mowed their grass, and gathered in their hay harvest.

The country is now full of life and beauty. In the freshness of the morning the mower is busy with his scythe, and with regular strokes and a sweeping sound the sweet and flowery grass falls before him. Bands of haymakers follow in his train, tossing up the grass into the air, or ranging it in ridges over the field. The gardener now has to water his plants, to roll his gravel walks, to clip his box edgings, to train his honeysuckles, to plant out cauliflowers, and to prepare the ground for autumn and winter crops. The farmer sees to the general ordering of his farm; his wife to the poultry yard and the dairy; and the shepherd to his lambs.

If we take a walk along the green lanes, what beautiful creatures do we see fluttering about the wild honeysuckle! The bees hum and murmur among the hedge-row flowers, or drink the sweets in the fragrant clover-fields; while martins and swallows flit over the meadows, or lodge on the boughs of the trees.

A garden is now very delightful and fragrant. White and red roses are seen on every side. Beds of pinks appear in full bloom; and lilies rise erect, showing their sweet white cups. Trees are loaded with black, red, and white cherries; and the apple trees seem overladen with fruit.

How sultry it is at noon! Let us rest our-

selves beneath the spreading oak, when not a breeze stirs the leaves above us. Let us listen to the brook murmuring over the pebbles. The fish spring up and catch the insects that sport on the surface of the water. The sheep lie down in the shadow of the bushes; and the cattle stand up to their breasts in the pool. The birds have ceased their song, as though overpowered with the heat.

How beautiful it is to watch the evening of a long summer's day, when the rays of the sun have lost some of their power, and the sun itself is just setting in the west. Then the trees cast their long shadows behind us, and the sky above gleams with purple, crimson, and gold. The cows are now brought from the pasture; and the weary horses return from their labour in the fields: by their sides the farmers' men, with their scythes and rakes on their shoulders, walk with tired step to their cottage homes. As the sun is setting, hosts of gnats dance over the pools of water, the stars begin to shine mildly over our heads, the dew falls gently, the evening primrose opens its pale yellow petals, and the beasts and birds go to their rest.

As we enter on the month of July we are reminded that half the year has gone. Not a day, an hour, or a moment of its time can be now recalled. If the months have been improved, let us be thankful; if we have neglected to employ them for our own and others good, and for the glory of God, let us be humbled; and, looking up in prayer for the aid of Divine grace, let us seek to spend the remainder of our time more diligently, prayer-

fully, and usefully—that we may not at last be found to have lived in vain.



THE CRANE.

THE crane is one of the long-legged or stilt birds, about three or four feet high, and five or six in length, from the tip of the beak to the end of the tail. The general colour of its plumage is ash, with black on the top of its head, and along the front of its neck.

Cranes are found in several warm countries of the east. Their nests are built among reeds in marshy places. They feed on reptiles, insects, and grain. When a flock alights in the midst of a field of corn, so much havoc is made that the whole produce is quickly destroyed.

They are very cautious birds ; and, when at rest or feeding, they commonly place one of their number as a sentinel, and at a signal they are soon on the wing and out of sight.

There is a species of crane in West Africa about five feet high. A young bird of this kind was brought up quite tame. It was fed regularly, and soon became so familiar as duly to attend at the hour of dinner. The place which it selected was behind its master's chair. The servants were obliged to watch closely, and to protect the food with sticks ; but, with all their care, the crane was often expert enough to carry off some portion or other of food. At one time, it nimbly caught from the table a whole boiled fowl, which was swallowed in an instant, before the servants could interfere. The throat of this bird can expand so greatly, that it has been known to swallow a middling-sized leg of mutton, and a shin of beef has served it for two morsels.

The great use of cranes in eastern countries is, that they destroy large quantities of insects, snakes, and also offal, which otherwise might be found injurious to human health. We may be assured that God has made nothing in vain, and that each creature has its proper place and office in the great scale of animated nature.

Two things about the crane are noticed in Scripture. The first allusion is to its loud wailing noise. To this sound Hezekiah compares his cries of pain and distress in the season of sickness : "Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter," Isa. xxxviii. 14. Their cries are so strong, as to be heard when they are entirely out of sight in the air.

The second peculiarity, is their migratory habits, or their moving from one country to another at particular seasons. "The crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord," Jer. viii. 7. The Jews had not even the wisdom of these wandering birds, which foresee the approach of winter, and seek safety in finding a place of refuge. In reference to this habit, a poet has said—

"Where do the cranes or winding swallows go,
Fearful of gathering winds, or falling snow?
Or, conscious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions and a southern sky?"

It arises from the instinct which God has given to birds. An old crane might know that when its food fails in one land, it is to be found in plenty in another; or that when the weather becomes cold and stormy in the northern part of the world, there are more sunny climes beyond the sea, where it may enjoy its usual supplies. But how is it that the young birds, which have never been more than a few miles beyond their nests, can have such knowledge? It is not experience with them, but that wonderful faculty with which they are endowed by their Creator.

When they are about to take their departure, they rise very high in the heavens; and, it is said, arrange themselves in the form of a triangle, the better to cleave the air. When the wind becomes so strong as to threaten to break their ranks, they then form into a circle, and in a compact form make their way. They chiefly perform their journey at night; some acting as leaders to the flock, which by their

loud screams rally the rest. Each bird answers to the cry, as though to give notice that it was safe, and duly following in the train. We thus see that these creatures are wise according to their nature, for this life : we, who possess reason, should be wise for this life, and for life eternal.—*From "SCRIPTURE BIRDS," lately published by the Religious Tract Society.*

MISSIONARY MIRROR.

SCHOOLS IN BRITISH GUIANA.

THE missionary, Mr. Bernau, has given a description of the school in which the young Indians are taught. He says, "On entering the school the little stranger is allowed to look on for the space of a whole month, both at school and when at work in the garden. At last, a desire is called forth to learn the letters, and becoming ashamed of standing idle when all are at work, he or she begins to join the other children. At dawn of day, a bell is rung to rouse them from their sleep ; they then have their private devotions for half an hour, and afterwards proceed to the river, which flows close by, to bathe. At six o'clock, they go to their garden, under the care of their school-master, and labour till the bugle calls them at half-past seven to prepare for prayer, which begins at a quarter before eight, and lasts until half-past eight. This prayer-meeting is attended by the teachers in both schools, with all the children ; and any of the adults in the village are allowed to join. A portion of the

Old Testament is read, explained, and applied; and, when prayers are over, the children are expected to get up their tasks for school. At a quarter past nine, a bell is rung to call them to breakfast in the girls' school, at which the teachers are present, that they may teach them to take their meals with order. At ten, the bugle sounds, and they prepare to appear in the school neat and clean. A hymn and prayer having opened the school, the master inspects their dress, hands, etc., and finding all right, proceeds to give them a drilling, which consists in marching to and fro. The first lesson is from Scripture. They manifest a love to the word of God, and feel pleasure in committing large portions of it to memory. There have been a few who knew some of the epistles and a great number of psalms by heart, and they have found sweet food for their souls in sickness or distress. They receive a plain education; but what they have been taught we are most anxious that they should know thoroughly.

"Some of the boys have advanced as far in arithmetic as the rule of three; it has not been attempted to lead them further, that being quite sufficient for their sphere of life. They are kept in school till one, when they are allowed to amuse themselves till two. The bugle sounds again, and they take their seats till four. The school hours being over, they go to work in the garden till five. After this they take their dinner, and have the rest of the evening for play or preparing their lessons. At seven o'clock, they meet for prayer, as in the morning, when singing, reading, and a

short exposition of a portion from the New Testament, conclude the day.

"Several of the boys have died a happy death. I may relate one instance. From the first, this boy appeared to be influenced by the grace of God. He soon learned to read; and while the other boys were playing, he would go apart and study the New Testament. At length, he fell sick. His father, fearing he would die, carried him off secretly into the woods, for the purpose of conjuring the evil spirit on his behalf. The boy carried with him his Testament, prayer-book, and hymn-book; but no one knew whither he had been taken. I gave my scholars a holiday, that they might seek for their companion. When they had found him, I immediately went to him.

"'I am wretched—I am miserable!' said the poor child. 'Oh, take me back with you!' I replied, 'I cannot, without your father's consent.' Seeing the child's misery, his father, Aramoesy, at length consented to bring him back the following day, when he was placed in the hospital. When I visited him, I said, 'My child, where is your hope? for I think you will not be much longer in this lower world.' He replied, 'You have often told us in school that Jesus Christ shed his blood for sinners: you also said that he invites children to come to him. I have come to him.'—'Do you believe that your sins are forgiven?' 'I do believe that he has forgiven my sins.'

"Some days after, he said, 'I believe that this will be my last day.' His father came to see him, and he said, 'Father, God gave you

five children, and has taken them away, one after another. I am the last. I fear, if I had grown up, you would not have given me up to God. You do not care what the Dominie (the teacher) says; and when he begs you to come and settle near him, and learn about Jesus, you say, Wait a little. I fear the time will never come.' The boy was right. The more convenient season never did come. Aramoesy died, some time after, in the woods. He was, however, greatly moved by his child's address; and though an Indian in his native state never weeps, when I met him, as he left his son, tears were on his face. 'What is the matter?' I asked. He made no reply, but passed on. The child repeated what he had said; and when I asked whether he had spoken with the duty and affection due to a parent, he replied that he thought he had, and hoped that he had not sinned in speaking to him. About midnight, he begged that the boys in the next room would get a light. This being done, he requested that they would sing the hymn,—

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,' etc.

When that was ended, he said, 'I should like to see the Dominie once more;' but when told the hour, he observed, 'No, he is tired; do not call him.' He requested the bystanders to pray, and as they were praying round his hammock, his happy spirit departed to the regions of bliss."

MARY PIERCE AND HER MOTHER.

SAD! sad! sad! It was quite bad enough for

little Mary Pierce to come to school in that untidy way, half an hour after her time; but to tell a story about it, to excuse herself, was a great deal worse. Untidiness, neglect of duty, and falsehood! Three faults at one time! Sad! sad! sad!

When one of the ladies from the school called at the cottage, to complain of Mary's bad conduct, she found Mary's mother alone. "Hannah Pierce," said she, "though I blame your daughter much, I blame you more; for if you had set her a good example at home, she would have behaved better when abroad, and would have shrunk from telling an untruth. What is the use of sending her to school, if you undo all that is done there? Children come to learn to read; but they who read good books ought not to do evil deeds. Oh! it is a terrible thing to despise the commandments of the Lord of life and glory, who requires truth in the inward parts."

Mary's mother held down her head as if she were ashamed of herself, and promised very fair for the future. Soon after this, little Mary came in, when the lady again spoke to her of her faults, and directed her to ask God to forgive her when she knelt down at night to say her prayers.

THE BLIND BOY.

"DEAR Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes;" replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree;"
The poor boy sighed and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see.

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet, I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight to me He has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

Ere long, disease its hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;—
His widow'd mother wept and prayed,
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said—"Oh, never weep for me,
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where, Mary says, I God shall see.

"And you'll be there, kind Mary, too—
But mother, when you get up there,
Tell me, dear mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smil'd,
Until the final blow was given—
When God took up that poor blind child,
And open'd first his eyes in heaven.



MARTIN AT THE MANOR FARM.

"THERE is nothing to be seen in the country," said Mark Reynolds to his cousin Martin, who was about to pay a visit at the Manor Farm. "There is nothing to be seen in the country, and, therefore, you may as well stay at home."

Mark Reynolds was so fond of crowded streets, and parks full of company, and carriages, and sight-seeing, that London in his opinion was worth all the world beside. Little Martin, however, had never passed a day in the country in his life; so that he was in high spirits when he arrived at Manor Farm, though he could not help thinking of what his cousin had said.

Farmer Broughton, being very busy in getting in his harvest, had directed grey-headed

Howel, the oldest labourer he had on the farm, to take little Martin about the grounds the morning after his arrival; and old Howel did not fail to get him up before sunrise. "It will not hurt him for once," said he, "to be up with the lark; and he may not see the sun rise again for some time."

Old-Howel was just the sort of man to make little Martin feel at home with him, for he was quiet, and patient, and kind; and the very man also to do him good, for he was truly pious, and loved to make others happy.

Little Martin thought it an odd thing to be walking along the lanes and across the fields before it was daylight, though he did not say so. Old Howel led him to the high ground above Broomy Slope, that he might see the sun rise in all its glory.

At first Martin thought but little of the faint grey light in the east, nor did it strike him as anything very wonderful when it became more silvery; but when at last it turned yellow, mingled with blue and red, and the sun came as if rising out of the earth, flashing and flinging around its golden rays, and burning its way up the heavens, he was amazed. "What could cousin Mark mean," said he, "by saying that there was nothing to be seen in the country?"

"Solomon says, 'A pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun,' Master Martin," said grey-headed Howel; "and so it is, especially at its rising and setting, for it sets forth God's goodness as well as his glory, and ought to gladden our hearts as well as our eyes."

Howel next took Martin to Craggy Ridge,

to see the fine prospect of the valley below, and the broad meadows and corn-fields, with the church, the winding brook, and the distant mountains. Then he went with him to Black-water Moat, choked up with sedge and bulrushes, and showed him the old broken draw-bridge; and all this time Martin heard either the splashing of wild ducks and water rats in the moat, or the rooks cawing above his head, the lark warbling, or the milkmaid singing. Pent up as he had been all his life in the city, these things were new to him, and highly delighted him; and when he returned to the Manor Farm in time for family worship, in high spirits, pleased with himself for having risen so early, pleased with grey-headed Howel, and pleased with all the sights he had seen, he wondered more than ever at what his cousin Mark had said.

No sooner was breakfast over—and never had he eaten a meal with a better appetite—than again he set off with grey-headed Howel, who showed him the farm-yard. There were heifers up to their sides in the straw, and pigs routing about with rings in their noses. The peacock was on the wall, the turkeys strutted about by the gate, the geese gabbled with their goslings, the hens clucked with their chickens, the pigeons whirled in the air round the pigeon-house, and Jowler clanked his chain as he kept leaping and barking by the door of his kennel.

From the farm-yard Howel led the way to the hop-grounds, which presented a new sight to Martin. The long rows of plants, the clustering hops dangling down from the poles, and

the hop-pickers laughing, and singing their merry songs, as they pulled down the poles, and picked the hops into the cribs, gave him great pleasure. "See, Master Martin," said grey-headed Howel, "what abundance our heavenly Father has bestowed on his sinful creatures."

But neither the farm-yard nor the hop-ground gave Martin so much delight as the harvest-fields. He had never seen the sickle at work, nor the corn gathered in; so that the reapers, and the piled up shocks of wheat, and the men pitching the sheaves into the wagon, and the loaded teams, both surprised and delighted him. The gleaners too, in their odd dresses, and their well-filled aprons, and straggling bundles of corn, much interested him. "If God, in his goodness," said Howel, "did not send rain and sunshine; if he did not give both 'seed-time and harvest,' the labour of man would be in vain: to 'Him be glory and dominion for ever.'"

On their way back to dinner, Martin came over the little foot-bridge that crosses the brook, and there he stood awhile to look down the stream; for there were cattle drinking, and a country girl filling her pitcher, and a kingfisher, with his beautiful green and red plumage, darting on the fish as they rose to the surface of the water, and purple dragon-flies with their web-like wings, and bees and butterflies flitting to and fro. Once more the words escaped, "What could cousin Mark mean, by saying there was nothing to be seen in the country?"

Farmer Broughton joked little Martin about his eating so hearty a dinner, telling him if all

the young people in London ate as much beef and pudding as he did, they would well nigh cause a famine in the land. Martin did certainly very much enjoy his dinner.

Old Howel then took him to see the apple and pear orchards, where the branches of the trees were bending down with fruit; and he helped him to gather nuts in the coppice, where they hung five or six in a cluster; and to pluck the fine, ripe blackberries, which almost covered the brambles. He showed him, too, the giant oaks in the wood, and the old stone quarry, with the lichens and creeping plants hanging down the side of it. At last they came to the cottage on the edge of the common. "Now, Master Martin," said grey-headed Howel; "we must step in here; for to let a day go by without doing a deed of kindness, when it is in our power, would be very wrong." In that cottage Howel read to a poor sick cottager a psalm, that proclaimed, as with a loud voice, the goodness of God; and a chapter in the New Testament, setting forth Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of sinners. Then, when little Martin saw how the poor sick woman listened to the words of Holy Scripture, and how much comfort she seemed to feel, he made up his mind that he would do as grey-headed Howel had done, when he had the opportunity.

On leaving the cottage, and in passing along the shady lane, a new scene presented itself to Martin; for there a party of gipsies had pitched their tent. He had heard of gipsies—men, women, and children, with their tent, their dogs, and their donkeys; their fire, and their black kettle hanging over it from three piled-up sticks

—but to see them, as he said, “with his own eyes,” was a great treat to him.

The sun was setting, if possible, more splendidly than it rose, as Martin and grey-headed Howel looked in the direction of the distant valley. Both of them gazed upon it, for it was very lovely. “We should never look on that sight, Master Martin,” said grey-headed Howel, “without calling to mind the ‘Sun of righteousness,’ the Lord of life and glory. ‘Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.’”

As they drew near the Manor Farm, little Martin, who could not help thinking of all the sights he had seen—the rising sun, the fine prospect, Blackwater Moat, the farm-yard, the hop-grounds, the harvest-fields, the brook, the orchards, the wood, the coppice, and the cottage, together with the gipsy camp and the sun-set—broke out again into his exclamation of surprise, “What could cousin Mark possibly mean when he said there was nothing to be seen in the country?”

THE QUEEN AND THE CHILD.

THE gardener to a queen of Germany had a little daughter, with whose religious instruction he had taken great pains. When this child was five years of age, the queen saw her one day while visiting the royal gardens, and was so much pleased with her, that a week afterwards she expressed a wish to see the

little girl again. The father brought the child to the palace, and a page conducted her into the royal presence. When she saw the queen, she kissed her robe, and modestly took the seat which had been placed for her by the queen's order. From this spot she could overlook the table at which the queen was dining with the ladies of her court, and they watched with interest to see the effect of so much splendour on the simple child. She looked carelessly on the costly dresses of the royal party; the gold dishes on the table; and the pomp with which all was conducted, and then folding her hands, she sung with her clear, childish voice, these words:

"Jesus! thy blood and righteousness
Are all my ornament and dress;
Fearless, with these pure garments on,
I'll view the splendours of Thy throne!"

All the assembly were struck with surprise, at seeing so much feeling and piety in one so young. Tears filled the eyes of the ladies, and the queen exclaimed, "Ah, happy child! how far are we below you!"

FATHER IS COMING.

THE clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on;
The night-wind now is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
He's stronger than the storm ;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm :
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light ;
Would all men were the same,
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame !
Folks need not be unkind, austere ;
For love hath readier will than fear !

And we'll do all that father likes,
His wishes are so few ;
Would they were more ! that every hour
Some wish of his I knew !
I'm sure it makes a happy day
When I can please him any way !

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild ;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares—
Heaven bless the merry child !
His father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark ! hark ! I hear his footsteps now—
He's through the garden gate ;
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait !
Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands !

MARY HOWITT.



IN SCHOOL AND OUT.

It is not always that children understand how their lessons in school should influence their conduct out of school. In some schools in Scotland much attention has been given to this point; and one or two anecdotes may be given, to show how the scholars were warned against the first risings of evil, and taught to resist temptation—even in little things.

The master of an infant school missed a favourite pink, which had been gathered from the flower-bed in the play-ground, of which he took great care. As such a thing seldom happened, when the children met again in the gallery, and had gone through their lessons, after silence was obtained, he told them that he had lost a very pretty flower, and feared that

one of them had plucked it. He said, that they had often been told that stealing was sinful—that they had been forbidden to pull any of the flowers in the play-ground—that to take what was not their own was to break the eighth commandment, and offend the great God, who has said, “Thou shalt not steal;” and that “His eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.”

Here a little girl stood up, with tears in her eyes, and she held in her hand the flower which the teacher had missed. She said, “Master, here is the pink; and I will not touch the flowers any more.” It is hoped the lesson will be useful to her as long as she lives; for the Bible says, “Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.”

Another teacher, one day, saw one of his little scholars in the street, carrying a pot of treacle, which was covered with a cloth. The child lifted up the cloth more than once, and dipped his fingers into the treacle. He continued to do so from time to time, as he walked on. At last, he let fall a drop on his dress, which he tried in vain to rub off. All this was seen by his teacher at a little distance.

At school, the same afternoon, the teacher said he had a story to tell; and he began,—“When I was walking down the street to-day, I saw a little boy; his mother had sent him, I suppose, to buy some treacle at a shop. What is treacle?”

The children said, “It is good to eat. Treacle sweetens our bread.” All of them seemed much amused; but there was one present, who

soon hung down his head, and looked very much ashamed.

The master ended the account of what he had seen, and added, "Now, children, do you think it was right of this boy to steal the treacle, when his mother trusted him to bring it home?" "No, sir." "What do you think of this boy? Is he at school at this moment? Let me look and see if the mark of the treacle is on his dress now?" "I'll not do it again," said the guilty boy. His master then spoke to him by himself; but, while he reproved him, he also encouraged him for having owned his fault. All the other children had also received a lesson, for all have the same wicked and deceitful hearts by nature; all need the blood of Jesus Christ to cleanse them, and the Holy Spirit to renew them, or they never can be fit to enter the kingdom of God.

There are many other boys and girls who do things that they would be ashamed of, if their teachers or parents were looking at them, forgetting that God is everywhere. Such children put me in mind of the convolvulus flower. How bright and beautiful it looks, as it hangs on the stem from which it springs; but, if you take it away, it withers sooner than any other blossom. So rushes, and other such plants, look green by the water-side, but very soon die; and the Bible tells us, Job viii. 13, "So are the paths of all that forget God; and the hypocrite's hope shall perish." Hypocrites are those who seem good, but really are not so. Are there not many well-taught children who honour God with their lips, but in heart are far from him, and to whom the description given by Ezekiel

may be applied, "And they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them: for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness," Ezek. xxxiii. 31.

E. M.

THE WAY-SIDE HEARERS.

THREE girls were sitting together at public worship one Sunday afternoon, listening to a very solemn and impressive sermon, in which the minister spoke much of the sufferings that Christ endured in the garden of Gethsemane, and on the cross, for our salvation. They were Sunday scholars, so that the minister knew them all by name; and, as they sat near the pulpit, his eyes rested upon them occasionally; perhaps with a hope that, through God's blessing upon his words, their hearts might be touched with a sense of the Redeemer's exceeding love in thus dying for us, and of the gratitude and obedience which we owe to him in return. For this is the design and end of all the sermons that we hear. If they do not awaken in us sorrow for our sins, a feeling of thankfulness for God's pardoning mercy through Christ, and an earnest desire to live to his glory, it were better for us that we had never heard the glad tidings of the gospel, since for all these slighted invitations and neglected warnings we must hereafter give account to God.

When service was over, the girls arose and slowly left the church with the rest of the congregation. There was nothing unbecoming

in their behaviour as they passed along the aisle ; not a word nor a look was amiss. One of them, Mary Thornton, seemed more serious than usual, and turned to say good-by when they reached the porch ; for her home lay in a different direction from that of her companions.

"Oh ! stop a little while," said Fanny Johnson, as they stood in the churchyard ; "there is no hurry this fine afternoon."

"Grandmother will want her tea," answered Mary ; "and I promised to get home as soon as I could."

"Grandmother can wait, I suppose," returned Fanny, laughing ; "and, if she is cross, you may tell her what a long sermon we have had. I declare I thought it was never coming to an end."

"It was a very good sermon," said Mary, seriously.

"Well, we do not want to talk about the sermon," interrupted Fanny's sister, Elizabeth Johnson. "And if you are in such a hurry," for Mary was walking on, "we can go with you down the lane. *We* need not go home any sooner than we like."

Mary would rather have walked down the green lane alone, thinking over what she had heard ; but she had not courage to say so. And she persuaded herself that it would do just as well by-and-by. She would find the text in her Bible after tea, and read over the chapter, and that would bring to her mind many things that the minister had said. So they went talking and laughing along, and Mary heard all that Fanny and Elizabeth had to tell about a fair that was to be held in a neighbouring village next day,

and felt strongly inclined to go, if she could only get her grandmother's leave. She also listened to a description of the smart new bonnets which their mother had promised them before the following Sunday; and she began to reckon how long it was since hers was new, and to wonder how much longer her grandmother expected it to last. So that, with the fair and the new bonnets to think of, it was not surprising that the sermon should go entirely out of her head, and all the good desires that it had awakened in her mind.

After tea, instead of opening the Bible and looking out the text, she stood for an hour or more idly leaning against the door-post, sullen and discontented; because her careful grandmother would not hear a word about her going to the fair. And when bed-time came, instead of ending the sabbath with prayer and holy thoughts, she just uttered a few sentences with her lips, while her heart was far from God, and then lay down to rest, as careless about her everlasting welfare as if she had never heard of Christ and all that he endured to save her soul from endless woe.

Thus it is that the good seed of the word is often taken away from the heart, through sinful companions, through vain and idle talk, through our own want of watchfulness and prayer. How many young persons have been impressed while listening to a sermon, have felt a rising desire to become religious, have made good resolutions before leaving the house of God; yet, by the time that they entered again their own homes, have been cold, and indifferent, and worldly-minded as

ever. How sad it is, when public worship is over, to see young people clustering in giddy groups outside, with ill-timed merriment and light discourse, doing their best to help the work of Satan, and to banish every recollection of God, of the never-dying soul, of preparation for the life to come! To keep up an appearance of seriousness and devotion in the presence of God's ministers and people, and immediately to throw it aside amongst our own companions and friends, must be a fearful mockery of Him who "looketh upon the heart." And oh! it is a solemn and an awful thing to trifle with the convictions of the Holy Spirit. Every good thought and every holy desire is from Him. He speaks to us in the whisperings of conscience and the preaching of his word. Reader, beware lest the message of mercy and salvation should be sent in vain to you.

P. Q.

THE CLOCK OF LIFE.

LITTLE Lewis Rollins lives at the large house on the hill, with the pillars before the door. He sometimes rides out on a pony, though he is a very little boy to be on horseback. Lewis is a nice little fellow, say what you will.

Mr. Rollins one day went with his son to the old clock that stood in the hall, to teach him how to find out, at any time, the hour of the day or night. He explained to him that the broad hand marked the hour; the long finger the minutes; and the quick-moving, small, thin finger the seconds.

Again and again, Mr. Rollins repeated his

instructions to little Lewis, and was very patient and forbearing with him, in the mistakes that he at first made in naming the time. At last, little Lewis, to his great joy, was perfect in his lesson ; so that he could tell what o'clock it was almost as well as his father.

"And now, Lewis," said Mr. Rollins, "that you have learned to know the hour by the clock in the hall, I must draw your attention to another clock—the clock of life. I mean the beating of your pulse ; for it may often remind you of the value of time, and the necessity of turning it to good account. Time is worth more than the finest gold.

"My pulse is the clock of my life ;
It shows how my moments are flying ;
It marks the departure of time,
And it tells me how fast I am dying.

"He who lives a day without doing good, loses a day ; and he who makes another happy, is sure to be all the happier for it himself.

"I will show you how to lay the tips of your fingers on your pulse, properly, and you must remember that every beat you have lived a moment longer in the world, and have a moment less to live in it. Truly may we all say, 'Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is ; that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as an hand-breadth ; and mine age is as nothing before thee,' Psa. xxxix. 4, 5."

Little Lewis felt that his father had made him much wiser than he was before ; and, when he was left to himself, he did not fail to go over, again and again, the lesson which had been taught him. A dozen times in the course

of that day was he seen running into the hall to look at the clock-face ; and almost as many times was he heard to repeat the words, while the tips of his fingers were on his wrist,

" My pulse is the clock of my life ;
It shows how my moments are flying ;
It marks the departure of time,
And it tells me how fast I am dying."



THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

ONE day, Jesus went on foot towards Judea. It is called a city by the evangelist ; but it was usual in those times to apply the term *city* to very small places. Jesus always travelled on foot. Do you ask why he did not ride ? Because he had not the means of riding, to call his own. He had no property. He had no horses and

carriages. He had not where to lay his head. He was poor. Do you ask why he was poor? It was that we might be rich. Though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor. No one of his followers should ever complain of being poor. No one should ever complain of being obliged to go on foot, while others ride in their carriages. If any one is disposed to complain, let him remember Jesus.

As Jesus drew near the village, he saw a great number of people coming slowly towards him. It was a funeral. They were bearing the body of a dead man upon a bier. He was a young man, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. She was a desolate and broken-hearted mourner. Jesus saw her weeping as she followed the remains of her son to the grave. He pitied her. He said unto her, "Weep not." He touched the bier, and the bearers stood still. He commanded the dead to arise; "and he that was dead sat up and began to speak." Jesus delivered him to his mother. How happy must she have been. How thankful must she have felt.

A little boy was once reading this narrative, and he said he thought that this widow must have been a very good woman. What made him think so? He thought Christ would not have restored her son to life if she had not been a good woman. But I wish to know if Christ never pities any but good people. It would be a sad thing for all of us if this were the case. But it is not. Jesus pities sinners. The widow may have been a pious woman; but the fact that Jesus pitied her, and restored her son to life, does not prove that she was. It

proves that Christ was very tender-hearted ; and we ought to pity all those who are in suffering. Our pity ought to lead us to relieve them, so far as it is in our power. Some persons when they witness suffering, are only concerned to turn away from the sight of it. They do not try to relieve it. That is not what Christ did. He said unto the woman, "Weep not;" and then he did something adapted to dry up her tears. He raised her son to life. We must express our love in deeds as well as words.

Christ has done more for a great many mothers, than he did for this widow. He has converted a great many mothers' sons. It is a greater blessing to deliver the soul from spiritual death, than to deliver the body from temporal death. I know it does not seem so at first ; but, if you will think of it, you will see that it must be so. Suppose the young man who was restored to life lived forty or fifty years longer. That is nothing compared with eternity. When a soul is restored to life, it is restored to life for eternity. And then the death of the soul, how much more dreadful is it than the death of the body ! The mother who has a son converted has far greater cause to rejoice than the widow of Nain had.

I wonder what became of that young man who was restored to life. Did he repent and follow Christ ? One would think so. And yet it is by no means certain. It would, indeed, be strange if he did not ; but almost as strange things happen every day. Sinners are often brought down to the borders of the grave by sickness, and then unexpectedly recover.

Do they always repent and break off from their sins? Oh no: indeed I never knew of an instance of that kind. It may be that after all that Christ did for that young man, when death came it found him an impenitent sinner. It may be that after all that Christ has done for you, when death comes it may find you an impenitent sinner.

How powerful Jesus must have been to raise a man from the dead by a word. Has any man power to raise the dead? Elisha raised the child of the Shunammite by the power of God. Christ raised this young man by his own power. He said, "Young man, I say unto thee arise." It belongs to God to give life. Christ, therefore, was God. He was Divine as well as human. He was "God manifest in the flesh."

MISSIONARY MIRROR.

THE INDIAN AND THE EARTHWORM.

A MISSIONARY once asked a converted Indian how he was first brought to God, and what were the dealings of God with his soul, before he found peace at the foot of the cross. The Indian made no reply, but led the missionary into one of those vast forests which abound in North America: when they had proceeded a little way, the Indian stooped down, and collecting together a great many dry leaves, arranged them in the form of a circle; he then took a worm, and having placed it in the centre of the circle, set fire to the leaves. The poor worm feeling the heat, endeavoured to

escape, but it was surrounded on every side by the flames. At length, after many ineffectual attempts, it laid itself down, apparently in despair, to die. On seeing this, the Indian took it up in his hand, and addressing the missionary, said, "See here a picture of the dealings of God with my soul. I felt the flames of God's wrath on every side, I endeavoured to escape, but the flaming sword turned every way; whichever way I looked, Divine justice seemed to pursue me. At length, finding all my efforts to save myself unavailing, I gave myself up to despair. But now, though I knew it not, help was near at hand: though I could not save myself, Jesus could save me, and he did save me; he put forth his hand and took me. To grace, free grace, be all the praise."

AFRICAN SCHOLARS.

"For some time past," wrote the Rev. N. Denton, from Regent's Town in West Africa, "a female, named Pratt, has attracted our attention by her great earnestness and diligence in learning to read, as well as by her regular attendance at class and at church. A few month's since, when learning the alphabet, she was very desirous to purchase one of the large boards on which the sheet lessons are pasted, that she might take it home to learn during the week. As soon as she was removed into a higher class, she most cheerfully purchased the book in which they were reading. In the same class there was another woman who seemed to vie with her in her desire to be able to read, and having a child at home able to instruct her, an advantage which the other did

not enjoy, she was prepared, before Pratt, to be removed into a higher class. When this took place, poor Pratt was quite overcome, and gave vent to her feelings in tears, telling Mrs. Denton that she had no child at home to teach her, and that many times when she had seen the school children playing in the streets, she had gone out to them with a copper in her hand, offering it to them, if they would come and teach her to read.

"On one occasion, I entered the fourth class of males (in the Sunday school), who were reading John x., and asked them if they understood it. They replied, 'Yes: Jesus Christ is our true Master; those who believe in him are his sheep; he died for them, and through him they get to glory at last.' One of them said, 'The fold is Christ's church; into this he will bring all his people. There is only one door for all to enter Christ's fold; that is, all must come and believe in Christ, and put away sin.' Another, when I asked what he thought of the door, said, 'It stands all the same as if a man wished to come into the house, and came to the wrong side, where the door is not, and jumps in by the window. Now, if somebody live inside, he will catch him, and heave him back, and tell him to pass round, and come in right fashion by the door. So will Jesus Christ do, if somebody try to get to heaven any other way beside him; because he is the Way, he is the Door, and nobody can come to God except by him.'"

HEATHEN IGNORANCE.

"I have adorned the walls of my rooms,"

says a missionary in India, "with pictures, portraits and views, birds and animals; and on my tables I have placed a variety of curiosities, such as little mummy figures from Egypt, chimney ornaments from England, a small globe, etc. These form grand attractions to my visitors, who are as delighted to see them as a child is with a raree show. Besides, fame has made known that I possess some magnetic fish and ducks, a camera obscura, and other wonderful things from Europe. I often find, after a long conversation on matters of a higher kind, that I have been honoured with the visit in consequence of my visitor's curiosity to see the wonderful things that I possess. Of course I gladly exhibit them; and so, I hope, I prepare the way for more confidence and kindly acquaintance with my native neighbours, besides conveying to them full statements of the way of salvation through Christ. I find that a simple magnetic toy can shake their confidence in heathen miracles, as exhibiting greater wonders than those related concerning their gods. The fish and duck, that come when they are called, and have the semblance of life; though they are only tin toys, afford a ready comparison with the idols, which can neither stand nor walk, nor hear nor see.

THE MONTHS.

AUGUST.

AUGUST received its name in honour of the Roman emperor, Augustus. By the Saxons in England it was called *Arn-monath*, or the

barn-month ; because it was the time when they stored the harvest into their barns. The first day of the month bears the name Lammas day ; or, as it was anciently called, loaf-mass, or feast, when they offered thanksgivings to God for the first-fruits of the corn of which they made their loaves.

This is a beautiful month ; its fruits supply the wants of nearly all the year. God now openeth his hands, and supplies the desires of his living creatures. He has nourished the seed that was sown ; his winds and rains have cherished its growth ; and his sun has ripened the grain in the ear. Now man goes forth and gathers the gifts of the Divine power and goodness.

Now waving o'er the yellow field
The bending ears their load sustain,
And to the reaper's sickle yield
Their cluster'd stores of golden grain :
Thus patient labour shall succeed,
And find its reaping season come ;
Who sow with tears the precious seed,
Shall shout with joy the harvest home.

The gathering-in of the harvest usually begins with rye and oats, proceeds with wheat, and finishes with peas and beans.

At this season, the woods, hedges, and gardens are rich in flowers. Fox-glove, blue bells, and wild geraniums are seen in the fields, together with meadow rue, the pink and white convolvulus, and blue chiccory. The garden is also still gay with flowers, as golden rods, irises, sunflowers, asters, and dahlias.

In the orchard the trees are laden with fruit : the boughs of the plum are bent to the earth ; the juicy pears, unless plucked, fall to the

ground ; ruddy peaches adorn the walls ; and the grape in the open air begins to show signs of ripeness. The forest is bright with berries, and the leaves of the great elms are tipped with yellow—the first symptoms of their decay and fall.



At night, the harvest moon shines brightly in the sky, shedding its soft light over the sheaves of corn as they stand piled in the field, ready to be carried to the barn in the morning.

Insects and butterflies are numerous during this month :—ladybirds, ants, wasps, and bees are seen on every side, busily engaged in collecting their different food. While the field-mouse runs among the ripening wheat, and the shrill corncrake is heard as it darts along the ground.

The bird known as the corncrake, which

visits us in summer, and keeps up in our meadows its cry of "crake, crake," is not easily to be seen. It runs with great rapidity, and is unwilling to take to its wings. When found, it pretends to be dead. A gentleman had one brought to him by his dog. As it lay on the ground, he turned it over with his foot, and he concluded that it was dead. Standing looking at it, however, in silence, he saw it suddenly open one eye. He then took it up; its head fell; its legs hung loose; it seemed again quite dead. He then put it in his pocket, and before long he felt it struggling to escape. He took it out, and it appeared as lifeless as before. He then laid it upon the ground, and retired a short distance: in a few minutes it cautiously raised its head, looked round, and ran off at full speed.

Let us be thankful for the comforts and pleasures every month brings with it. If supplied by our heavenly Father with a full portion of earthly mercies, may we remember from whom every gift proceeds, and that we should receive all in his fear, and seek to live to his praise. Or, if our means are humble and our lot lowly, may we therein be contented and happy, and not the less glorify God in the station in which it has pleased him to place us in his providence.

WHY CHRIST DIED.

ALL men agree that Christ died. The Jew says he died. The Christian says so. The Bible tells us that he died on the cross. One

great end of the Lord's supper is to "show forth the Lord's death till he come."

Christ died for our sins. All men who suffer, may be said in some sense to suffer for sin. "Death came by sin." Some pains are sent to wean us from sin. Some pains are sent on us to punish us for our own sins. But Christ never did love sin, and never did anything sinful. He "knew no sin." He did not die for his own sins; for he had none to die for.

"Christ died for our sins," 1 Cor. xv. 3. This text makes it all plain. We had many sins, and great sins too. He, the Just, died for us who are the unjust. He, the Holy One, died for us wicked ones. God is holy. He justly said, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." God cannot deny himself, cannot give up his law. He cannot deny his right to rule us, and to punish those who do not obey him. Men are not kept out of hell, because it would have been wrong for God to send them there. Of his own love and pity, and not at all for our worth, Jesus Christ said to his Father, "I will die for them; I will take a body at the right time, and lay down my life for them. Let them not die. They deserve to die; but if I die for them, then God can be just, and yet save them. I will die in their place—in their stead." In due time Christ was born in Bethlehem. And, when he was about thirty-three years old, he died as he had said he would. He died willingly. He said, "I lay down my life. No man taketh it from me." God was well-pleased both with Christ's life and with his death. He showed this by raising him

from the dead the third day. He was "made under the law," that he might "redeem them who were under the law." The curse was resting on us. Christ bare the curse in his own body and soul; for his soul was full of pain as well as his body. He was a fit person to die for our sins. He was a man, and could feel for us, and die for us. He was also God. He was equal with the Father, and could have power with God. He was also chosen by God to this very work. He did the work the Father gave him to do. He did it all. He did it well. He was the right one to die for us, and be at once our Friend, and the Friend of God.

He "died for our sins." When a Jew had sinned, he took, as God said he should, a male lamb, that had no spot nor blemish, and brought it to the altar of God. Then the priest took it and laid it on the altar, and the poor Jew came and put his hands on its head, and confessed his sins. The lamb could not then be let loose any more. It must die in the stead of the Jew, who had sinned. It was made a curse for him. The offering was made by shedding its blood. The man went free, but the lamb died for his sins against some of the laws of Moses. So "Christ died for our sins." When John the Baptist saw Jesus coming to him, he said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," John i. 29. Christ had no spot of sin about him. He was the Priest that made the offering. He offered himself. Oh! that all would come to him, as the poor sinning Jew came to his lamb; and lay their hands on

him, and choose him for their Saviour to take away their sins. Those are sweet words of a hymn :—

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

Jesus Christ takes away the sins of old and young. If any one shall ever be saved, it must be by Christ alone. The very youngest child that goes to heaven is saved by Christ. All old people who escape hell are saved by Christ. This is the only way to be saved. Christ says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by me." He died for all our sins, and not merely for some of them. And though he was dead, he is alive again to care for us, and to plead for us before God. Oh! "the precious blood of Christ."

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

You all ought now to come to him and be saved. You cannot take away your own sins, nor can any man take them away. They are too great and too many. But Jesus can take them all away. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him." He has saved millions already.

A poor Greenlander once heard for the first time how Christ died for our sins, and he said, "If this Saviour died for me, he shall be my Saviour:" and so he became a Christian. If you hear and read of the love of Christ to us

and do not love him also, that Greenlander will rise in the judgment, and condemn you. Will not each of you say,

"Here, Lord, I give myself away:
'Tis all that I can do?"

SOPHY SUMMERS.

SOPHY SUMMERS was a lively girl, a clever girl, and a kind girl; and many a pleasant ramble have I had with her in the green fields. Oh! she was a cheerful companion!

Sophy had a pleasant way of repeating some of the sayings of an elderly lady who lived at the white cottage near the green, who often asked Sophy to spend her half holidays with her.

"Listen to me!" exclaimed Sophy, one day, when we were all together, "Listen to me! and I will tell you what I have been told.

"They that waste their time in sleep,
And never sow, will never reap.

How can they expect it? The bee must be busy among the flowers, or he will be badly off for honey; we must be busy with our books, or we shall never get wisdom; and we must be active with our needles, or we shall never get our work done. King Solomon says, 'I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.' What a frightful picture! Who would ever be slothful? The very thought is shocking. Solomon was

the wisest of men ; let us profit by what he says of the slothful man.

" We must work as well as play,
And grow wiser every day.

Indeed we must, or else we shall be very ignorant. Patient Job said, ' Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil.' And the apostle Paul said, ' I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.' There never were better men than Job and the apostle Paul, and we must try to do as they did.

" God is good on every hand,
In every clime and every land.

" Why, the shining sun, and the blue sky, and the green grass, and the trees, and fruits, and flowers seem to say the same thing, and our hearts ought to join them. King David says, ' Good and upright is the Lord ; therefore will he teach sinners in the way.' ' The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.' King David was the man after God's own heart, and his words ought to be prized by everybody. Remember all that I have said ; but, if you should forget any part, be sure that you do not forget the Scripture texts, especially the last, ' The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.' "

Having said this, Sophy Summers joined us at our play for a full hour ; but, before she left us, she made us repeat every one of the Scripture texts that had fallen from her lips. Sophy has now left the school, and gone to live at a distance ; but we remember her with affection. Oh, we did so love Sophy Summers !

THE FLOWERS.

WITHOUT the sun, nor hill nor plain
Could yield us fruit or flowers ;
Nor could they flourish, if the rain
Fell not in gentle showers.

'Tis thus within each infant heart,
No holy seed can grow ;
Till Jesus does his grace impart,
And light and warmth bestow.

INFANTS IN HEAVEN.

OH happy infants ! sav'd from sin
By Christ's redeeming grace,
Whom he has safely gather'd in
To yonder happy place.

Oh happy children ! early taught,
The Saviour's love to know,
Now to his heavenly kingdom brought,
Beyond the reach of woe.

They suffer'd but a little while
The bitter fruit of sin ;
The Saviour saw them with a smile,
And kindly call'd them in.

And he has wip'd their tears away,
And given them robes of white ;
Happy as angels now are they—
Holy, and pure, and bright.

Now with the Lord they spend on high
Their holy, happy days ;
They never sin, they cannot die,
But ever sing his praise.

Essex.

J. B.



THE WALK IN AUTUMN.

“Love one another,” John xiii. 34.

WE are told in God's holy word to love one another, and we can hardly love one another truly without trying to make each other happy, and endeavouring to help one another on the way to heaven. Young people should especially practise this precept, for love renders them doubly lovely. Oh, that is a beautiful commandment—“Love one another.”

“I know a pretty verse about autumn!” said Mary Manners, who was walking out with her two sisters. Hardly is there a prettier sight than that of happy children on a fine day in the fields; children who fear God and heartily

love one another! The clear blue sky seems to add to their peace, and the sunbeams to shine into their very hearts.

"My pretty verse is about the winds, and the trees, and the moon," said Mary; "and now I will repeat it to you:—

"The evening winds are singing,
Singing in the trees :
The ripen'd corn is waving,
Waving in the breeze :
The harvest moon is shining,
Shining in the night;
Bathing hill and valley
In floods of golden light."

"And I know a pretty verse, too," said Patty, as soon as Mary had done speaking; "and it is about autumn nights, and the falling leaf, and the setting sun. Mary's verse is pretty, but not prettier than mine."

Just as Patty said this they came to the stile, so she did not repeat her verse till they had all got over it; but no sooner were they on the other side than she spoke thus:—

"The summer sun is dying,
Dying in the year :
The autumn nights are coming,
Coming very near :
Every leaf is fading,
Fading day by day :
The broad sun sets in crimson,
And morning tints are gray."

"And, though I am last," said little Fanny, "I have a verse as well as you, and it is about the swallows and the faded leaves."

Patty and Mary, both of them, loved little Fanny very dearly; and, as there happened to be a fallen tree lying on the ground under the

hedge, they playfully helped her up, that she might stand upon it and repeat her verse. This she did in the following manner:—

"The swallows come together,
Together from the caves;
Waiting for the falling
The falling of the leaves.
Things that made the summer
Beautiful to see,
Seem to be awaiting
The time when they may flee."

Neither Mary, Patty, nor Fanny, could tell for certain which was the prettiest verse, though each rather thought the one she had repeated was a little the best. All, however, agreed that the wisest way would be to ask their mamma about it on their return home.

As they walked on, little Patty plucked two flowers, which she gave to her sisters; and they in their turn gathered some fine blackberries for Patty, from a brier which hung from the hedge that she could not reach. These little acts of love and kindness showed that they liked to make each other happy.

Nothing wonderful took place during their walk, and yet all three were very, very happy. They went out happy and they came home happy, and all because they loved one another. Oh, that is a beautiful commandment—"Love one another."

A NEW DAY.

THE stars which had been shining through the silent night had disappeared, and there was a gray streak of light along the eastern sky. A new day was dawning upon the world. Soon

a faint crimson tinged the clouds ; then a bright line of gold ; and the glorious sun arose, gleaming on lowly casements, and waking the birds from their sleep among the leaves to their morning songs of praise.

A new day had dawned upon the world. The sun rose higher and higher, streaming through curtained windows into many a quiet home. But how different were the scenes upon which it shone ! How blithely some happy hearts welcomed its gladdening rays : how sadly the the care-worn and afflicted awoke to another day of trouble ! What a contrast between the stately abode of wealth and the wretched hovel where poverty hides its head ; how unlike the dwelling wherein is heard the voice of joy and health, to the house of mourning, the chamber of sickness and of death ! Do you ever think of these things, when, rising refreshed from sleep, you give thanks to God for the mercies which are renewed to you every morning ?

A new day has now begun. Let me picture to you a few of its opening scenes. Try if you cannot gather from each some pleasant and instructive thoughts ; some lesson of thankfulness to God, or of sympathy with your fellow-creatures. You will find a blessing for your own soul, if you endeavour to obey the apostle's precept, to "rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with those that weep."

First, let us look in at the cottage of widow Maye. A wearisome night has she passed ; for pain has kept her awake, and hour after hour she has counted, by the deep tones of the old church clock. It is now for eighteen weeks that

she has been confined to that bed of suffering ; and she will never leave it again till she is carried to her last resting-place under the old yew-tree, where her husband lies, and the daughter whom she loves to talk of, who died in early youth. Widow Maye has had a life of poverty and toil. In her old age, and on her deathbed, she has few earthly comforts ; and there are no kind children or relations left to supply her wants or to grieve for her when she is gone. Yet I do not ask you to pity widow Maye : indeed, I question whether she would change her lot for yours, however healthy and happy you may be. She has one Friend who supports her in every affliction—one who will sustain her when she is called to pass through the valley of the shadow of death. Jesus is that Friend who will never fail. She has great delight in repeating to herself texts of Scripture, especially verses from the Psalms. The last time I saw her, she uttered those beautiful words, with a smile of peace and joy, "The Lord is my light and my salvation ; whom shall I fear ? The Lord is the strength of my life ; of whom shall I be afraid ?" No, I do not ask you to pity widow Maye. Soon a new day will dawn for her, when there shall be no more grief nor pain, and she shall be for evermore with Him who loved her, and washed her from her sins in his own blood. May you and I, dear reader, when we come to die, have the same good hope, through grace, which cheers the dying bed of widow Maye !

Another day has begun for the girls at Miss Morland's school. They are coming down the stairs, a merry party, whispering and laughing,

as if there were no such thing as care in the wide world. But one bright face, which was there not long ago, is missing from the group; and one sweet voice, which used to be heard in the morning hymn, will never join again in earthly songs of praise. Dear little Jane! she was a tender flower, and withered almost in a day: but from her earliest years she had shown a care for her soul, and a love for the kind Saviour, which led to the hope that God, who called to little Samuel in the temple, had spoken to her heart by his Holy Spirit, and made her meet for his heavenly kingdom. May her early and sudden death be a warning to her more careless schoolfellows; and lead them, amidst their various lessons and pursuits, to seek above all for the one thing needful—salvation through Christ, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. Will religion deprive them of their innocent gaiety, or damp their youthful spirits? Oh no! Ask those who have tried it, whether young or old, and they will say there is nothing like religion for giving joy to the heart and peace to the troubled mind. Oh that every one of this little flock, now kneeling down with their teachers to morning prayer, would ask for grace sincerely to present herself “a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God,” for the sake of his dear Son! Then would this new day be to them the beginning of a new life; and each would experience for herself the truth of that verse from one of their favourite hymns—

“As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal’d,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is reveal’d.”

The early sun shines into the miserable abode of John Atkins the gardener, and streaming full through the tattered curtains, wakes little Betsey from her sleep. Up starts the child in alarm, lest she should be too late to light the fire and get ready her father's breakfast before he sets off to work. She dresses herself hastily, and creeps down stairs : no time has she for a morning prayer ; and no thought of the great and merciful God, who has kept her safely through the dangers of the night. Poor Betsey has never heard of her Father in heaven, nor of the Saviour who died for her sins. She has been brought up by her wretched parents in ignorance of all that is good : she has never been sent to a Sunday school, nor taken to the house of God. That holy name is only known to her from her father's fearful oaths, or the careless exclamations of her mother in her idle, sinful talk. Poor Betsey ! as she sweeps up the untidy hearth, and sets out their breakfast upon the broken table, one may see that with good training something better might have been made of such an active, willing girl. If she had been taught to read the Bible, to pray for a change of heart, to hate and abhor every evil way, she might have been an example to her brothers and sisters, and a blessing to her home. But there is the surly voice of her father in the chamber above ; and the lazy mother is calling to the younger children to awake. Let us hasten from this unhappy dwelling ; but not without a prayer that God, unto whom all things are possible, would of his mercy send the light of his glorious gospel into the dark habitations of our land, and

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teach the heathens of Christian England to know and believe in Jesus, the sinner's Friend, who came into the world to seek and to save them that were lost.

I could tell you of many more upon whom the morning sun has risen—to some bringing prosperity and joy ; to others, misfortune and distress. I could tell you of the happy school-boy, awaking to birthday pleasures ; or of the weeping mother, watching the last hours of her dying babe. You might go with me in imagination to some lordly mansion, and picture the splendours of the rich and great ; or we might see the beggar by the wayside, eating his scanty morsel, and moistening it with water from the stream. But I leave you to sketch the outline and to fill it up for yourself : only seek to be guided by a heart, thankful to God for your own blessings, and filled with love and kindness towards your fellow-creatures. That you may not lose the lesson which I am desirous to give you, pray that when God sees fit to send you sickness or suffering, you may bear affliction like widow Maye. Remember that life is uncertain, even for the youngest, and seek for pardon of your sins through the blood of Christ, that you may be ready, if, like little Jane, you are suddenly called away. And when you see a poor ignorant child such as Betsey Atkins, pity and pray for her ; and let the thought of your own greater advantages remind you of your greater responsibility, since to "whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required."

P. Q.



CONFESS YOUR FAULTS.

(Translated from the French.)

MARIANNE and her brother Charles, who is younger than herself, lived with their grandmother in a cottage. Charles, though a little boy, used to go out early in the morning to attend to the cows and sheep of a farmer. But he had been taught to make the best use of his time, for when he was in the fields he always had a good book in his pocket, and he would often read a few pages from it.

Marianne had taught Charles to read some verses from his Testament to her; and, those they could not understand, their grandmother tried to explain to them, and every day a short portion was thus read. Charles knew how to do many useful things. He sought

out a particular sort of grass for the cows, and he could make nets and baskets for sale.

The pious grandmother had one subject of anxious thought, namely, the bad examples of almost all the other boys and girls in the village; for she dreaded lest the habits of sabbath-breaking and ungodliness, which were common among her neighbours, should be learned by the little ones under her care. There was a little boy who lived near, and who was ready to lead Charles astray. This child was named Philip. He also had early lost his mother; and, as his father was out at work all day, he was left far too much by himself. He spent his time in birds'-nesting, or other idle amusements; and often answered falsely when he was asked where he had been.

Charles's grandmother did not know of all his faults, but she saw that he was idle, and she knew that "Satan finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do." She therefore advised Charles to keep out of the way of Philip, though he was in many respects an amusing companion. One fine day, when she had sent her grandson to carry a basket of ripe cherries to a friend at some distance, as he was returning, Charles met Philip dressed in his best clothes, who said he was going to the fair, and asked his little neighbour to walk with him.

Charles at first hesitated, then said that he could not go; but at last he consented to go a little way. They soon reached the fair, and Charles was so astonished with all that he saw in it that for some minutes he quite forgot how he came there. Presently he said, "Let us go now, for my grandmother will want me."

Philip said, "I am in no hurry; you can go by yourself if you are afraid of being whipped."

"I have never been whipped yet," said Charles; "I am not afraid of that. I am only afraid of vexing my grandmother, who is so kind."

"I have no doubt I shall be scolded when I go home at night," said Philip, "for having been out all day; but I mean to have my pleasure first."

"And must I stay till night?" thought Charles; "what can I say for myself?" He knew that he must not attempt to hide his disobedience by a lie; for his grandmother had early showed him the wickedness of falsehood, and that all liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. He resolved to go home at once; but he did not feel happy: yet he was not called to an account for his absence. As soon as he had answered a few questions about the basket of cherries, his grandmother, being busy with other things, took no more notice of him. Yet there was something that still hung heavy upon Charles's mind. The word of God declares, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

In the evening, it was observed that Charles seemed more silent than usual; and when the time came for family prayer, and it was his turn to read, he coloured, and looked confused as he began the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, of which the first words are these: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right."

If he had told his grandmother the whole truth about his yielding to temptation, he would have felt at once easy and happy; but he did not. When he knelt down he was not willing to pour out his heart in prayer, but he just repeated the words he had been accustomed to use, and then went to bed, though he could not sleep soundly. He awoke early, got his breakfast, and ran off to the cows, as it was his custom to do; not sorry that he was able to get out of the way of his best friends. He had a sad morning, for he had changed ten times from one employment to another, without being able to settle to any thing. When dinner time came he found his sister working in the garden, and she said to him, "I have heard bad news of Philip. He went yesterday to the fair, and got fighting with some other boys, and has been very much hurt. Grandmother says she pities his father for having so undutiful a child, and she is thankful that she can trust you to obey her rules when you are out of her sight." This was too much for Charles, he burst into tears. His sister mistook the cause of his grief, and she went on, "Do not be frightened. The doctor says Philip is not in any great danger." Charles sobbed still more, and then, sitting down on a bench under the old walnut tree, he told his sister what he had done the day before, and how he had been tempted to follow the example of Philip.

Marianne advised him at once to tell this to his grandmother, who was preparing their dinner. She gently reproved Charles; not only for his disobedience, but also for his con-

cealing it from her. She urged him also to confess it to God, and reminded him of the two texts which he had learned for his Sunday-school teacher; "There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared." "If we confess our faults, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "Always remember," she added, "that when you have done amiss, the only way to find peace is to open your heart to God, and to seek mercy from him for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save that which was lost." E. S.

MISSIONARY MIRROR.

ENGLAND DESCRIBED BY A SAMOAN CHIEF.

MAMOE, a chief of Samoa, came to this country in a missionary ship. After he had been in England some time he went back to his own land. A missionary at Samoa has sent home a speech which Mamoe made to the people about the things which he had seen in England. A part of this speech will please our readers.

"Listen to me! Look at me!" he said. "I have been to the end of the world, as you have just been told. I will tell you what I have seen." Pointing to a mountain, he said, "Look at that mountain! It was like that digged through to Safata.* The fire-ship† (I do not know what to call it) flew through to the other side like lightning. I walked under the sea, and under the ships!‡ I walked in the belly

* A village on the opposite side of the mountain.

† A train of carriages on a railway.

‡ In the Thames Tunnel.

of the earth! I saw men in the coal-pits working with lights; for we could not see the sun, although it was day. I was afraid it would fall, and bury us all. No leaves are lying about. All is clean and even in Britain. *There* are people and things from all countries. What is the use of my description?—I saw something in the form of a bladder,* and as big as a house, go up to the sky. I watched, and expected to see it fall; but it still went up, and up, and up. All things are brought under subjection by the Britons—fire and water, iron and stones."

"I cannot," writes Mr. Buchanan, the missionary, "follow him in his graphic description of the wax-work exhibition (Madame Tussaud's). It was necessary to see, in order to understand him. His eyes, hands, and expressive looks, spoke more plainly than his words, which were principally exclamations about their beauty, and their all but talking and shaking hands with him: an account which set the whole company in a roar of laughter. He then described the Blind Asylum and the Deaf and Dumb School:—'*There,*' he said, '*I saw the blind read, and the dumb speak with their fingers.*' His next subject was the hospital, and the cutting off of a limb *there*. '*You,*' he said, '*cry out that you are dying, if you have but the spasms; but there it appears to be only a small matter to take off arms and legs.*' He then tried to describe what he had seen in the Polytechnic Institution; and expressed his wonder to see gas and water conveyed into houses in pipes. 'Turn

* A balloon.

a cock,' he said, 'and the lights all *live*, and burn brightly! Turn a cock, and the lights are instantly *dead*, and the place is in darkness! Turn a cock, in comes *cold* water into the bath! Turn a cock, and in comes *hot* water!' He told them, that, when he went to see the Egyptian mummies, he said, 'Let us go away, lest I die with fear; for I wish to take some account back to Samoa.' After this, he described a review, in which he had seen the queen, prince Albert, and the duke of Wellington. Then he told them of a visit to a cotton manufactory; but added, that it was too difficult for him to explain the methods of spinning and weaving. An iron foundry was his next subject. He described the furnace, the great bellows, the scissors which 'cut iron as men cut hair;' and the melted metal, which flowed out like water. Observing the wonder of the people, he added, 'What I say is true. God and the missionaries know that what I have told you is true.' He then described a court of justice. 'The prisoner,' said he, 'could not look at the judge with open eyes. He was as pale as death, yet he answered the judge wisely. Witnesses were called, who proved that he was the man. He was condemned, fined, and sent to prison till he paid.'

"After describing St. Paul's Cathedral, and the statues there; cricketers at play; some stones brought from the River Jordan; and a chair which belonged to Bonaparte; he sketched his voyage back to his own country—his visit to the Cape of Good Hope and Hobart Town, where he said there were many friends, and

very kind. He concluded by a sentence which the natives often use when speaking to foreigners, but which *he* used in a very different sense, and ironically—meaning to express a thought the very opposite of that which *they* expressed by the same words: ‘*Talofa, Samoa!*’ ‘*Very good, Samoa! Very good, Samoa!*’ and then sat down, amidst a loud burst of applause from the multitude, who had heard with delight his wonderful stories.”

THE MEEK.

A missionary, in Jamaica, was questioning the little black boys on Matt. v., and asked, “Who are the meek?” A boy answered, “Those who give soft answers to rough questions.” This agrees with what Solomon says: “A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.”

A ROSY CHILD WENT FORTH TO PLAY.

A ROSY child went forth to play,
In the first flush of hope and pride,
Where sands in silver beauty lay,
Made smooth by the retreating tide;
And, kneeling on the trackless waste,
Whence ebb'd the waters many a mile,
He rais'd in hot and trembling haste,
Arch, wall, and tower—a goodly pile.

But when the shades of evening fell,
Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,
The tolling of the distant bell
Call'd the boy-builder home to sleep;

He passed a long and restless night,
Dreaming of structures tall and fair;—
He came with the returning light,
And lo, the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than that unthinking child,
Are all that breathe of mortal birth,
Who grasp with strivings, warm and wild,
The false and fading toys of earth.
Gold, learning, glory—what are they
Without the faith that looks on high?
The sand forts of a child at play,
Which are not when the wave goes by.



BIBLE PICTURES;
OR, OLD TESTAMENT SCENES.

ELIJAH'S PRAYER.

CHILDREN, if you could have such weather as
you like best, would it ever rain? I think not;

for you only care about the weather when you are wishing to go out. But, oh ! remember what a mercy it is that God sends seasonable showers, and what a judgment a constant drought would be. Then you will feel how good the Lord is, in giving both rain and sunshine ; which, though they sometimes interrupt your pleasures, yet ripen the fruits of the earth in their season. The history of Elijah will make this lesson more plain to you :

Ten of the tribes of Israel had rebelled against the kings of Judah. Their new king, Jeroboam, fearful lest the people should forsake him if they went to worship at Jerusalem, set up another worship, which was a sort of imitation of that which God had appointed. He made two golden calves, which he intended to be images or representations of the true God ; but this idolatry made way for what was still more openly sinful. The following kings imitated Jeroboam, or went on from bad to worse :—Ahab, the son of Omri, was one of the most guilty. He married Jezebel, a heathen princess, from Sidon, and set up the worship of Baal ; an idol, in honour of which temples were built throughout the land. See how easy is the downward road. You will soon find people ask you to go with them to this evil company or place ; but you must turn to the Bible as your guide, and not follow the multitude to do evil.

In the reign of Ahab, God sent his servant, the prophet Elijah, to tell the king that there should be no rain. The grass withered, and everything was burned up, under the heat of a cloudless sky. Elijah was hid, near the brook

Cherith. Here God sent the ravens to feed him. Oh! how earnestly the people of Israel longed for a single shower. At length, after three years, God sent Elijah again to Ahab; and, in 1 Kings, chap. xviii., you may read what passed between them.

The prophets of Baal are kneeling at some distance, around their altar, praying to Baal, as Elijah had proposed they should do. Their sacrifice is ready, and they are asking for fire by which it might be consumed. But Baal does not hear them. They resume their prayers, and still Baal hears not. They pray from morning until noon; and Elijah asks whether their god is sleeping, or on a journey, or otherwise engaged. And the senseless idolaters still continue to cry aloud, "O Baal, hear us!" They take knives and cut themselves, in the hope to please their idol; for it seems that these poor ignorant heathens really thought Baal was a god.

At last, they are weary of crying, and become silent. It is evening. Elijah builds an altar, and stands beside it: he lays on it wood, and a slain bullock; and, to show that there was no fire concealed, not even a single spark, he causes the people three times to pour water on the altar, the sacrifice, and the wood. Now the preparations are ended. Elijah makes no long prayers, no vain repetitions; but simply says, "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, let it be known this day that I am thy servant, and have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again." The flame

descends, and burns up the sacrifice ; the people fall on their faces, and confess that the Lord is God.

The prophets of Baal are taken, and ordered to be put to death. Their sincerity is no excuse for their following a false religion. Elijah went up, after his sacrifice, to pray on the top of Mount Carmel ; and he sent his servant to look toward the sea. Again and again the man went ; and the seventh time he saw a little cloud rising, which quickly spread ; and then heavy rain fell, and the thirsty earth received it, and again brought forth fruit. You will perhaps think that Ahab, and his wife and subjects, would now repent ; but they did not. They sought to kill Elijah ; and God afterwards saw fit to punish them openly. My children, the will of God is made known to you : do not you turn from it, or you will be more guilty than the idolaters of former days, and your condemnation will be greater.

MORGAN JONES ;

OR, HOW TO BE USEFUL.

MORGAN JONES was a country boy of a willing disposition. To do any one a good turn was a pleasure to him ; for a kinder-hearted lad was not to be found. His parents being poor, and his health bad, he received only a little education.

It had so happened that Morgan's uncle Andrew was in London in the month of May, and this afforded him an opportunity of attend-

ing several of the public meetings at Exeter Hall. Great was Morgan Jones's delight in listening, on the return of his uncle, to the account of what he had heard and seen.

When Morgan had listened for some time to his uncle's narrative of the different languages into which the Bible had been translated; of the millions of religious tracts which had been scattered through all lands; of the good that had been done by missionaries in distant climes among the ignorant heathen; and of the means which had been taken to prevent cruelty to poor dumb animals, he felt a growing desire to do something, however little it might be, in the cause of piety and humanity. There was, however, this difficulty in the way—he had formed the mistaken notion that some amount of learning, riches, talent, books, and leisure-time were necessary to enable any one to do good; and greatly was he surprised when his uncle advised him to become a friend and promoter of all the societies he had mentioned. The following is the conversation which took place between them:—

“You have listened, Morgan, very attentively to my account of some of the societies; and I hope that you will make up your mind from this time forward to support them.”

“I wish I could, uncle. If I had riches, nobody should give more than I would; but how can I do good, when you know that I have no money?”

“Oh, you may do very well without money.”

“Can I? That appears very strange. I thought that every body who helped the

societies gave them money. And then I have no learning."

"Oh, you may do much without learning."

"If I could do any thing I would. Only tell me how to begin: I have no talent."

"Oh, you may do much without talent."

"Why, you seem to think that I can help them without any thing. I cannot give them books."

"Oh, you may do much without books."

"You do surprise me. Those that help the societies must bestir themselves, and go about for them; and I have no spare time."

"Oh, you may do much without a good deal of spare time."

"I never heard of such a thing! Why, uncle, do you know what you have said? You make it out that I can do good to the societies without having much money, learning, talent, books, or spare time; what can you mean?"

"I will tell you. There is no doubt that those who have spare time, books, talent, learning, and money, may do more good than others; but that is no reason at all why you should not do as much good as you can. Listen to me; while I try to make it plain to you, that it is in your power to support all the societies that I have mentioned."

"Do, please, tell me; and I will begin directly."

"Though you are not rich enough to subscribe to the Bible Society, and have no Bible to give away: though you are not learned enough to translate it into a foreign language; eloquent enough to plead for it at a public meeting; nor have time at your disposal to go

about in its service : yet this you may do—you may, seeking help from above, so recommend the Bible, by reading it, loving it, obeying it, and living a life in agreement with it, that others may be led to follow your example. Do this, and you will be a good friend and supporter of the Bible Society."

"Thank you, uncle. I do really see, now, that the poorest person in the world may do good."

"Religious tracts are now very cheap ; but, if you have neither tracts, nor money to buy them, the best way will be to look upon yourself as a tract—praying for Divine grace that no one may see, or find in you, from day to day, any other than Christian qualities ; such as uprightness, diligence, kindness, love, peace, faith, hope, and charity. Do this, and you will be doing what tracts are intended to do. You will be setting forth the beauty of piety, and will thus become a real friend and promoter of the Religious Tract Society."

"You make it quite plain to me, uncle. I never saw things in this light before."

"Again, with regard to cruelty to animals, only make up your mind never to be cruel yourself to any creature, great or small ; and never to see another act cruelly without endeavouring to convince him of his error ; and you will both act kindly to the brute creation, and also prove yourself to be a true friend to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"I will try my very best to do all that you say. But tell me how I can help missionary societies."

"By becoming a missionary yourself, though in a very humble way. If you cannot go abroad, you may be useful at home. If you cannot go through all England, be content to remain where you are in your own neighbourhood. Whenever you meet with any one less informed than yourself, try to render him wiser by telling him something useful that he does not know. And, should you fall in with one who appears to be ignorant that all have sinned, and that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour—young as you are, you may venture to make it known to him in a very humble, kind-hearted way; and then you will, in reality, be lending a helping hand to missionary societies."

"Thank you, uncle. You have shown me how to be useful in a way that I shall not forget."

"We are all of us too apt, Morgan, to think of the great things we would do, if we occupied the station of others; instead of doing the best we can in our own. Every one, who has a willing mind, and who looks up to his heavenly Father for a blessing on his endeavours, may do good in a hundred ways, and be a helper in the cause of benevolence and piety. Surely you can pray for these Societies, and thus help all their operations. Look out for opportunities of being useful, and you will be sure to find them. Be humble; but be also active and in earnest, bearing in mind the words of the poet,

"Though thou hast neither talent, skill,
Nor learning's golden store;
Yet do thy best with right good will:
The wisest does no more."



THE MONTHS.

SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER is the ninth month of the year : it was formerly reckoned as the seventh. It derives its name from the Latin word *septem*, signifying *seven*. Our Saxon forefathers called it barley-month; because that kind of grain was reaped at this season.

This is the time for fruits. It is true, the strawberry, the currant, and other kinds are not now seen; but then we have the apple-trees bending beneath their loads, and pears in almost equal profusion. The peach, plum, grape, apricot, damson, greengage, and many

others, at this season enrich the trees in the open orchard, or adorn the walls.

Now the farmer is busy, finishing his harvest. Another pleasant sight is the long tendrils and golden bosses of the hops, which hang down from the high poles, forming all over the field beautiful arches and bowers. At the farm-yard they are preparing seed for sowing, while the sound of the heavy flail is heard in the barn.

The gardener is engaged in transplanting, sowing for winter crops, and pruning. The ploughman is at work, preparing the earth for fresh seed, to spring up in due season, according to the appointment of God. The bee is still abroad, hovering round the flowers which now blossom, laying up its stores of sweet honey.

The notes of the redbreast and wren are again heard as autumn draws on; and nightingales and chimney-swallows prepare to wing their way to a warmer clime.

In the evening of the day the gleaners may be seen going home at night, with a bundle of wheat on the head and one under each arm. The rule is, not to glean among the sheaves; and it was much the same as it is now, as we are told by the Bible, three thousand years ago, even before David was made king of Israel. Ruth, the daughter-in-law of Naomi, was allowed by Boaz to glean in the fields, among the sheaves, as a special favour. These are the words: "And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not: and let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them,

that she may glean them, and rebuke her not. So she gleaned in the field until even," Ruth ii. 15—17.

May we learn to have pity on the poor, and kindly supply them out of our plenty; and may we never forget how much we owe to God for all his kindness to us.

BE DILIGENT.

PERSISTENCE means diligence and patience in conquering any difficulties. A Sunday-school superintendent in Wales gives an instance of it in the conduct of two of his scholars, Jane and Ann Whicher, girls aged twelve and thirteen. They had a feeble afflicted mother, whom they supported by their labour, in plaiting straw. One day their teacher directed them to seek for Scripture texts, to prove that God hears and answers prayer. They had been taught to put marks in their Bibles, opposite to the places in which their texts were found; and the number of these marks, on the following Sunday when they appeared at school, greatly surprised and pleased their teacher. "Oh, sir," said the youngest, "we searched from Genesis to Revelation." "How can you find time, when your work keeps you fully occupied?"—"Why, sir, we keep our Bibles open, and look at our work, and then at the Bible." The teacher found this to be true when he visited them at home; and their mother described them as great comforts to her. Those who sincerely wish to improve will be sure to find the way to do so.

Mrs. Grant, of Scotland, who was well known as a sensible and clever woman, spent her early life in a part of America, where she had very few books to read; but those which she had were studied over and over again. A friend gave her a copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and she greatly admired the pictures in it, but found the reading too hard for her to understand. She said to herself, "I shall be wiser next year." When little Ann (for that was her name) was left by herself in the evening, she tried to read this book, always looking out in the dictionary for every word that was new to her, and taking care to go no further than she understood. If any of her older friends kindly noticed her, she used to ask them to explain to her some sentence or line in the poem; and thus she got on, and found great delight in the contents. Reading was her chief pleasure. She had neither companions nor amusements at that time. But, afterwards, she found herself much better able to understand and enjoy the conversation of sensible people. Thus, industry and pains-taking always bring their own reward. Still, if we wish really to succeed, we must pray to God to bless our endeavours; for he has said, that "except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."

H. M.

THE SPARROWS.

"Ye are of more value than many sparrows," Luke xii. 7.

THE birds, here called sparrows, were quite small, and were sold in the market at Jerusalem. People ate them.

Little children are worth more than many sparrows. You are worth more than the birds, not because God made you, and did not make them ; for the same God that made little birds also gave life to little boys and little girls.

Nor are you worth more than they because you are larger. Your worth does not depend upon your size ; and if they were as large as a camel, you would still be worth more than many of them.

Nor are you worth more than the little birds because you wear better clothes ; for your clothes are not so pretty as theirs. Even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like the humming-bird, the peacock, or the bird of paradise.

Nor are you worth more than they because you can sing more sweetly than they can ; for the notes of some of them are sweet indeed.

Nor are you worth more than they because you live in this world longer. Many little children die sooner than the humming-birds ; and the eagle lives to be more than a hundred years old.

Do you ask why you are worth more than many sparrows ? Attend, and you shall learn.

1. You can know God, and the birds and beasts cannot know him. You now know something of God. You ought to read, and ask questions, and pray God to teach you to know more of him. To know God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, is life eternal. No knowledge is so good, so pure, or so useful, as the knowledge of God.

2. You can love God, and the birds and beasts cannot. How can they love him, if they

cannot know him? You ought "to love him with all your heart, and soul, and strength, and mind." "God is love;" and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God. He that "loveth is born of God." He that loves God keeps God's law; "for love is the fulfilling of the law."

3. You can fear God, but the birds and beasts cannot. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." A child, that in his heart fears God all the day long, will never want any good thing. If his father and mother forsake him, the Lord will take him up. If he is sick, God will watch over him, "and make all his bed in his sickness."

4. You can praise God in a way the birds and beasts cannot. You can praise him in your heart. They cannot love and heartily praise him. You can praise him as the angels in heaven do. You ought to praise him, for he is so good, and wise, and holy, and just, and true, and kind, and merciful. He has been very good to you. When any one gives you an apple, or an orange, or a cup of cold water, you say, "I thank you." God has given you all things richly to enjoy. God is much honoured when little children sincerely thank and praise him. The little birds cannot say as you may all say :

"I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures."

5. You can be like God, and the birds and

beasts cannot. If you would be like him, you must be born again and have new hearts. I do not mean that you can be like him in all things; but I mean you can be like him in goodness, in truth, in love, and mercy.

6. And if you are like him, you shall be with him when you die. But the birds and beasts go down to the dust, and there is no more of them. It is a great thing to be with God, to see his glory, and to serve him day and night. And if you do not go to God when you die, you will go to hell.

7. You are worth more than the birds and beasts, because they live only a few years, and you will live as long as God exists—even for ever and ever.

8. You are of more value than the sparrows, because Jesus Christ came into the world to save you; and he now loves you, and would have you to dwell with him in heaven. If you had not been of more value than all the fowls of the air, he would not have shed his precious blood to take away your sins.

Learn, then, to trust God who cares for you, and believe in his Son who is the Saviour of the world.

THE DYING CHILD TO HER MOTHER.

“DEAR mother, sit beside my bed,
Gently my pillow raise,
The curtain draw aside, that I
May on your features gaze:
While yet I objects dear can view,
My mother, let me look on *you*.

“ Mother—I do not fear to die,
 I trust in Jesus’ blood,
 ‘ I know in whom I have believed,’
 An ever faithful God,
 Who will those little ones receive,
 That in his promises believe.

“ Oh speak to little Catherine,
 When I am dead, and say,
 Emma’s last words to her were these,
 ‘ Seek God without delay ;
 A dying bed is not the place
 To LEARN to seek the God of grace.’

“ Tell her to read that pretty hymn,
 You know I dearly prize,
 ‘ When I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies :’
 Tell her I read my title clear,
 And know my final home is *there*.

“ Go to my teacher, mother dear,
 My Holy Bible take,
 And ask her to receive the gift,
 And keep it for my sake :
 She taught me how to find the road
 That leads a little child to God.

“ And now, dear mother, *cease* to weep,
 And brother, *cease* to sigh ;
 I love my Saviour, and he says,
 ‘ Fear not, for I am nigh.’ ”—

And truly he *was* with her then ;
 She smiled, but never spoke again.

L. M. THORNTON.



THE BOILING SPRING.

"WHERE have you been, Robert, to get such a colour in your cheeks? They are almost as red as a cherry."

"I have had such a run, uncle! All the way from Painter's Barn, at the top of the hill, without stopping. About an hour ago, when I was not so hot as I am now, I had a drink at the spring in the sandy lane; but, just as I lifted up my head, I saw a frog at the bottom

of the spring, while another leaped into it from the side, and then I wished that I had not tasted the water."

"Oh! The frogs will neither hurt you nor the spring. Water was not made for our benefit alone, but for the good of innumerable creatures. Frogs, and other creatures, are found in fountains and pools: alligators abound in rivers and lakes of hot countries; and in the sea are innumerable dolphins, seals, sharks, walruses, and whales. The goodness of our heavenly Father extends to all the creatures he has made.

Wherever living things abound
The goodness of the Lord is found."

"I stopped at the spring to see the water bubble up from the bottom, as if it were boiling; and yet it was almost as cold as ice."

"You have never seen a boiling spring yet, Robert, and perhaps never may; but a friend that I spent an hour with yesterday has seen many."

"What! really boiling? Was the water hot?"

"Yes; as hot as it is in the kettle, when you drink your tea. Could you put your finger into one of these springs, you would not wait to be told to take it out again."

"How hot the sun must be, to make the water under ground boil!"

"Not so, Robert; for the boiling springs that my friend saw were in Iceland, where the sun has but little power. The ground, at the time, was covered with snow.

The wind was keen, the country drear;
And ice and snow were everywhere."

"But, if the sun had so little power, what could make the water boil?"

"Let me answer your question by asking you another. What is it that makes the water in the kettle to boil? The sun does not shine upon it."

"No, uncle; but there is a fire under the kettle, and there can be no fire under the boiling spring."

"There you are wrong again; but perhaps I had better give you a short account of these boiling springs, and then you will be able to think of them more correctly than you can now."

"Thank you, uncle; that will be the very thing. I cannot make out, however, how snow, and ice, and boiling water can be found all together."

"In many cold countries there are volcanic fires slumbering in the earth, and this is the case in Iceland. You have heard of Etna and Vesuvius; those burning mountains which, on account of the fires and the heated vapours beneath them, cast up stones, and ashes, and molten minerals, and overflow with boiling lava. The water in the boiling springs of Iceland is heated in the same way, and is forced out of the ground through narrow holes by the hot vapour, which rises up just as you have seen the steam rise from a boiling tea kettle or a steam engine."

"I begin to understand it now."

"These boiling springs abound on the coast of Iceland; but the most remarkable of these are called the 'Geysers,' on account of the height and force with which the water is

thrown. 'Geyser' is an Icelandic word, meaning 'fiery.'

"How high does the water spout up into the air?"

"I will tell you. The Great Geyser rises from a pipe, or narrow opening, in the middle of a large basin, situated on the top of a flinty mound. Every two or three hours this fountain of hot water plays; but about once in thirty hours a hollow rumbling is heard, and the ground shakes violently with thundering explosions: the great eruption, which lasts about ten minutes, then takes place, and suddenly a vast body of boiling water, accompanied with thick vapour, spouts up into the air, eighty or ninety feet high—and that is two or three times the height of this house."

"How I should like to see the Great Geyser!"

"No doubt you would, Robert; for the flinty basin, with its edges ornamented with groups of crystals resembling cauliflowers, the thick cloud of vapour, the high column of boiling water shooting upwards in innumerable rays, spreading out like a pine tree, and falling in fine rain, together with the sterile scenery around, and the lesser Geysers, form a picture not to be witnessed in any other part of the world."

"I am so glad that I mentioned the spring in the sandy lane; for, otherwise, I might have heard nothing about the great boiling spring in Iceland."

"The stones, which are sometimes cast into the Geysers by those who go to see them, are thrown a great height into the air. The

smaller springs play higher than the great one, though they do not throw up so much water.

The hot stream issues from the frozen ground,
And falls in feathery lightness all around."

"I am afraid, with all the beauty of their boiling spring, the people of Iceland are badly off in so cold and dreary a country."

"The greater part of them certainly dwell in miserable huts, and have many privations, which they bear very patiently; but Iceland is not perhaps so extremely desolate as you may imagine. They cannot grow corn there, and gather it in, ruddy and ripe, as we do in England: but they have black cattle, sheep, goats, small horses, and rein-deer; and the people catch abundance of fish for food, to say nothing of the seals, sharks, and whales they kill for the oil they contain. Years ago the people were in great need of Bibles; but an Icelandic Bible Society was formed, and the Holy Scriptures are spread through the land. You see, then, that they have not only their boiling springs, but that the living fountain spoken of in Holy Scripture, whereby a sinner may be cleansed from his sins, is open to them. The Bible sets before them Him whom to know is eternal life, even Jesus Christ, who died for sinners on the cross, so that—

Where Iceland spreads its drear domains
The Lord in love and mercy reigns."

"Thank you, uncle, for your account. I shall never again go by the spring in the sandy lane without thinking of the boiling spring, the Great Geyser of Iceland."

BIBLE PICTURES ;
OR, OLD TESTAMENT SCENES.

THE YOUNG MOCKERS.

It is very sinful to laugh at others on account of their distresses. Why should children think themselves better than others, because they have two good arms and legs, bright eyes, and a ready tongue? Who gave them these gifts? and who has deprived others of them? Was it not God? He that mocketh the afflicted reproacheth his Maker; and he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished.

The prophet Elisha was once going up a hill, not far from Jericho. Probably he was not able to get on very fast; for he seems not to have been a young man—he had already lost his hair. He stopped now and then, to rest himself and look back. A party of young lads, who had left their homes to enjoy the fresh air, passed Elisha on his way. They were young and strong, and were going down hill, and began to cry out, "Go up, thou bald-head; go up, thou bald-head." Thus, it seems, reflecting on the God who raised Elijah to heaven, as well as abusing his servant Elisha. He was silent for some time; but afterwards he looked back at them gravely, as if to reprove them. Still they went on; and then he cursed them in the name of the Lord. Perhaps they ran away laughing, and thought themselves safe out of his way; when suddenly two fierce bears ran among them, out of a neighbouring wood. This soon stopped their foolish talking and mocking. They

might attempt to climb up into the trees; but their fear left them no strength, and the two ravenous bears did not lose a moment. They rushed upon their prey, to the right hand and the left. Their large paws soon crushed the weak limbs of the wicked youths; and forty-two dead bodies lay stretched upon the soil, where, not long before, their voices had joined in impious mockery. Why did they not laugh at the bears as they had ridiculed the prophet? Were not the bears strange, uncouth-looking creatures? What should you have thought if Elisha had mocked the children, and said, "Do not be afraid of the bears; they only want to embrace you?" You would have said it was unkind to mock the poor young children. And was it kind for them to mock at an elderly man—a prophet, and a servant of God? Assuredly not. Do unto others as you would like them to do unto yourselves. Above all, fear God; and remember, that for every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account at the day of judgment.

When you see a poor pious man, think of the prophet Elisha; or, if you see a blind man, think of Isaac, and of Milton the learned English poet, and many other good and famous men who have been blind. And when you meet with others who are still more feeble and helpless, remember how the poor paralytic believed in Jesus, and found his sins forgiven. Think how the lame man was cured by Peter and John, and praised God in the temple. Jesus did not mock at those who were afflicted; he pitied and relieved them: and, if you follow him, you will learn to feel for all who

are in affliction, and seek to soothe their wants, rather than to expose them.



RAGGED SCHOOLS.—No. IV.

OPENING OF A RAGGED SCHOOL.

THERE was a time when almost the only thing that was done with a wicked ragged boy was to call a policeman, or a constable, and carry him away to prison. An effort is now made to make him honest and holy in another and a far better way; that is, by teaching him in the ragged school.

A ragged school was lately opened in George Street, London. This street is in the middle of a very crowded and wicked people. Few, there, go to worship God. Out of thirty-five

shops in one street, thirty are open for business on the sabbath day; and, out of fifty families, only six persons go to the house of prayer. As a proof of the sad character of this neighbourhood, eleven boys were, in seven months, transported beyond the seas, and a very large number convicted and sent to prison besides. To lessen, if it be possible in some degree, this mass of evil, a school was built and opened; a previous meeting having been held, at which the Right Hon. Lord Ashley, chairman of the "London Ragged School Union," presided, and at which several addresses were made to the inhabitants, who crowded to listen. The school was to open on the next Sunday evening. "I shall never forget," says a friend, "that evening. At six o'clock I went to witness, and, if needful, to assist in the work. There was no sign of a school opening. I found, from a boy or two playing about, that half-past six was the time. I walked round the streets, and was grieved to see the idleness, wickedness, and neglect of the sabbath that prevailed. The bell of the church close by was ringing, but the people were busy about others matters—some buying in shops, some drinking; the loud laugh and rude jest sounded in the ear of every passer-by. In one shop a man was being shaved, while three or four others waited their turn—a Sunday paper being read by one to amuse the others.

"Although a cold and wintry evening, crowds of idle boys were seen. I spoke to some in a friendly way, and invited them to come to the 'new school.' Some said they would go; others said they liked the streets better.

About twenty promised to come in half-an-hour, when they had had their game out. Well, at half-past six our gas was lit up—a policeman stationed at the door—a goodly number of teachers, both male and female, assembled—and all ready except the children. By this time some thirty or forty boys were waiting to get in. Our superintendent placed every teacher at his post, and then we admitted our rough and ready pupils, one by one. Every one was asked if he went to any other school, and none admitted who answered, yes. They were mostly from twelve to fourteen years old, though some were as old as sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen; most of them quick, shrewd, lively lads; and some well known to the man at the door as thieves. *One* was pointed out to me as a step beyond that in vice—namely, a teacher, a trainer, and lodger of juvenile thieves. In all, eighty-six boys, and about thirty girls came. Came, one may say, for what? It would be hard to say—some from curiosity, some from mere pastime, some for the comfort that the light and warmth of the school afforded; many, I doubt not, as they said when they entered, to have a bit of fun! A hymn was sung—

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;

and a prayer offered, and all continued quiet and attentive. The teachers, some with simple books of A, B, C, for those who could not read, (about one half the number,) and Bibles for others who could, began their work, and went on for an hour. For that evening, at-

tention and order were maintained, teachers having only six or seven children each; and when a gentleman connected with the Ragged School Union addressed them for about a quarter of an hour, every one quietly listened, and I trust some minds were impressed that never heard such truths before. A hymn was then sung, the Lord's prayer offered, and all quietly dismissed—every one being kindly invited to come again, and names taken down by each teacher before his class went away.

"Our hearts were full of thanksgiving. We united in singing a song of praise to 'God, from whom all blessings flow,' and in thanking him for his goodness to us in our new 'ragged school.'"

THE JACKDAW'S NEST.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman, who was ill, was spending a part of one summer, for the benefit of his health, at a town on the sea-side. He tells us a little tale of what happened while he was there; as follows:—

One fine summer's evening, as I was sitting on my camp-stool, not far from the sea, enjoying the fresh breeze, I heard some boys who were very near me talking together. "Well, Tom," said one, "have you made up your mind about going with us to-morrow?"

"Hush! she will hear you, Dick," said the little boy to whom he spoke; and he drew close to the speaker, and pointed sideways to a little girl who was amusing herself in picking up stones. She was much younger than he was, and seemed to be his sister.

"Well, then," said the other, in a low voice, "do you mean to join us? There will be one or two boys with us, who have said that they will bring ropes and stakes; and I should think we shall have some good fun."

"Why, I don't know," said Tom; and he stopped a little. "I am afraid my mother will hear of it."

"Nonsense!" said the elder boy. "How is she to know anything about it?"

"I cannot say; but I do not much want to come. I think—it is dangerous."

"Ah, ah, ah! Well, Tom, I thought you were a little bit more of a man."

Tom turned away his head to hide a blush of shame at being thought a coward. "No, I am not afraid," he said; "and, if you like, I *will* come."

"Well done, Tom," said Dick. "I am very glad you do not mean to lose some good sport; and, if you like, I will call for you to-morrow, when you come out of school."

"Very well; I shall be ready, Dick."

"That is right; but I must be off."

As he said this, he went off one way, and the other boy, with his sister, went home by another.

When the children had left, I began to wonder what their plan might be. I saw it was one Tom did not like, and which he felt very far from willing to agree to; and I said to myself, "I fear that boy, Dick, is going to draw the other into trouble." Alas! alas! how soon did he lead Tom to think little of his mother's displeasure, and of the danger into which he was going.

If Tom had but thought, "Thou God seest me," would he not have feared to disobey his mother? For God has said, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right."

The next morning I took a walk on the cliff at the east end of the town. I saw, some little way off, a great many boys, who, every now and then, laughed very loudly. I walked to the spot where they were: but think of my surprise when I say what I saw. Every one knows that to take rooks' nests at the top of tall forest trees is a sport full of danger; but these children were taking the nests of jackdaws, built some little way down the rocky cliff. I will tell you how, though I shudder at the thought. A very thick stake is driven into the ground, to which is fastened a strong piece of rope, which a silly boy is so mad as to take hold of, letting himself down by degrees till he comes to a bank of earth, where he fancies he may, without risk, look among the holes for jackdaws' nests. You may suppose the noise the poor parent birds make during this cruel and daring sport. Many of them flew about on all sides—some towards the sea; then they swept round again by the rocks; and all the while they made a constant cawing; and this it was which made the boys laugh so rudely. I looked among them, and at once knew the face of one of the lads I had seen the night before. I went up to him, and said, "Thomas, did your mother send you here?" He started, and looked at my face very earnestly, while I saw a deep blush on his own. He held down his head, and said, "No, sir."

"I thought not; and she did not know you were come here, my poor boy. But wait till I see you again. I must try now to put a stop to what they are doing." I looked over the cliff, and found a boy was coming up, and was very near the top. I at once went to help him, and at last pulled him on the ground in safety. "You are taken from the jaws of death, my boy. Now go, and give God thanks that you are safe; and ask him to forgive your folly."

Another was still down the cliff. I went to him too. He was climbing the rope, with something in his bag. On looking at his face, I found it was Dick, who had led poor Tom astray. I helped him, and he also came up safe.

I felt much surprise to find the boys still around me; for I quite thought that my manner would have driven them away; but, it seems, there was something in it which led them to stay. I felt I must not be silent, but that I must warn these poor misled boys as to the sad state of their hearts before God, both on account of their cruel sport and the way in which they had risked their lives—lives which I told them had been given them for the most noble ends. I told them what sin had done in the world; and how there was One, who had left his Father's throne to save them from the pit of hell, over which, all the time they lived in sin, they were hanging as by a thread. I told them how he would save them; that if they came to him with true sorrow of heart, turning from their sins, he would not only forgive them, but, by his grace, he would lead

them from this life of sin and misery to one of endless joy.

How happy am I to say, they all attended to what I said. They seemed sorry; and each made me a promise to seek so good a Saviour. "And now, Thomas," said I, turning to my little friend, "go home to your parents, and tell them from what danger you have been saved."

Tears rolled down his cheeks; and, though scarcely able to speak, he said, "Thank you, sir, I will; and I will in future read my Bible more than I have done." And Richard, coming up to Thomas, said, "Ah! Thomas, I am sorry now I ever brought you here. I will not have any of this sport again."

The boys then left me, and I went on with my walk, praising God for his having given them better feelings, making them sorry for their sins, and giving them a desire to do better for the time to come.

"LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN
UPON YOUR WRATH."

ELLEN WALLACE and Margaret Franklin were schoolfellows and close friends, being nearly of the same age, living in the same street, and neither of them having a sister or cousin to be her chosen companion. They were very much alike in their tastes and pleasures, though Margaret was of a gentler and more serious disposition than Ellen, who liked to be praised for her high spirit; forgetting, that what is pleasing to sinful man may be hateful in the sight of a holy God.

In spite of their intimacy and affection for each other, it one day happened that Ellen and



Margaret had a violent quarrel. Which of the two was the more to blame it is impossible to say; but it is certain that both were in the wrong, for there were angry words on each side, and many sharp reproaches passed between them. The quarrel took place in the play-ground; and all that afternoon, and throughout the following day, Margaret and Ellen regarded each other with cold, disdainful looks, and maintained a sullen silence; each being anxious to keep up a character for dignity and proper spirit among her companions. And it is sad to observe, when such an incident as this occurs in a family or a school, how sel-

dom there is found even one individual who remembers that there is a blessing promised to the peace-maker, who strives to soothe the wounded feelings, and kindly to point out the duty and the wisdom of mutual forgiveness.—Young reader, determine that on all future occasions this part shall be yours. Then, as you go through life, you will be made the means of promoting peace and good-will around you; and the kindness that you show to others will be returned to you a hundred-fold.

The second day passed over in the same manner, so far as Ellen was concerned: but there were signs of a little relenting in Margaret's behaviour; and her countenance, except that it was more sorrowful than usual, wore its natural expression. Any one might have seen that she was ready to make friends, if Ellen had only given her the opportunity; but this she carefully avoided, being determined, as she said to those in her confidence, that Margaret should be thoroughly humbled, in order to prevent a repetition of her impertinence.

Just before going home, they met for a few minutes in the room where their cloaks and bonnets were put on, when, all at once, Margaret, with tears in her eyes and a quivering lip, turned round, and, offering her hand to Ellen, asked her to forget their quarrel, and overlook all the unkind things that she had said. Ellen's heart, for a moment, prompted her to embrace this offer of reconciliation; but, unhappily, a third party was present—one of the very girls to whom she had declared her

intention that poor Margaret should be thoroughly humbled. So she tossed her head, and walked out of the room without giving a reply. Oh! how many bitter, because unavailing, tears did she afterwards shed for this!

The next day there was no apparent change for the better. Margaret, justly hurt and repelled by Ellen's conduct, made no further advances; and Ellen still kept up her dignity and her high spirit, in appearance at least, though she was now beginning to feel unhappy and dissatisfied with herself. In the evening, these uncomfortable feelings became so strong that she could not refrain from relating the whole affair to her mother as they sat at their needlework together.

Mrs. Wallace listened attentively, and inquired into the particulars of the story; but could not hear of Ellen's share in it without grave looks of disapproval, especially when she found how Margaret's offer of her hand had been rejected: she was grieved that her daughter should have showed a spirit so proud and unforgiving—so contrary to the precepts and the examples of the meek and lowly Saviour.

Her reproof and advice, kindly but faithfully given, had their due effect upon Ellen's heart, already softened by returning affection for her friend, and the sense that her own behaviour had not been free from blame. She resolved to make up their quarrel the very next day, feeling convinced that the high spirit, which her foolish school-fellows had so often commended, was nothing but sinful pride; and that the sooner she got rid of it the better.

Morning came, and Ellen went to school as usual : but nine o'clock—ten o'clock—struck, and Margaret had not arrived. The forenoon passed without her appearing in the school-room ; and some one said that she had perhaps obtained her mother's leave to stay away a day or two, on account of the quarrel with Ellen : for every one knew that she was greatly indulged. But, in the afternoon, word was brought to the governess that Margaret was ill. Miss Alford looked so sorrowful when she made this announcement to her assembled scholars, that the girls at once saw there were serious apprehensions entertained of the result ; and whispered conjectures went round, and much sympathy was expressed for poor Margaret, whose gentleness and goodnature made her a favourite in the school. Ellen said less than any one, but she looked pale and anxious ; and no sooner were lessons over, and the girls dismissed, than she quickly put on her bonnet and cloak, and hurried away. She never stopped till she came to the house of Margaret's parents ; and, nearly out of breath, gave a low, timid knock at the door.

It was answered by the servant, who said that Margaret was indeed very ill, and in great danger. "Oh ! pray let me see her, only for a minute," exclaimed Ellen, weeping bitterly. "I have something to say to her ; and if you will not let me see her, and she should die, I shall never be happy again."

The servant called her into the parlour, and went to tell her mistress what Ellen said. Presently, Mrs. Franklin came down ; her eyes red with weeping, and her whole appearance

showing the greatest distress. But Ellen could not be permitted to see her friend. Nor would it have been of any use if she could have done so ; for poor Margaret was insensible to all that passed. You may perhaps imagine with what feelings Ellen left the house, and how keenly she deplored the harsh words and looks of anger which could never be recalled. The most bitter pang was that occasioned by her remembrance of Margaret's tearful eyes and entreating face, when she so earnestly begged her to be friends : and, if all that she had in the world could have undone the past, Ellen would gladly have given it, to shut out the recollection of that moment from her mind.

Margaret did not recover ; and Ellen only saw her friend again when she lay in the grey coffin, with flowers strewn over her, and her gentle, loving eyes for ever closed. She did not hear the deep sobs of her repentant school-fellow : she could not reply to the fondest expressions of grief and affection. Never did Ellen forget that severe, but useful lesson. Never again was she known to pride herself on her high spirit : but, by prayer and watchfulness, through the grace of the Holy Spirit, she learned to subdue her evil passions, to bear provocation with meekness, and to forgive, even as she hoped, for Christ's sake, to be forgiven.

P. Q.

MISSIONARY MIRROR.

A LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY'S WIFE AT AGRA.

DEAR CHILDREN,—Some of you will remember to have read the account which I sent you of

the orphan asylum at Agra. I will now tell you about two boys of this school, who are both, as I trust, gone to heaven. One of these, called Jamie, was six years old ; the other, Gabriel, was a boy of fifteen.

Jamie was a lively, hopeful boy, and much beloved. Although so young, he could read well. He knew many Bible stories and beautiful hymns ; and all his friends, especially his parents, were much grieved at his early death. On Christmas eve he came to our house, with the other children of our native Christians, in order to receive a small present, on account of the season. Our Christmas tree* was larger and finer than usual ; and was adorned with a supply of tapers, apples, and nuts. Sweetmeats and articles of clothing were also prepared for our Christmas gifts. I wish you could have seen how the dark eyes of our little friends sparkled, as they looked first at the twenty-five lights which glittered on the boughs, and then turned to the well-covered table. But they had all learned to obey ; and, in a little time, silence was called for, and obtained. Then we spoke to them about the birth of Christ, and the nature of true Christmas joy ; and many of them gave good answers to the questions that were put to them. We told them that the gifts we had provided for them were nothing compared to the great gift of our heavenly Father, who sent his own Son to save sinners ; and that, if Christ had not come into the world, neither children nor grown persons could ever have been truly happy. Afterwards, Jamie and his compa-

* See the Child's Companion for December, 1848.

nions repeated, in their own language, some hymns and verses which they had learned, about the way of salvation, through Christ. It was a happy time. Little did we then think that Jamie would shortly be taken from us.

His life ended in a very sad manner. He went with his father to church one evening, in order to prepare for the usual service. There was a lamp burning, with which he began to play, while his father was otherwise engaged. His clothes, being made of cotton, soon caught fire; and, before any one heard his cries, he was so dreadfully burned that he died four hours after. You may suppose that his death was a great grief to his parents, and turned our Christmas festival into a time of weeping. His mother, for a long time, refused to be comforted, when she saw him, lying before her, half dead; but he said to her, with his last breath, "Dear mother, I shall die, and go to the Saviour. You have prayed for me." Most of the time he lay still, though his sufferings were very great. His father was about to pray with him, but he seemed sinking into a sweet sleep. May our gracious Saviour bless his death to those who survive him. There are two lessons to be learned from it—that children may die, and that they should be prepared to die.

Gabriel was an orphan, who died a little time before. He had been deprived of his parents by the famine of 1837, and had himself lost the use of his eyes, as many, both young and old did at that time, from a fearful disease. Gabriel lost his eyesight by it, though God opened the eyes of his understanding, and

gave him faith, which is better than sight. His memory also was very strong, so that he could retain what he had heard read only once or twice. Thus he learned most of the Scripture which was taught in the school; and had gone through the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, being able to repeat, without missing a word, several chapters which were his greatest favourites. His conduct was serious and steady, though he did not say much; but it showed us that the Spirit of God was at work on his heart. After his school-hours were over, he used to work in the bakehouse, in preparing the bread for the oven; and, in this employment, his industry and honesty were put to the test.

For some weeks before his death he suffered from inflammation of the brain. I visited him often, and left him in the charge of a lad that feared God, who could read and pray with him when he was able to bear it. This was what he loved. He often spoke of the Lord Jesus Christ, and was willing to depart; and, when his hour was come, he fell asleep, fully trusting in the merits and death of an all-sufficient Saviour.

TO-MORROW.

“ I WILL to-morrow, that I will,
I will be sure to do it;”
To-morrow comes, to-morrow goes,
And still thou art to do it.

Thus still repentance is deferred
From one day to another;
Until the day of death is come,
And judgment is the other.



THE MONTHS.

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER derives its name from the Latin word *octo*, which signifies *eight*; because it was the eighth month in the Roman year. By the Jews it was called *Bul*, that is, decay; as in this month the leaves of the trees fall to the ground, and the flowers and herbs wither. We read, in 1 Kings vi. 38, that in "the month Bul, which is the eighth month," the temple of Solomon "was finished throughout all the parts thereof, and according to all the fashion of it." The Saxons called it *Winter-fyllith*, or winter beginning.

Orchards, in this month, are cleared of their fruit, and the gardens have nearly lost all their beauty. The leaves of the trees are now pret-

tilly tinted with orange, red, and brown. Dark and glossy acorns lie scattered on the ground in the woods; and prickly horse-chestnuts and beech-nuts afford a large supply of food for squirrels. These lively little creatures may sometimes be seen running up the trunks of trees, or sitting on the boughs, biting nuts with their sharp teeth.

Every month brings its labours in the farm and garden. Now is the time to store up potatoes for our own table, and turnips for the cows. Much ploughing is now done; and wheat and beans are at this season sown. Timber is cut; and hedges, gates, and ditches are put into repair.

At the beginning of the month, some flowers yet remain in the garden. Roses, tulips, and lilies, it is true, have gone long ago from the beds and borders; but their places are filled with yellow marigolds and lofty hollyhocks. Dahlias, of many colours, flourish; and the tall sunflowers turn their heads to the sun. They raise their flowers as he rises in the heavens. When he begins to sink, they turn and follow him.

Cold nights come on; and birds begin to depart to warmer lands, thousands of miles away. The little winged creatures that breakfast on the bright berries in the English woods take wing, and, in a few days, are feeding on the sunny shores of Africa. How do they find their way to such a distant spot? There is no path in the air: there are no guide-posts to show them the way. God is their guide. He has taught them the way to those places where they may obtain suitable food. And, when the

winter is past, he will teach them to return to their former homes in our hedges, or beneath the thatch of our cottages. All his works praise him. May we not forget to give our praises; not only for the blessings of nature, but for the richer gifts of his grace.

A LESSON IN AN INFANT SCHOOL.

"And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver,"
Mal. iii. 3.

Teacher. (Showing a piece of bright silver, and a piece of silver ore.) Now, which of these two pieces of silver is pure? What would you say this is? (showing the ore.)

Children. Unpure.

T. No; impure. Now say that is impure silver? (The children all repeated the words.)

T. Now say (pointing to the bright silver) this is pure silver. When silver is first taken out of the ground it is impure. What must be done to it after it is taken out of the earth?

C. It must be polished.

T. Do you think, if I were to rub the ore, I should by so doing ever make it pure?

C. No.

T. Polishing it is not the way to make it pure. What is it mixed with?

C. Stones and earth.

T. Yes; and it is often mixed with lead. If I rubbed the lead should I make it silver? What should I do to make muddy water pure? Must I not take the mud away?

C. Yes.

T. What do you think I must do to the silver ore to get it pure?

C. Take away all the earth and stones with which it is mixed.

T. I do not think you know how this is done, so I will tell you. The man who purifies this silver ore, or refines it, puts it into a vessel, or earthen pan, and then he puts the vessel into a kind of furnace. Do you know what a furnace is? It is a kind of oven, and when it is there what does the heat do to it?

C. Melt it.

T. Yes, the heat melts it; and then what becomes of all the earthy substances that are mixed with the silver? They rise to the top, and the silver remains at the bottom: and how does the man who refines the silver get rid of these? You have seen some of your mothers do something of the same kind.

C. Skim it.

T. Now, what separates the impurities from the silver?

C. The heat of the fire.

T. The fire separates the silver from the impure substances. What is the man called who purifies silver?

C. A refiner.

T. How does he know the silver is refined?

C. When there is a great smoke.

T. Not quite so; would you like to know?

All. Yes, teacher.

T. Well, the silver, remember, is in the furnace, and the fire is separating all the impurities from it. The refiner sits down and looks at it, and when the impurities rise to the top he takes them off, and then he sits down and

looks again. He does not get weary, but sits there and watches the impurities as they rise up, and takes them off as fast as they rise. At last the impurities are taken away, and the silver looks so bright that he can see his face in it. The silver reflects his image—like what?

C. Like a looking-glass.

T. Well, the silver does just the same as a glass.

C. Teacher, how does he touch it when it is so hot?

T. He uses a spoon.

C. Would he get the silver out of that stone (the ore)?

T. Oh yes; and that is the way men get at it. It is at first all mixed with impurities; but they break it into small pieces, and put it in the furnace, and then it is made pure. What will the silver do when it is pure?

C. Reflect the image of the refiner.

T. Yes; he will not take it away until he sees his image; and when he sees it perfectly reflected what does he do with the silver?

C. He takes it out.

T. Yes; he would not keep it in a minute after, he takes it out immediately. Tell me the two things about which the refiner is careful.

C. He is careful not to take the silver out of the fire till it is pure; and he is careful not to keep it there when it is pure.

T. Now, dear children, I have given you this lesson on refining silver, to lead you to understand what Christ does for his people. Listen to this passage of Scripture. Speaking of the Lord Jesus Christ, it says, "He shall

sit as a refiner and purifier of silver : and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." Now, let me see. Christ is spoken of as a refiner.

What does a refiner do?

C. He purifies silver.

T. Yes; or any metal. But whom does Christ purify?

C. His people.

T. Why do his people want purifying?

C. Because they are sinners.

T. What did we say of the ore?

C. It is impure.

T. And what part of us is so?

C. Our hearts.

T. Why are our hearts like the silver ore?

C. They are hard.

Another. They are stony, mixed.

T. With what?

C. With sin.

T. Give me a text that says so.

C. "We are all as an unclean thing."

T. When you came here this morning, and knelt down, what should your thoughts have been?

C. Pure.

T. What should they have been about?

C. About God.

T. Now all of you try and recollect how you prayed this morning. What is continually mixed with your thoughts?

C. Sin.

T. During the Bible lesson this morning, when you were repeating texts of Scripture, some of you were thinking perhaps about

other things. What are your thoughts too often mixed with when you are at the house of God?

C. Sin.

T. So there is a great deal of sin about us. Tell me some things that make our hearts sinful.

C. Anger—pride—lying—stealing.

T. Yes, and many more; our hearts are mixed up with sin. Now what was done to the silver ore?

C. It was purified.

T. From what was it separated?

C. From its impurities.

T. What then must be separated from the heart?

C. Our sins.

T. Yes, the heart must be separated from sin; and who can do that?

C. Jesus Christ.

T. When he purifies the heart who is he like?

C. The refiner.

T. How does Christ purify his people?

C. By his word—by his Spirit.

T. When you are naughty, you are punished to make you better. Tell me some afflictions that Christ sends to his people. There is everlasting punishment to the wicked. But he lays some on a sick bed that they may be led to seek him in faith; what ought they then to do?

C. To pray to God that they may become better.

T. And all the time they are afflicted what does Christ do?

C. He watches them.

T. And what are they after their affliction?

C. More pure.

T. How does the refiner know when the silver is pure?

C. It reflects his image.

T. How are Christ's people, when purified, like silver in this respect?

C. They reflect his image.

T. They become more and more like Jesus. Now you can understand how Jesus is like a refiner. Repeat together, "Jesus is the refiner of people, and purifies their hearts from sin."—*Abridged from the Record of the Home and Colonial Infant School Society.*

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

WAGES.

1. WHOSE *wages* were "changed ten times?" By whom?

2. To whom was it said, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy *wages*?" Who said this? Whose child was it? What was its name?

3. What is said of the "*wages* of him that is hired?" What is said of him "that useth his neighbour's service without *wages*?" What of those that oppress the hireling in his *wages*?

4. What king had no *wages* for himself or for his army? What was promised him to be *wages* for his army?

5. Of whom is it said, "that he earneth *wages* to put into a bag with holes?"

6. Who loved the *wages* of unrighteousness? What is the *wages* of sin?

MY HAPPY HOME.

I LOVE my happy home
On Britain's favour'd shore ;
And if, in thought, I roam,
I love it more and more :
I see how Providence has smil'd,
In making me an English child.

In other lands I know
Are bright and sunny skies ;
Sweet flowers their beauties show,
And fragrant odours rise.
But a dark cloud of misery lours,
Not seen in this dear land of ours.

No cruel rites are found,
Nor blood-stained altars, here ;
No savage yells resound,
To fill our hearts with fear :
Abroad, at home, in work, or play,
We are secure by night and day.

And may not they become
As happy quite as we ?
Lord, let Thy kingdom come !
Let them Thy glory see !
Thy saving truth to them reveal :
For this alone their woes can heal.

Oh ! haste the happy time
When every child shall be,
In cold or sunny clime,
From sin and suffering free ;
And every home, the world around,
With love, and peace, and joy abound.



THE OLD GRAVESTONE.

WE had a full hour to spare in the little village, so Patty and I set off for a walk, attended by an old villager with long, thin gray hair, who looked at us as kindly as if he loved us. Father would stop at the village inn to see the horse properly fed, and to have a new linchpin put into one of the wheels of the gig. Patty, who is a year younger than I am, cried out, "Now, Robert, we shall enjoy ourselves; let us go as far as the churchyard."

The old villager bent forwards, and walked on two sticks, for he was very lame. Like many old men, he talked a great deal; but, when we came to the churchyard, he talked faster than before.

"The village is a pretty place," said he, "whether you enter it at one end or the other; for the green, and the hollow oak, and the school-house, and the cottages, and the blacksmith's shop, and the church tower, and the tall elms, and the yew tree, altogether make quite a picture worth looking at; but, to my mind, there is no part of it that is more pleasant than this churchyard.

"I have been in this churchyard in the spring, when the note of the cuckoo was heard in the green meadows below, and the bank at the edge of the coppice was half covered with primroses. I have sat on a headstone here in summer, when the jackdaws were cawing around the tower, and the sunbeams glittered on the diamond window panes. I have stood by the old sundial in autumn, noting the time of the day, when the leaves of the trees in the parsonage garden were red and yellow; and I have walked along the path leading to the belfry in winter, when the green hillocks were covered with snow, as well as many of the gravestones, so that one half of the epitaphs could not be read.

"But though I have been in the churchyard in all seasons of the year, both by sunlight and by moonlight, I never remembered having noticed the old gravestone yonder, till the old clerk was buried near it."

Patty and I went through the gate, and ran up to the gravestone which had been pointed out to us.

It was very old, and partly sunk into the ground on one side. The moss which grew upon it covered over many of the letters, but,

at last, we puzzled out the epitaph in these words :—

"Thys truth by all
Should well be understoode,
That none but Chryst
Can do a sinner goode."

Before we had made out the lines, the old villager was standing by us, looking at us very earnestly, and no sooner had we read them than he went on talking, thus :—

"The old clerk was much beloved among us, for if ever man had pleasure in doing another a good turn he had. He was an humble man, a kind man, a Christian man, and a lowly disciple of Jesus Christ. He was one that said little and did much. I would that there were many more clerks like him. When he died a few of us wished to have a stone over his grave, and we agreed to join together to pay for it; but we none of us knew exactly what to have put upon it. As I stood just here with my hat off, when the burial service was being read, I happened to fix my eyes on this old stone, and the words chiselled on it seemed to me to be the very words that we wanted.

"As soon as the service was over, I spoke of the lines that had caught my attention. Every one thought the same as I had done, and agreed that no better epitaph could be found, and it was not long before a stone was standing at the head of the old clerk's grave, with the epitaph upon it, the words spelt in the same old-fashioned way as on the old stone."

Patty began to look about directly for the old clerk's stone, and I helped her; we soon found it out, and saw that it was not many yards from the other. There they were, one old stone moss-grown and partly sunk into the ground, and the other almost new, with the same verse upon each. As we stood between the graves, the old villager's eyes were fastened on us. "What makes him regard us so earnestly?" said Patty to me, in a low voice. "If we were his own children, he could not look at us more kindly."

Patty had a cedar pencil with her in her pocket-book, so she copied the lines from the old stone, that we might not forget them. Hardly need she have given herself the trouble to do this, for we had already committed them to memory.

When the old villager saw what Patty had done, he said to us, "Forgive me for looking at you so earnestly, but I cannot help it:" his lip quivered as he spoke. "I had two grandchildren about your age; but in the midst of life we are in death. A month ago they were both standing with me at this grave, and now they are lying together beneath the turf on the other side of the churchyard."

We felt very sorry for the old man; but he went on thus:—

"I hope, as you have written down the lines of the epitaph in your book, God of his great mercy will write them in your hearts, and then your visit to this churchyard will prove a blessing to you. Though God's holy word tells us that all are sinners, and that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour; this is of no use to us till

God gives us faith to believe it. If we humbly and perseveringly seek this faith at the throne of grace, in the Saviour's name, we shall have it bestowed upon us; for he that so seeketh shall find, and to such as knock at mercy's door it shall be opened."

We did not leave the churchyard till we had visited the grave of the old villager's grandchildren, and by the time we reached it we were joined by our father. We told him, in a whisper, that the old villager had been very kind to us, and he gave him a shilling; but when we told him afterwards of all that had taken place, he said he wished he had given him a crown. "My dear children," said he, "I hope you will try to remember this village and the old villager; but more than all do I wish you to remember, in its very letter and spirit, the epitaph you have showed me:

'Thys truth by all
Should well be understoode,
That none but Chryst
Can do a sianer goode.' "

THE BLACKBERRIES.

LYDIA NORTON was a little girl just five years old, always smiling and good-tempered. She had nothing to make her unhappy; for she had a kind mother who took pains to teach her what was right, and to be obedient, kind, and attentive to those about her. She always tried to please other people, and though she had faults, like other children, she never concealed them by telling untruths. She had been

taught that God hates lying lips, but they that deal truly are his delight. Lydia Norton would rather be punished for her faults than try to hide them by a lie.

When she had done wrong, she would come at once and own it, and ask to be forgiven; for she knew that children are almost always found out:

And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

If Lydia had broken a cup, or torn her frock, or spoken improperly to her elder sister, she would go at once and confess it to her mother. She looked timid and ashamed, most likely; but she knew her mother was her best friend, and that her reproofs would be given in love. If she had been guilty of any greater faults, she did not deny them when she was asked about them, nor did she ever try to make any excuses. No one ever had cause to doubt a word that Lydia said. How pleasant it is when children can be trusted.

One fine day, in autumn, Mrs. Norton went into the country to spend a week with Lydia's aunt, who had a little girl rather older, called Fanny. The children had as much fruit after dinner as was good for them, and then they were left to play in the garden. Fanny was selfish and deceitful. Not content with the indulgences allowed her, she took Lydia down a shady lane to eat some blackberries, and they returned to the house with their hands and faces very much stained; but they did not know it.

Fanny came in first. "Where have you

been, my child?" asked her mother. "In the garden."—"And nowhere else?" "No, mother."—"Now, Fanny, speak the truth; remember, my dear child, God can see you. He knows all that is in your heart; and if you tell a falsehood I cannot pass it over." "Mother, I have not been out of the garden; indeed I have not;" but as Fanny said these words the colour increased on her cheeks. Her mother took her to a looking-glass; she pointed to her mouth and her fingers, and Fanny could only hang down her head and cry. Her mother shut her up by herself in a light closet, close to the parlour, so that she could hear all that passed.

Just then her little playfellow came in. "Mother," said Lydia, as Mrs. Norton took her on her knee, "I have been down the lane to eat some blackberries." "My dear, you should not have gone without my leave; and, most likely, you will suffer for being greedy and eating more fruit than is proper for you." "I am sorry, mother. I hope you will forgive me, and I will try never again to go out without your leave."

Observe! Lydia was really sorry for her own fault; she did not lay the blame on her companion, who had tempted her, and who was older than herself. She did not even mention Fanny; for she knew her cousin's fault was no excuse for hers.

These little girls were both taken ill; but they behaved very differently. Fanny gave a great deal of needless trouble to her friends; Lydia tried to think of others rather than herself. This difference is often seen.

Sly, deceitful children have not the fear of doing wrong which those have who are honest and sincere, and cannot bear to conceal the mischief they have done.

M. C.



DO YOU LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR AS
YOURSELF?

HERE is a question which you may put to your own heart. The word of God tells us, Mark xii. 31, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." It tells us also, in Mark x., of a young man who said he was willing to do some good thing, that he might inherit eternal life; but when he was told to part with his treasures, and give them to the poor, he was

sorrowful, and turned away from following Jesus. Many people are selfish, like him. It is not the gift of money which is of consequence before God, but it is the feeling of the heart, the loving something more than God; and this covetousness is idolatry, Col. iii. v.

I can tell you two stories of children who showed real love and kindness to others. Both these cases happened many years ago, when Bibles and good books were less common than they now are; so that I am not sure whether either of the children acted really from Christian principle; that is, from the wish to do what Christ has taught us: but you know that—

His example we should borrow
Who forsook his throne above,
And endured such pain and sorrow,
Out of tenderness and love.

About sixty years ago, a boy was sent from America to a cheap school in Yorkshire, furnished with a good stock of clothes and an allowance of pocket-money. His schoolmaster also received payment for two years' board and education, and a promise that more money should be sent when that time was ended; but there was no reference to any person in England, and no supplies were sent when the proper time arrived. Another year passed away, and still no answer was returned. The schoolmaster could not trace out any friends of the boy, who in the mean time grew up, from twelve years old to fifteen, and made great improvement in his learning. On his first arrival he had seemed backward, but his

behaviour was so pleasing that he soon gained the love and affection of his teachers, and also his companions. But his master was not rich, and he could not keep him for nothing. He resolved to wait six months, and then, if no help appeared, the boy must go out and learn to work for his living.

No help appeared. But, when the six months were ended, all the boys entreated their master to wait a little while longer, and promised to give up all their pocket-money, if that would help to pay for their poor companion. Their master said he should be satisfied if he could raise only half the amount which he usually received. The lads were all eager to do what they could, and some parted with their favourite little possessions that they might have something to contribute. When they went home for the holidays, they told their friends about their schoolfellow from America, and some of them in this way collected more money for him. Thus two years passed away, after which the father of the poor lad returned from India, where he had been absent for a long time; and, I am glad to tell you, he was able not only to pay all that he owed to his son's instructors, but also to help forward many of his companions, by procuring situations for them. It is not always that kindness is so well repaid; but Jesus Christ has said that those who are kind to others for his sake do it unto him, and they shall in no wise lose their reward.

Sometimes kindness is shown by giving up to others what seems to be our right, as well as by giving away what they want more than

we do. There was once a large school for young ladies in St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, where many were sent upon paying a certain sum for their board ; others were supported by the royal family, without any charge to their own friends. These were admitted by tickets, one of which was received by the daughter of an officer, who was about ten years old. She had a sister of nearly the same age, and they wept together at the prospect of a separation, for they knew that their parents were unable to pay for either of them, as they belonged to a very large family. But a young lady, not much older than themselves, to whom the next ticket was sent, being aware of their anxiety, begged to give up her own privileges in their favour, saying that she knew her father was both able and willing to provide for her expenses. No objection was made to this arrangement, but the empress of Russia herself undertook to pay for this generous child.

Do not fall into a very common mistake, and suppose that it is only on great occasions like this that generosity and kindness are to be shown. I have seen a little book, called "A Kiss for a Blow," written for infant schools, which is full of anecdotes that prove how often quarrels arise from mere trifles. One of these I shall now relate to you.

Ruth and Amy were sisters. In early spring, as the violets began to bloom, they were playing in a meadow near their father's house. They both at the same time happened to see a violet before them. Both ran to it. Ruth, the eldest sister, was first, and plucked

it. Amy was angry, and cried out, "I saw it first; and it belongs to me."

"No, it is not yours; it is mine," said Ruth; "for I saw it as soon as you did, and I got to it first, and plucked it; so I have got it, and you shall not have it." Amy was quite furious, snatched at the flower, and struck her sister. Then Ruth became angry, and struck Amy. So they fought about it, and screamed, and beat each other. Their mother came to see what was the matter. "What does this mean?" she asked.

"Ruth got my flower," said Amy. "No, I did not, mother," said Ruth; "it was mine; I saw it first, and plucked it."

"But where is this flower?" asked their mother. It had been torn to pieces. In fighting to decide who should have it, both had lost it.

How could this fight have been prevented, and the sweet violet, and the still sweeter spirit of sisterly love and affection have been preserved? Though Ruth had the violet in her hand, she could have said, "Sister, if you think this pretty flower is yours, you may have it. I would rather have your love than all the flowers that grow." Would there have been any fight, or any coldness, or unkindness, between the sisters? They would have saved their sisterly affection from so rude a shock, and the sweet violet too.

Love and kindness we must measure
By this simple rule alone :—
Do we mind another's pleasure,
Just as if it were our own?

E. S.

THE HOSPICE OF THE GRIMSEL.

Among the mountains of Switzerland stands the Hospice, or Hospital, of the Grimsel. It is a very large house, built of rough, dark-coloured rocks. Mountains, so high that they rise above the clouds, stand all around it. Seas of ice are lying near. From the Hospice no houses or trees can be seen. There is no green spot near it, except one little patch of grass on the opposite side of a black lake, at the back of the house. For two months, in the summer time, a little boat is sent across this lake to bring the grass from the small patch for the cows at the Hospice. The wood that is burned there is brought up the steep hills from a great distance. Trees cannot grow in that cold, rocky place.

During the winter, only one person remains in that lonely house. He has provisions left him, and faithful dogs of a very large and active kind. They remain to go out in the snow and look out for weary and frozen travellers.

About ten years ago, a man was left in this way to pass the terrible winter among the snows and ice. Oh! what a desolate situation! How wildly the mountain storms must have howled around that lonely place! He spent most of his time in carving forks and spoons, with other articles, out of wood. These are sold to travellers who visit the Hospice in the summer season. I hope he was able to read. There were many good books there, which had been left by English travellers. I hope there was a Bible also. That would indeed have

been a comfort to the pious heart in such a lonely place. He would have felt, as he read the first chapter of Revelation, like John on his lonely island, or like Elijah in the wilderness.

This man often took his dogs and went forth into the snow to seek the traveller. It is said that the man of the Hospice saved nearly one hundred lives in a single winter.

There came a snow-storm which was more fearful than usual, even in that land of snows. The man of the Hospice was quite blocked up in his lonely house. He could not see beyond his narrow window for the thick fall of snow. The wind howled and raged among the mountains. For four days the wild storm continued.

When it ceased, the man heard a wailing, melancholy sound, like one in distress. He called his dogs that he might go out to look for the suffering person whose voice he thought he had heard. The dogs usually set out upon a search with great pleasure. They bound along before their master, scratching and smelling in the snow. But at this time they all seemed frightened. They crept to their master's feet, and lay there crouching and trembling. They looked up into his face with their large eyes, as if silently to ask him to let them remain where they were. The man could do nothing with the dogs. He was obliged to go within the Hospice.

God has given to dogs great intelligence. They often see danger when man does not.

But once more came that wailing voice to the man of the Grimsel. He felt that he must

go forth. He could not suffer his fellow-creatures to perish, even if he met with danger in trying to save them. He muffled himself up in the warm clothes which he always put on when he went out on such expeditions. He took his staff in his hand, and called his dogs. Again they shrunk back. They refused to go out with him. Then he knew it would not be right to go. He took off his mufflers, and laid aside his staff.

Once more came that mournful sound. It sounded to him as if it said, "Go into the inner room." God's voice also spoke to his heart, and bade him pray to Him "in whose hand is the soul of every living thing." He felt as though something awful was going to take place. He knew that only God could help him. He went into the inner room; and there called upon God to look upon the poor lonely one, whose only hope was in him.

God heard his prayer. A mass of ice and snow, called an avalanche, came thundering down the mountain. It crushed every room in the house except that small one in which the man on his knees was asking God to save him. The eye of the Most Merciful had been on him, and his ear was open unto his prayers.

The dogs now knew that the danger they had dreaded was past, and were willing to go out into the snow with their master. With their assistance he made his way through the snowy mountains; and over seas of ice to the nearest town. We may hope that he felt very thankful to God, who had thus delivered him; and that those to whom he told his story saw the hand of Providence in his rescue.



FARMER BLAKE'S LAST LESSON.

It is some time, now, since I left the Grange Farm, and since then Farmer Blake has been called away from the world. There are a few people that I am not at all likely to forget, and Farmer Blake is one of them.

In my account of the first lesson given me by him, "A little at a time, and go on,"* I said that no day of all the years I lived at the farm was better remembered than the first; and that not a single lesson was more deeply impressed on my mind, than the lesson that he then taught me. When I said this, I spoke the truth; though, at the present moment, the last day I spent at the farm, and the last lesson the farmer gave me, are certainly uppermost in my

* See "Child's Companion" for June, 1849, page 161.

memory. Whatever other people may say of Farmer Blake, this is what I will say—that he was a diligent man, a kind-hearted man, and a wise man, besides being one of the best friends I ever had in the world.

“Maurice,” said he, as we stood talking together in the rick-yard between the two corn-stacks, “it seems but as yesterday since you came to the Grange, and now you are going to leave it, to do for yourself on your own farm what you have for some years been doing for me on mine. You have been a good servant, and I hope that I have not been a bad master. If ever you want a helping hand, or a good turn of any kind, come to John Blake, and you shall have it. Well do I remember giving you your first lesson—‘A little at a time, and go on,’ and now I will give you the last,—‘Make the best of every thing.’”

Farmer Blake was here silent for a minute or so, that he might see, I suppose, how I took his advice; for he was a shrewd man, and knew almost as well by looking at me what was passing under my waistcoat, as he knew what time of day it was by the clock face.

“Make the best of every thing,” continued the farmer, “and you will make but few mistakes. God has not given us hands that we may be idle, feet that we may stand still, nor has he put heads on our shoulders that we should be thoughtless. Make the best use you can of your head, your feet, and your hands; and you will then keep a tidy homestead about you, when, without doing this, you may have no homestead at all.”

Farmer Blake had a habit of pausing every

now and then when he meant his words to be attended to, just as if he would give me time to consider and remember them.

"Make the best of your land," said the farmer; "for wheat, and barley, and turnips will not grow from stones and clods of clay: work it well, drain it well, ay, and manure it well; for, if you do not feed it, it will soon leave off feeding you.

"Make the best of your time. If God sends fair weather, 'make hay while the sun shines,' by doing what you can out of doors; and, when he sends foul weather, be as busy as you can inside your barns.

"Make the best use of your eyes. If you see a gap in the hedge that a sheep can get over, remember that all the sheep in the field will be sure to follow. See here! that careless cow-lad has left a great stick leaning against the corn stack; now you know as well as I do, that if it is left there all night, half-a-dozen or a dozen rats or mice may run up it, and get into the rick, and these may increase to a hundred before the corn is threshed. Make the best use of your eyes, Maurice; for hard as it is to get, it is still harder to keep."

I ought to have said before, that, during the time I was at the Grange, Farmer Blake paid much more attention to holy things than he did when I first went there, and this will account for the latter part of what he said to me, in giving me his last lesson.

"And now, Maurice," said he, "it would not be upright in me, if I did not honestly confess that I have made sad mistakes in my time. Until late years I have lived all for this

world, and none for another; but, thank God, my eyes have been opened. Time has been when I should have been satisfied with what I have said; but now I must add to it a little more. Make the best of your trials, your disappointments, and your afflictions. Make the best of your mercies, of your sabbaths, and of God's holy word.

"He that would thrive in earthly things, must attend to earthly things; and he that would prosper in heavenly things, must attend to heavenly things. A Christian man, like the farmer, should look at the seed that he sows; for the crop of the one is gathered in on earth, but the harvest of the other will be in heaven. God has been very good to us in his gifts; and, whatever may be our trials and troubles, if in this bad world we only make the best use of every thing, we shall have among ourselves more gladness, and give God more glory."

I stood the other day by the grave of Farmer Blake, when the setting sun was shining through the elm trees in the churchyard; and when I looked at the name graven on the tombstone, it seemed as if I almost heard the farmer's voice saying to me—"A little at a time, and go on;" and, "Make the best of every thing."

MISSIONARY MIRROR.

THE AGED HINDOO'S FLOWER; OR, JESUS
IS WORTHY.

SOME years ago, when a few missionaries were preaching the gospel at a large fair not far from Cutwa, India, an aged Hindoo, nearly

blind, for the first time heard the message of peace. He was seen to pay great attention the whole day; sometimes he seemed glad, and at other times wept. At night he came to one of the missionaries, and, speaking of the custom which the natives have of offering flowers to their gods, he said, "I have a flower (meaning his HEART) which I wish to give to some one who is worthy of it. I have for many years travelled about the country to find some one who is worthy of it. I have tried long to find such a person; but in vain. I have been to Juggernaut; but there I saw only a piece of wood; *that* was not worthy of it: but to-day I have found one that is, and he shall have it—*Jesus Christ is worthy of my flower.*"

THE KAREN BOY.

A little while ago there was a young chief among the Karen mountains, who had heard of the Christian religion, and he wanted to know more of it. He was resolved to read the Christian books. But who was to teach him? There were no schools there. The missionaries were two hundred and fifty miles off: but he did not mind the long journey; and so great was his desire, that he walked all the two hundred and fifty miles to learn to read. The missionary's wife taught him. He would not lift up his eyes from the alphabet till he had learned all the letters, and fixed them on the spelling-book till he had mastered that too. And in a very short time he was able to read! Oh, the delight that filled his heart! How his eyes sparkled! Next he wished that all who lived in his village at

home, and in the neighbouring villages, might learn; and he was determined to carry home with him a great many books for distribution among them. But, as the Burman government did not wish the people to have anything to do with foreigners, the missionaries advised him not to take so many books home with him, lest he should get into trouble. He would not listen to their advice, but placed a number of tracts in a basket, and covered them over with plantain leaves. On the top he put some sugar; and he thought, "Surely, no one will dream of there being books underneath." But, as he was passing through the gate, one of the officers peeped into the basket, and saw the books. Alas, for the young chief! He was thrown into prison, his feet made fast in the stocks, and he was told that all the rest of his life he was to be a slave. His heart sank within him! and, when he remembered his poor people among the mountains, he said, "Ah, who will tell them the good news that I was going to carry them?" But his friends applied to government for him, and he was set free. Still, before he could get home, he had to pass through the gate. What did he do now? Again he said, "I will not go, unless I can take books with me." Again he hid them at the bottom of his basket, and this time he was successful. And now he is busy teaching his neighbours to read the blessed gospel of eternal life.

EIGHTY THOUSAND IDOLS.

An American missionary, travelling in the ancient kingdom of Arracan, heard an old

temple spoken of which was said to contain 80,000 idols.

"This appeared to me," said he, "strange and remarkable; for how can it be imagined that a people can have so many gods, and that one temple can contain these images? Athens, in the highest days of its paganism and its glory, certainly had not half the number. However, I had the curiosity to go and see with my own eyes how many there were; and, as soon as I entered the court, I soon saw, not that the number, 80,000, was quite correct, but at least that it could not be far below the fact. All this court, more than five and twenty feet square, was filled with idols, heaped one upon another, but almost all overthrown or broken, although they were generally of a man's height, and made of very hard stone.

"It was the same in the inside of the temple. Three of its sides presented to the sight long rows of vaulted niches, forming several stages, and completely filled with idols pressed together. It is impossible to give an idea of this singular mass of idol-gods; but what may be said, and what confirms the sentence pronounced against false gods in Holy Writ is, that they have no longer any worshippers. The ancient renown of this temple has passed away with the importance of the city around it. It is now only visited by the curious, like myself, and hundreds of bats, who have taken up their dwelling there, and who are the only living creatures interrupting, with the sound of their wings, the dead silence of this desolate place—a singular and striking fulfilment of the prophecy, Isa. ii. 20."

BENEVOLENT SAILOR BOY.

As a schooner was sailing near Long Island, in America, during the past year, she was suddenly struck by a heavy gust of wind, upset, and instantly sunk. A vessel near sent its boat to save from sinking the sailors struggling in the water. On coming near where the schooner went down, they saw a little boy twelve years old floating on some wood, and went to take him off. As they came near him, he exclaimed, "Never mind me, save the captain; he has a wife and six children."

The kind-hearted boy knew that the captain's family loved him, and would need his support. Both, however, were saved.

Three days after the vessel was lost, the boy got into a car as it was passing between Boston and Fall River. As he was poor and ragged, some of the passengers who wore fine clothes slightly shrunk from him. He took his seat quietly, and the sea captain, who entered the car with him, told a minister what had happened. In telling the touching story the captain was much affected, and generously added, "The boy has only the clothes you see, sir, or he would not be so ragged. I care not much for myself, though I too lost all; but the poor lad will have a hard time of it."

Several persons who heard the story gave the poor orphan small sums of money, and advised him to tell others what he had gone through, who would no doubt give him something. Many boys in his situation would have readily taken the advice, and told the story of their misfortunes in order to get help. But

the poor boy replied, "I am not a beggar ; I do not wish to beg their money."

A passenger then rose, and pleaded the case of the boy in such a manner, that ten dollars were collected for him. The man who obtained this sum for the poor boy had been a sailor and sufferer himself, and therefore knew how to pity the distressed.

THE GOURD AND THE PALM TREE.

A FABLE.

A GOURD wound itself round a lofty palm, and, in a few weeks, climbed to its very top.

"How old mayest thou be?" asked the gourd.

"About a hundred years," was the answer.

"A hundred years! and no taller! Only look, I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you can count years."

"I know that well," replied the palm.

"Every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up round me, as proud as thou art, and as short lived as thou wilt be."

BIBLE PICTURES ;

OR, OLD TESTAMENT SCENES.

NAAMAN AND GEHAZI.

In the time when Elisha lived, there was a great man in Syria, called Naaman. He had long enjoyed the favour of his monarch, from whom he had received many tokens of honour. Was he happy? No; for he was a leper. This

man, who had plenty of the things that could render life pleasant, was afflicted with a painful and sad disease.

Thus it is with many whom the world calls happy. They may enjoy wealth, and credit, and pleasures, and friends, with kind relatives and sound health ; yet, still there is a secret sore, a leprosy, within them. Some painful feeling, some inward grief rankles at the heart, and spreads its bitterness on all their prosperity. Even kings have their troubles. The leprosy is found in the palace as well as the cottage.



But in the house of Naaman there was a young servant girl who waited on Naaman's wife ; she was an Israelite, and had heard of the prophet Elisha in her own country ; she went and told her mistress that he could cure her master of the leprosy. This saying being

repeated to Naaman, he resolved to go to Elisha. He obtained from his king a letter of introduction to the king of Israel, as if he could speak the word that would at once cure him. There was once an eastern king, who, because the sea had destroyed some of his vessels, though it was not in his power to punish the rebellious waves, yet he threw upon them the chains of a slave, as a mark of his pride and displeasure. Poor, weak mortal! Thus the rich and great are tempted to vanity and folly, which even the poorest and simplest can detect. The king of Israel, on reading the letter, said aloud, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me?" The king of Syria was guilty of presumption or vain confidence, and the king of Israel had forgotten Elisha, the man of God, who had power from heaven.

The pious prophet heard what had taken place. He told the king to send Naaman to him, and he came in his chariot, with a number of his attendants. Having heard of his arrival, Elisha sent a message to him; "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thou shalt be clean." Naaman was angry, and thought this simple remedy would not cure him, and that the rivers of Syria were better than the waters of Jordan. But his servants reminded him, that he would have been ready to do some great thing, if commanded by the prophet, how much more willing should he be, when simply told to "wash and be clean."

Now Naaman began to understand that it was not the river Jordan, but the faith which brought him to its shores, by which he could

be cured. He went, and washed seven times, and found himself quite well. He returned to the prophet, and declared that he would henceforth only acknowledge the true God, and he offered a present, which Elisha refused.

But, generous as the prophet was, he had a servant who was covetous. Gehazi saw what had passed, and not thinking of the spiritual good of Naaman, was willing to take advantage of the cure that had been received by him. The gifts of God are free, and nothing is required from man in return, but an obedient and thankful heart. All this Gehazi forgot, when he left his master's house and ran after Naaman, thinking how he himself could use the gifts Elisha would not take. He told Naaman a lie: he said two of the sons of the prophets were come to his master, who wanted for them a talent of silver and two changes of garments. Naaman would have him take two talents of silver, which he sent by two of his own servants. Gehazi could not refuse their assistance, lest his falsehood should be detected. Thus sinners are always afraid of being found out. He was able, however, to find a place to hide his gains, and then he sent the strangers away. But he went in and stood before his master. "Whence comest thou, Gehazi?" "Thy servant went no whither." Here was another lie, in order to conceal his former deception.

Elisha reproved him, and added, "The leprosy of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever;" and Gehazi left his presence a leper. A severe punishment, but well deserved for his treachery, his covet-

ousness, and lying. He had good clothing in store, but would that cure his disease? He had wealth, but what could that avail him? It were useless to call in physicians, when he could not hope for the blessing of God upon their remedies. Let him wash in Jordan: he shall not return cured, and his children after him shall inherit his leprosy.

Was not Gehazi very foolish, as well as very wicked? He had often been a witness of the miracles that God gave Elisha power to work, and might he not have supposed that it was vain to try to hide any thing from such a master? Put yourselves in his place. You have a Master who sees and hears you everywhere; with him, you must not dare to do or say any thing wrong. Have you not such a Master, though you are not the servants of a prophet, who sees you at night, in the dark, and all day long, wherever you may go; who watches over you now; who hears all the words that you say? There is not a place where you can flee, but God is always present there. Would you say, "Let us speak low and shut the door, or keep our thoughts to ourselves, and then we are safe?" But will not your Master call you to account when you stand before him hereafter? Will he not say, "I saw thee when, in secret, thy work was neglected, thy covetousness indulged, thy sin committed: when no human eye was upon thee, to make thee blush, I thy God was with thee? If, to escape the just punishment of thy faults, thou hast yielded to deceit; if thou hast plotted fresh wickedness in thy inmost thoughts; if thou hast quarrelled with thy brother, and unjustly accused him,—

did not I see thee, and shall not I judge thee for all these things?" O my children, this is a solemn thought, GOD IS EVERYWHERE! (Read 2 Kings v. and Psa. 1.)

THE MONTHS.

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER is so named from the Latin word *novem*, that is, *nine*, as it was the ninth month among the Romans. The ancient Britons called it *wind-month*; and also *blot-monath*, or blood month, on account of the large number of cattle killed at this time, both for winter store and sacrifices to their idols.

November is not the month for birds, or flowers, or for walks in the meadows. The garden looks bare and forlorn, and often the misty fogs overhang the whole prospect. A few birds, however, may be seen, should the sun peep out from behind the dark clouds. The redwing and the starling may be seen busy among the red berries in the almost leafless woods; and the magpie and rook fly into the barn in search of their food: bats get into the roofs of barns, or among old ruins, and hang themselves by the hooks on their wings, to sleep the winter away; the dormouse creeps into his hole for his long slumber; and the squirrel, having laid up a good stock of nuts, retires into his snug mossy home till the bright weather of spring shall call him out again, to gambol on the trees.

The wind, in the evening, sounds mournfully among the branches of the trees: the

bright colours of the leaves have faded, and every gust scatters them upon the earth; they float upon the millpond and the rivulet, and rustle under the feet as we walk along the pathway to the common.

The corn is piled upon the barn floor, and the farmer and his sons are busy in storing it away. Apples are packed for winter use; herbs are dried to season our food; and large stores of potatoes are safely lodged in the cellars. How good is God, not only to supply us during the time of summer and winter, but to give us enough for the days when ice and snow are spread upon the earth!

In large farm-houses, as there is not so much work as usual to be done out of doors, the men are busy within, threshing the corn, mending the flails and sieves, or repairing the cribs for the cattle. When the weather is fair, they are engaged in manuring and draining the ground, and attending to the fences.

Now is the season when the heavy blows of the woodman's axe sound through the forest, and the noble tree, which has seen more than a hundred summers, falls to the earth. As we see the fallen tree, we should remember the sacred text; "In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be," Eccl. xi. 3. And so will it be with us: as we are cut down by the stroke of death, so we shall remain for ever. If we have borne the fruits of faith and holy obedience unto God, then we shall be happy through eternity; if we have been unholy and unbelieving, then our state will be fixed in everlasting woe.

In every season of the year we have some-

thing to learn from what we see around ; and many are the mercies which claim from us a song of praise.

Then let us join our grateful songs,
The God of heaven to bless ;
To whom alone all praise belongs,
For all that we possess.

QUESTIONS IN BIBLE GEOGRAPHY.

[Search in your Bible for the answers.]

WHERE was Eliezer, steward of Abraham's house, born ?

Where was it that Aquila and Priscilla saved Paul's life at the risk of their own ?

At what place in the Mediterranean did Barnabas and Mark preach after parting from Paul ?

Where was Mnason, the old disciple, born ?

What was the name of " the mountain of God " to which Moses led his flock ?

Where was Lucius, a teacher of the church at Antioch, born ?

Where did Titus first preach the gospel ?

To what city was Paul journeying when he was converted ?

THE RAGGED SCHOOL BOY.

LOST.

'Twas a night in December ; a drizzling rain
Had been dropping all day, was still dropping
amain.

I passed by an alley : there shivered a child,
His clothes all in tatters, his features all wild,

His hair was bematted, his feet were unshod,
As cold and as wet as the pavement he trod.
He looked in my face—such a look of despair!
The picture of sorrow, the victim of care.
No father, no mother, no home had the boy,
An outcast, a lost one, a stranger to joy;
His bed was the alley, the cellar, the lane,
His pillow the door-step in cold and in rain;
Untaught and uncared for, unclothed and unknown,
Poor lost little fellow! will none the child own?

FOUND.

Yes, come to the "Ragged School," open the door,
Look round: there's a face we have met with before;
'Tis the same little fellow we saw yesternight,
His cheek is yet pale, but his young eye is bright,
His hair is unmatted, it curls on his brow,
His arms, do they hang down in listlessness now?
Just watch him a moment, there's joy in his eyes,
As his hand, all unskilled, at such new work he tries.
He is found—do not leave him an outcast again,
But give him a shelter from cold and from rain;
Instruct him, and clothe him, and feed him awhile;
He'll pay you, o'erpay you in gratitude's smile.
Point, point him to Jesus, the Friend of the poor,
And Jesus will bless both your basket and store.

B O O K S.

"O PAPA! I have been reading one of the very best books that ever was written. Henry Seymour lent it to me. I wish you had seen it."

"I wish I had, if it be so very good a book as you say; but tell me, Arthur, what good have you got from it?"

"I can hardly tell you that; but I know that it is so full of odd and comical things, that I could not help laughing all the time I was reading it."

"Cheerfulness is an excellent quality, and a goodnatured laugh, in its proper time and place, is not to be undervalued; but the book from which you can get no good, can hardly be called a good book. Did you learn any useful lesson from the odd and comical things the book contained?"

"No, I cannot say that I did; but they were very droll."

"I have long intended to talk a little with you about books, and I may as well do it now. I want to explain to you my opinion about a good book, for perhaps it may differ a little from yours."

"I should like to know your opinion, papa, vastly."

"I regard books, Arthur, as food for the mind, just as what we eat is food for the body; now there are many kinds of pleasant food that are not wholesome; they do not impart strength to the frame. In like manner there are pleasant books which do not strengthen, but rather weaken the mind."

"In what, papa? for I do not fully understand you."

"You shall hear. If a labouring man were to eat nothing but sweetmeats, he would not have strength enough to perform his daily labour; and, if we were to read no books but such as provoked our laughter, we should neither get the knowledge, nor possess the inclination, to discharge our common duties."



"I begin to understand you now."

"Let me show you how easy it is to give pleasure without imparting profit. If I were

to write a book about a beautiful country, through which ran a river 1000 miles long, sparkling like silver, and having sands like gold, your curiosity would at once be excited."

"Yes, that it would. I should want to know all about it."

"And if the book told you that the trees which hung over the river were bowed down with the most delicious fruit, and that its banks were covered with myriads of the most beautiful flowers, you would be more anxious than ever to read it."

"And so would everybody, I am sure."

"If it next told you of droves of elephants fighting with each other, and tearing up trees by the roots; and of hippopotamuses lifting their snouts above the surface of the river, or wallowing together in the gullies; and of enormous crocodiles opening their wide mouths to devour their prey; and of huge snakes, almost as thick round as a man's body, rolling together in the slimy swamp, coiling themselves, now and then, round the furry hide of a roaring tiger, you would hardly be able to lay the book down till you had read the rest of its contents."

"That is the very book that would suit me."

"And if it told you a little about tawny lions, and tall giraffes, and sandy deserts, and cocoa-nuts, and parrots, and monkeys swinging by their tails from banian trees, you would not be very much disappointed."

"No, that I should not. I could read such a book as that from morning to night."

"I dare say you could. But now, Arthur,

comes the question : unless you turned them to some profitable account, what good would you get from my silvery river, and fruit, and flowers ; my elephants, hippopotamuses, crocodiles, and slimy snakes ; my roaring tigers, tawny lions, tall giraffes, cocoa-nuts, parrots, and swinging monkeys ?”

“ I really cannot tell.”

“ If you cannot tell me the good that such a book would do you, let me point out the evil. It would, I fear, make you very dissatisfied with the next book that you read, however useful it might be, if it did not happen to be equally amusing. He that dresses in purple and fine, costly garments, would be discontented with common clothes. He that feeds on turtle and venison, is not likely to be content with plain fare ; and he who reads no books but those that amuse him, will be very impatient when required to read those that profit him.”

“ I do think you are right, papa.”

“ Every truly good book, suited for young people, should yield them both pleasure and profit. But, in order that you may know, more particularly, my opinion about a really good book, I will tell you the points it should possess.”

“ Thank you ; that is just what I should like to know.”

“ A good book for young people should afford them amusement ; for otherwise they can hardly be expected to like it. It should impart useful information, thereby making them wiser. It should impress their minds with some important truth. It should correct their

errors in judgment and practice. It should reprove vice and encourage virtue; and it should increase their love for mankind, and establish them in the fear of the Lord."

"I shall try to remember every word that you have said, and then I shall be better able than I have been to tell a good book from a bad one."

"The Bible, the blessed word of God, has all the points in it that I have mentioned, in a greater degree than any other book in the world. Well may it be called the best of books; for, the more we read it, reflect upon it, love it, and obey it, the greater will be our peace in this world, and the brighter will be our prospect of another. Remember, Arthur, that an amusing book may give you pleasure, and a clever book may add to your knowledge; but a book cannot be called a good book, unless it adds to our usefulness and happiness on earth, or helps us on our way to heaven."

NEVER GIVE A KICK FOR A HIT.

I LEARNED a good lesson when I was a little girl, says a lady. One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbour; whereupon the neighbour kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with

fury. My mother laughed, and said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning." Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, "Take care, my children. Remember how the fight in the barnyard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."



BIBLE PICTURES ;

OR, OLD TESTAMENT SCENES.

JONAH PREACHING AT NINEVEH.

THERE was, many years ago, a great city called Nineveh, the largest in all Asia. Like

all great cities, it contained many inhabitants who were corrupt and wicked people. They gave themselves up to all kinds of vice and iniquity. Their consciences were disregarded by men who desired only to gratify their sinful passions; and the unhappy people, having no teaching from God's prophets, and despising their inward monitor, day by day sunk deeper into iniquity. Without even being aware of their danger, they hurried down the broad road that leadeth to destruction, while they amused themselves with feasting and sinful mirth. But the gracious God had pity on these heathen transgressors, and he said to his prophet Jonah, "Go to Nineveh, and preach." Jonah was afraid. He thought that such a wicked set of people would not hearken to him, and that it would be far better to keep out of their way; for, if they came to hear his preaching, they would only deride him.

He thought the work too hard, and he went in a ship that was about to sail to Tarshish, in a direction just opposite to that of Nineveh. But it is in vain for man to try to oppose the will of God, as he soon learned. A storm came on, and the bold sailors trembled for their lives. Each cried to his god to save him. Jonah alone slept. Being awoke from sleep, he felt that for his sake the storm was sent, and told his companions his history, and advised them to cast him into the sea. This was done, and the storm ceased immediately. Jonah deserved to die, as he himself owned; but his gracious God had provided a large fish, that swallowed him up, and, after three days, cast him once more on

the dry land, after he had repented of his sin, and prayed to the Lord for mercy.

Again God sent him to Nineveh; and this time he obeyed, and went, saying to the inhabitants, who were engaged in business or pleasure, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." On hearing his solemn warning, the consciences of the guilty citizens were disturbed; they saw the vileness of their conduct, and trembled as if the walls of the town had already begun to fall about them, or the earth at their feet to open; they gave up their idle amusements, and put on sackcloth and ashes, or the outward signs of mourning. Jonah went on his way through their streets, and the cry, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown," was heard at last in the palace of the king. The monarch himself warned his subjects; he admonished them all to fast and pray, to humble themselves, and turn unto the Lord.

God is always slow to anger; and he had pity on these thousands of men. He withdrew his judgments, and caused Jonah to know that the city was spared. The prophet, however, was foolishly displeased on this account. He went out from the city to a short distance, wishing to see it in ruins; but, no! he sees nothing but firm, solid buildings. The men are become repentant, uttering prayers and thanksgivings to God. He would have suffered much from the heat of the sun but for a plant, which God caused to grow up in one night, and then to perish in a night. He felt the loss of this single shrub, though he cared not for the ruin of the city. And thus the

history of Jonah ends, showing the selfishness of man and the goodness of the Most High. It may be hoped that the prophet himself acknowledged these two things, and that, in writing these passages of his own history, he was willing to acknowledge his sin, and to teach all to look up to God for mercy.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

How sweet is the distant sound of the voices of children at play! It comes up the hill from the village in the valley below, borne on the evening breeze, like pleasant music. Whether it be from the scholars that are rushing forth from the school-house door, or from the children of the cottages, playing on the village-green, it is a note of joy, and is equally sweet to the ear and to the heart. There is a fountain of delight in the bosom of childhood; how sad that it should ever be choked up by sin and care! I fancy that a throng are now gathered at their sport.

I hear resound from every part
Their shout and merry call;
And pour, with full and grateful heart,
A blessing on them all.

The same sweet music is common in foreign countries. Thus writes the visitor of a distant land:—"The evening sun shone sweetly through the beautiful gardens, fine old trees and sycamores, and curious hedges of prickly pear. The minarets and other buildings rose above the trees; and we listened with delight to the soft voice of the turtle heard in the

land, and the voices of the little children at play. We climbed a hill; wild thyme was the chief plant upon it, loading the air with fragrance. In winter time a torrent forces its way down a ravine. The top of the hill is ornamented with the white tomb of a Moham-medan saint. The evening was unusually sweet, and the birds were singing among the olive and fig trees, in the gardens that stretch from the town to the base of the mount."

Is not this a sweet picture? Beautiful gardens, fine old trees, minarets, (slender turrets,) the fragrance of wild thyme, the soft notes of the turtle, and the sweet sound of the voices of little children at play! Again, I fancy that a throng are gathered at their sport.

I hear resound from every part
Their shout and merry call;
And pour, with full and grateful heart,
A blessing on them all.

LYING LIPS.

I HAVE two little children between the ages of three and five years, and therefore old enough, especially if carefully instructed, to distinguish between right and wrong, between truth and falsehood. Yet, knowing that all children are prone to depart from the truth, and, without continual care on the part of their parents or friends, are in great danger of contracting the sinful habit of speaking untruths, I have been watchful of opportunities to impress upon the infant minds of my dear little ones the guilt and folly of such a practice.

An opportunity of this kind occurred this morning. My little girl, the younger of the two children, being with me in the garden before breakfast, I saw a number of leaves of a plant lying scattered about on one of the beds. They had evidently been picked off by some little busy fingers on the preceding evening. I felt sure that my little boy would not have done this, because he knew better; and, therefore, that it must have been done by his sister. "Elizabeth," I said, "come here. You see these leaves: it would be very naughty for any little boy or girl to pick them off, because it destroys the plant. But it would be a great deal more wicked, if that little boy or girl who did it should say, 'I did not do it.' That would be telling an untruth, which is much worse than spoiling a plant." Though little more than three years old, she understood my meaning, and only replied, "I did not do it *to-day*;"—laying the stress upon the last word. I was glad to find that my cautious manner of dealing with her fault had produced the desired effect. Had I suddenly questioned her, or charged her with the fault in a direct manner, it is very likely she would have denied it; and, whether punishment had followed or not, this denial of her fault might have laid the foundation of a habit of falsehood.

And here I may remark, how very wrong it is to put a temptation to falsehood in the way of a child, as too many thoughtlessly do. A child is suspected of a fault, and is taxed with it suddenly, or in a threatening manner. To escape blame or punishment, who can wonder if the child, although conscious of the fault,

denies it? Or, again; a child, who is known to have committed a fault, is injudiciously questioned concerning it, merely to try whether he will speak the truth or not. We have no need to make any such experiment; for it is no doubtful matter whether children are prone to falsehood; and we have no right to put them to so severe a test, before the principles of truth are well established in their minds: for falsehood is sin; and sin ought always and by all means, as far as possible, to be prevented.

Many years ago, I knew an interesting little boy, who was thus put to the test in a most needless and unreasonable manner. He was permitted to amuse himself in a large garden, where there was abundance of ripe fruit. The gardener, who had charge of him, told him not to touch the fruit of a particular tree; and then set himself to watch the child. The temptation was too strong for him; not knowing that he was watched, he took some of that fruit. As if he were ignorant of what the little boy had done, the gardener afterwards put the question to him, whether he had taken any of the fruit he told him not to touch. The child, probably surprised by the sudden question, answered, No. Now the conduct of the little boy can by no means be justified: he was guilty both of disobedience and of falsehood. But I think the gardener was much more to be blamed: he needlessly placed a temptation in the way of the child. He might have prevented both these sins. He was near when the child took the fruit; and, had he not purposely concealed himself, most likely the fruit would not have been touched. And then, if he

had come to him after the first fault had been committed, and told him that he had seen him take the fruit, instead of asking him whether he had done so or not, he might have prevented the second and greater sin of falsehood.

To return to my own little children. After breakfast, I took the Bible to read, as usual at our family prayer. The twelfth chapter of Proverbs came in our regular course of reading; and when I came to the 22nd verse, I stopped to explain to my little ones what it is that is said to be "abomination to the Lord," and what is meant by this expression. My little boy, I found, in answer to my inquiry, understood it to mean, "It is what God cannot bear." "And what," said I, "are 'lying lips?'" "Lips that utter falsehood, that speak what is not true." How sad to think that the sweet little lips of a young child should ever become "*lying lips*," and as such be hateful in the sight of God! I then referred to what had taken place in the garden this morning, and expressed how glad I felt that my little girl had not denied her fault; for, if she had spoken an untruth about it, that would have troubled me far more than the mischief done to the plant. Thus I endeavoured to impress the infant minds of my children with a just abhorrence of that sin, which is an "abomination to the Lord."

It is eight years and a half since the above was written for the "Child's Companion;" but the paper was mislaid, and is only now recovered. I find that my two elder children well remember the circumstance, although they were then so young. I trust they have

never forgotten the lesson. May it make as lasting an impression on all who shall now read it!

Essex.

J. B.

KINDNESS TO PARENTS.

FULFIL the known commands, reward the tender cares, and soothe the declining years of your parents.

MY FATHER BLESSED ME.

MY father raised his trembling hand,
And laid it on my head :
"God bless thee, O my son ! my son !"
Most tenderly he said.

He died, and left no gems or gold,
But still was I his heir ;
For that rich blessing which he gave
Became a fortune rare.

And in my day of weary toil,
To earn my daily bread,
It gladdens me in thought to feel
His hand upon my head !

Though infant tongues to me have said,
"Dear father !" oft since then ;
Yet, when I bring that scene to mind,
I'm but a child again.

J. M'K.



LEWIS AND HIS SCHOLAR.

"My dear," said Mr. Andrews to his wife, "Lewis is very anxious to teach Peter, the little orphan boy who helps the gardener. We want to talk over this plan with you, and to know what you think of it. He does not want to take Peter from work ; but he has offered to give up an hour in the evening, to teach him to read and write."

"I think it is a very good plan," said Mrs. Andrews. "It will not hinder Peter from helping his poor widowed mother as he is used to do, though it will give him the benefit of a little instruction. When Peter has learned to read, he will be able to read the Bible to his mother, and a little writing and accounts will help him to earn his living. As Lewis has time for his own amusement in the even-

ing, he cannot do better than spend part of it in teaching Peter; *but—*"

"Oh! mother, do not say *but*. If the plan is good, let me try it."

"I will tell you what your mother means by *but*," said his father; "for she thinks as I do. We are quite sure that you really wish to be of use to Peter, and think your plan will succeed; but do you understand that it will very likely be a long and difficult task, and perhaps you will soon be tired, and give it up."

"Oh! no, father; it is not a difficult undertaking."

"More than you think, Lewis. Sometimes your scholar may be inattentive, but still you must be patient with him; sometimes he will not seem to get on at all, but rather to go backwards than forwards; and sometimes you may not be willing to give up an hour on his account. But you must remember, that if you make an engagement, it becomes a duty which you owe not only to this poor child but also to God. Your engagement, also, ought to be made with a willing mind. Do not be in a hurry, but think it over, and tell us to-morrow."

"Father," said Lewis, "I could promise at once; but, as you wish it, I will wait till to-morrow."

The next day, when the family were again assembled, Lewis said that he had made up his mind, and was ready that very evening to begin to teach Peter, and he had thought over a good many books that they could read together. He was surprised when his father told him it would be many weeks, or even

months, before these books would be of any use for his scholar to read. At five o'clock Peter came in, and Lewis went to him joyfully. When he returned, his sister Amelia asked him all sorts of questions, and Lewis could only say that Peter was far more ignorant than he had supposed; he could scarcely put two letters together. "You must remember," said Mr. Andrews, "that he has scarcely had a book in his hand for the last year, and he has had to work so hard ever since he lost his father, that it is not strange if he has forgotten the little he once learned."

Mrs. Andrews and Amelia were going to spend a few days with some relations. Before they went, they gave Peter and his little sister some new clothes they had provided for them. But they observed that Peter did not seem very happy to come to Lewis, though he daily attended at the time that had been fixed upon.

After a few days, Amelia and her mother returned, and they brought with them a box, that was not to be opened till new year's day. Amelia herself did not know what it contained. She asked her brother about Peter. "Oh! never mind him. I think he will never be able to read without spelling. He calls the letters right, but he never knows the words at sight. I assure you it is very troublesome to hear him." "Our father said it would be so."—"Oh! but all children are not so dull as Peter is. He knows better how to catch birds and make nets than to read his book." "How do you know that?"—"Because I have a large ball of twine, and sometimes we work at it to make a net to catch

fish with in the spring." "Does our father approve of it?"—"I never asked him." "I am sure he would not like you to do it, when he thinks you are teaching Peter to read."—"How particular you are, miss. We read first of all; but it is so tiresome to be always saying *b a*, *ba*, and *b e*, *be*. We want something afterwards to amuse us, and so we go to our netting."

New year's day came, and the box was opened. It was full of presents from a kind aunt. Books, and games, and travelling-maps were there, and a neat paper case, well furnished, for each of the young people; a stock of cotton and worsted for Amelia's knitting; and a copy-book and ciphering-book for Lewis to use with Peter. Lewis found much to amuse him with the other contents of the parcel, and he and his sister often played with the travelling-maps. One day, when they were so engaged, Peter was waiting for his lesson. Lewis did not seem inclined to go to his scholar, and his father, who was standing by, said to the servant, "Send Peter into my study; I shall hear him read to-day." "Father, I was going to attend to him in a minute."—"You may finish your game; I have something to say to you by-and-by." "Now then, go on," said Lewis to his sister, when they were left alone.—"No," said Amelia, "I think our father is not pleased. But as mother is calling me I must go to her at present."

Lewis remained alone. His feelings were not very pleasant, for his conscience blamed him, while his pride led him to seek to make excuses for himself, rather than to own that he was

wrong, when he was called by his father. However, Mr. Andrews did not ask him any questions; he only said, "I am sorry that you do not feel that a promise is a serious thing. You made up your mind too hastily, and you did not pray to God for the patience and self-denial, without which it is impossible to succeed. You have forgotten that your example might have a bad effect on Peter; for, after showing him that you could neglect your duty for the sake of pleasure, you could not wonder if he were to trifle away the time that he is paid for coming to work in my garden. Lest Peter should learn to waste his time, as I fear he has already done, I shall henceforth be his teacher." "Oh! father—" "Say not a word. I will have no more promises hastily made." Lewis withdrew, much ashamed of himself, and it is hoped that he saw his faults and was truly sorry for them.

He did not say a single word to defend himself; but for several days, when Peter came to his father, Lewis retired to his own room, and as it was his leisure hour, no one asked how he was employed. After some time, he asked leave to speak to his father alone. He then said, "My dear father, I have never yet told you how sorry I was to have done with teaching Peter; but I had no right to complain. I had not kept my promise, and I did not deserve to be trusted. I scarcely knew what to do; but I prayed to God to help me, and to forgive me for the sake of Jesus Christ. I resolved to do something for Peter during the time he was with you, and I have been busy in preparing for

his use the books that my aunt sent me. I assure you, dear father, that the time has seemed very long to me, and often I thought, that as no one knew what I was doing, I might lay aside my task; but then I prayed to God that he would teach me to keep my second resolution better than my first. If you think, father, that you can trust me now to teach Peter again, I hope I shall be more attentive to him." Mr. Andrews expressed pleasure, and encouraged his son to set to work again.

The same day Lewis took the charge of Peter once more; not as before, with a smile of vain confidence and self-satisfaction; but with a seriousness that showed his heart was really interested, and both teacher and scholar tried hard to improve in their duties. Peter was soon able to read, so as to understand his lessons, and Lewis often found it rather hard to explain them to him. This made him the more diligent in his own studies, and in listening to the instructions of his father. Thus he learned many things by teaching one who was more ignorant than himself. When they read the Bible, the two boys saw more and more of the goodness of God, and of the evil of sin; and, after some months, Lewis said to his father, "I think I have learned the most from these lessons, for I have seen what it is to trade with, or improve, the talents God has given." "You are right," said Mr. A. "God gives us our abilities and the opportunities of improving them. He gives the increase, but man must plant and water; yet our work can only prosper when it is begun, continued,

and ended in dependence on his grace in Christ Jesus.

MISSIONARY MIRROR.

A LIVING GOD.

A MISSIONARY in China states that, on one occasion, a number of persons who were hearing him (mostly women) manifested the greatest astonishment when he told them that the God he worshipped, and wished them to worship, is a *living God*. Uttering an exclamation peculiar to themselves when much surprised, they said, "The foreigners' God is better than ours, ours have no life."

SCHOOL-GIRLS IN INDIA.

"Most of the elder girls," writes Mrs. Baler, of Allepie, "make a practice of private prayer morning and evening, besides the family prayer which we all have together. This is a very rare thing in this country, where most natives think that family prayer is quite as much as can be required of them, and even that is often wholly neglected. The death of a girl, whom I brought from Cottayam with me, has, I hope, had a good effect on them all. I trust she is in peace, and happy with Christ her Saviour, on whom she frequently declared, several times during her illness, her sole hope was placed. The girls felt her loss much, and I hope her death has not been lost upon them. You will be glad to hear something concerning their progress. They have no difficulty, when catechised, in referring to various passages of

Scripture, in support of the principal points of doctrine. The elder girls learn geography and Scripture history every other day. They repeat them to me, and I question them while I am with them from nine till two in the afternoon. During the last twelve months they have been very busy at their sewing and knitting, and the work has been sold, to commence a fund for the benefit of these poor girls who have no friends, or whose friends have no means for helping them in life."



THE OLD MAN AND THE BOY.

THE old and rheumatic man trembles at the approach of winter, and thinks with dismay of searching winds and falling snow; but the healthy and thoughtless boy feels no such tre-

mours. Christmas holidays, and snowballing, and sliding, and winter amusements occupy his thoughts. The inclement weather braces his young frame, and he laughs at the winter's cold.

While the ailing old man longs for a lingering autumn, the boy surveys the surface of the pools, and cares not how soon they will be frozen. He cannot as yet think of the wants and privations of others. He knows nothing about the price of coals and provisions, and is not troubled about events that may affect the conditions of the poor and needy: while these important concerns occupy older and wiser heads, he exults at the thought of winter amusements, and when he awakes in the morning and sees falling flakes, and looks out on the landscape covered with snow, the prospect is pleasant to him; it is a change that cheers the heart of boyhood.

Pleasant to the old man are the warm room and the bright fire, but the warm room and bright fire cannot keep the healthy boy indoors. He sallies forth, in spite of the keen wind, to seek his favourite companions. If he finds a sheet of water iced over, and sees boys of his own age amusing themselves on the slippery surface, how great is his delight! He glides along the slide and laughs at the falls of less expert playfellows.

The old man keeps away from the frozen pool; but the boy is delighted to see the wooden ball fly so much further on the ice than it would if struck with his stick on the ground. A slight feeling of envy may oppress him when he sees the skaters circling round him, but he soon comforts himself with the

thought of surpassing them in their own way, when he grows older and is allowed to fix skates on his feet.

The old man, if he fell, would talk of it for a week ; but when a boy falls on the ice, though the tears for a moment may rush into his eyes, they are soon wiped away, and he pursues his amusement, only a little more cautiously than he did before his feet fled from under him. When he and his companions reluctantly leave the pool, they leave not their mirth behind them, but pursue their way homeward full of frolic, snowballing each other, and agreeing when they part to meet again on the ice, if the frost should continue and allow them to enjoy their favourite sports.

The old man loves to sit on winter nights in the old arm-chair by the fire in quietude ; but many a romping game is indulged in by the boy at Christmas time, when candles are lighted, and shutters are closed, and fires blaze brightly, while snow falls, and keen winds howl around the comfortable abode. Oh, yes ! the boy enjoys winter nights as well as days, and often thinks bedtime comes too soon, so willing is he to continue his amusements.

Keen winter, though it frightens the old, makes the young merry. While the country boy has food to eat and a house to roof over his head, though his clothing be coarse and his food scanty, his laughter is still cheerful and sounds as if it came from the heart.

Look up, look up, thou aged man !
And read the sacred word ;
And you, ye young, be wise betimes,
And love and serve the Lord.

That ye may dwell above the skies,
The old man and the boy,
Where one eternal season reigns
Of glory, love, and joy.

THE MONTHS.

DECEMBER.

DECEMBER takes its name from the Latin word *decem*, "ten;" as in the Roman year, which began with March, it was the tenth month. By the Saxons it was called *heligh-monath*, or holy month, from the season of Christmas falling at this time of the year.

This is the season of cold and snow, short days and long nights, when young and old crowd round the fireside, or move briskly over the frost-bound earth to give a glow to their blood. If we look abroad upon the garden or the field, all is cheerless.

"There's not a flower upon the hill,
There's not a leaf upon the tree;
The summer bird has left its bough,
Bright child of sunshine, singing now
In spicy lands beyond the sea.

"There's silence in the harvest field,
And blackness in the mountain glen,
And clouds that will not pass away
From the hill-tops for many a day,
And stillness round the homes of men.

"In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And furry robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together."

Let us be thankful, if in the month of December we have got a good roof over our heads, a warm fireside by day, and a well-covered bed at night.

At this season the ground is often spread over with snow. Faster and thicker it falls, and deepens on the pathways and roads. The wheels of the carts are clogged with it, and the drivers move heavily along at their side. The wind blows with a low murmuring sound; it grows shriller and louder as night sets in, and the snow gathers into drifts.

Should the morning be sharp and clear, the sun appears in the sky; still it is very cold, and the beams, instead of falling upon our heads, come in a slanting direction, and seem to shine without giving any heat.

The evenings are frosty, and icicles are seen hanging from the roofs of the stables. As the night comes on, thousands of stars glitter in the sky.

In the garden all seems dead; but it is not so. The sap that nourished the trees and plants has descended into the roots. When spring comes, it will again ascend, and cause buds to appear, which will expand into leaves and flowers.

If it be stormy out of doors, how pleasant it is to meet the happy faces we love around a family fireside! Then, with nice books and profitable talk, the evening passes cheerfully away.

In December, the farmer is occupied much the same as in the other winter months. He clears his grounds, repairs the hedges, cleans out the ditches, and threshes the corn. Sheep are fed in the homestead, and oxen are fattened for the market. In the garden, fruit-trees are protected from the weather by mats tied around, and now and then the earth is prepared for the seeds of the coming spring.

As we have now come to the end of another year, let us remember that "time is short," and that whatever we have to do we should do well, and "with all our might;" for we shall soon come to the end of the last year we have to spend on earth. If we employ our days in the service of God, we shall, through the merits of our Redeemer, dwell in heaven for ever.

And now, my soul, another year.
Of thy short life is pass'd;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

Now a new scene of life begins,
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

THE BEST GUIDE.

It should cheer the steps of a servant of Jesus Christ through this wilderness to know, that even in darkness his Guide is still with him, and that *that* Guide is the King of the country through which he is travelling.—*Foster*.

THE CHILD'S APPEAL.

"MAMMA, why do the roses fade?"
A little girl did say;
"Methinks such lovely flowers as those
Should never know decay,

That look so beautiful and fair,
And such bright tints disclose.
Then, dear mamma, oh, tell me why
So quickly fades the rose?

"I've often heard you say, mamma,
How life is like the flower,
Which, though it passing fair doth seem,
May wither in an hour.
But why, mamma, *is* life so short;
And why *do* flowers decay;
And why *is* every joy on earth
So soon to pass away?

"You said, when little brother died,
The child we all did love,
That he was gone where brightest flowers
Deck the sweet meads above.
But why, mamma, *did* brother die,
And leave us here to pine?
And wherefore must we sigh in grief,
And every hope resign?"

"My sweetest child," the mother cried,
"We will no more complain;
Since mourning never doth restore
The lost one back again:
But rather let us joy, my love,
At this assurance given—
That all which fadeth here on earth
Blooms yet more sweet in heaven."

L. M. THORNTON.

